

The Four Great Dangers.



*Each Friar, Lawyer, Fox, and Cat,
Full plainly shew what they'd be at:
The Goose may fly, the Mouse may run;
But Man and Maid are both undone.*

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THE
COMPANION
FOR THE
FIRE-SIDE:

BEING
A Collection of genuine and instructive
ADVENTURES,
TALES AND STORIES.

Selected from the best WRITERS in several
LANGUAGES, many of which were never
before published.

To pass the dull Ev'ning in Pleasure away,
And laugh at the Cares of Mankind;
Accept of a chearful Companion to-day,
To Mirth and Amusement inclin'd.
The Contents of our Volume will amply repay
The Expence that the Purchase has cost;
And none but a Blockhead will seriously say,
That his Time or his Money is lost.

D U B L I N:

Printed by WILLIAM SLEATER in Castle-street,
near Fishamble-street, 1769.

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before published.

To put the end Learning in its true way,

And teach the Child of Manhood,
A part of a classical Education to-day,

To mind and Amusement incline.

The Company of our Volume will surely pay

The expense that the Publishers pay.

And none but a Bookish will lightly say,

That the Time or the Money is lost.

DUBLIN:

Printed by William Stanger in Castle Street.

1829.



P R E F A C E

WHEN the natural love which mankind conceive for knowledge and improvement, is rightly considered, and when we reflect on the curiosity so inherent in the human breast, it must certainly be deemed a worthy undertaking in those, who endeavour to satisfy that curiosity in a laudable manner, by turning it to what is really instructive and improving, and making the gratification of it at once useful and pleasing.

It must be avowed, that we have many books in both kinds; but the misfortune is, that the bulk of them are either instructive without pleasure, or pleasing without instruction: the work here offered to the public inspection, is intended to partake of both; and, by a happy mixture, to give a lesson of prudence or virtue, while it seems only intended for amusement.

There appears, too frequently, something so very dry, harsh and disgusting, in mere lessons of morality, that the young reader is very often intimidated from perusing them; or, if forced to it, they are usually read with a reluctance that prevents the reaping any benefit, or even assenting to their undeniable truths.

When pleasing stories, of what happened in the world, are told in such an engaging manner, as to allure youth to the perusal of them, the moral they contain is imperceptibly imbibed, sinks deep into the mind, and the examples thus presented to

their eyes, are more powerful inducements to the practice of good, and the abhorrence of evil therein depicted, than all the precepts which can be urged.

Pride and Shame are the two hinges on which human actions turn; a proper use of them is necessary for the conduct of youth, to a steadfastness in good, and a perseverance in what is praise-worthy. The pride of being held in just and honest estimation is, a strong incentive to good actions; and the shame of being looked upon with contempt, and being universally despised, will cause many to shun what leads to it, with the utmost abhorrence. If then, these two passions of themselves, and without any auxiliary, prove so forceable, what may not be expected from them when strongly urged by well-chosen examples, and aided by the most coercive proofs of their immediate consequence?

Example draws where Precept fails:

And Sermons are less read than Tales.

A SHORT

SHORT TRACTATE

ON

STORY-TELLING.

THERE is no art the generality of mankind are more ambitious of attaining, than that of story-telling.—That this is a very rational desire, is obvious to the meanest capacity, since it gives us an opportunity of rendering ourselves agreeable in company, by furnishing part of the conversation: for I have often observed, that those who have not been capable of discoursing upon any ordinary topick, have, by a well-timed introduction of a mere tale, passed for sprightly, facetious company; or, in the vulgar phrase, for men who have a great deal to say for themselves.

Story-telling is not an art merely amusing, it is instructive also; the most sublime precepts of morality, may be conveyed in a tale, as well as in a sermon; nay, oftentimes much more effectually; for experience teaches us there is no kind of document so persuasive as that, where instruc-

tion is blended with delight ; it is like gilding the pill, which renders it more palatable, without lessening the operation. But admitting stories merely entertaining ; put them upon a level with a game at cards, a cast at dice, or what other diversion you please, which serves to unbend and relax the mind, without improving the morals ; surely they may still plead some degree of merit, since they must be allowed to answer the same intent, to be full as entertaining, and far less dangerous.

The thirst of story-telling reigns almost universally, from the grave senator upon the bench, to the loquacious nurse in the chimney-corner ; all love, mutually to communicate, and to hear a good story. Some are pleased with the grave, the solemn, the tragic tale ; while others delight in the witty, merry and jocose. Now I have often observed, that though all are desirous of excelling in this pleasing art, yet very few arrive at any manner of perfection ; and the greater number become dull, tiresome and insipid ; and, far from gaining our applause, render themselves the objects of our ridicule.

An author of great judgment and solidity, has very judiciously remarked, that a man is not ridiculous for being what he is ; but for aiming to be thought what he is not. Thus, for example, natural deformities become not the object of our ridicule, but rather of our compassion : but should the poor cripple, upon a vain presumption of what he is not, dress himself out in an embroidered suit, silk stockings, and a peruke *a-la-mode*, and endeavour to pass himself upon us for an handsome

some man, the idiot meets with the derision he deserves. The same comparison is equally applicable to mental, as to corporal defects : a man, who might otherwise pass for a man of sober sense, often renders himself the laughing-stock of the public, by a ridiculous affectation of what he has no talent for ; would every one study to confine himself, to what is best adapted to his capacity, and endeavour to act well the part that nature has allotted him, and intended he should act ; every one would be entitled to some shew of praise, according to his degree of merit, as well in story-telling, as in every other art. From whence it follows, that every person who wishes to attain to any degree of excellence in story-telling, so as to be capable of entertaining his auditors agreeably, should strictly scrutinize the extent of his genius, that he may be the better able to make choice of such stories, as are adapted to his capacity.—Can any one refrain from laughter, to see a fellow, with a sober, puritanic visage, endeavouring, with forced grimace and uncouth action, to entertain his auditors in the comic taste ; or to see another, with a democratical phiz, ever upon the grin, holding forth in the tragic stile ? Let them only interchange their parts ; let the facetious take the merry, the sedate the grave subject for his companion, each will excel in his way, and both merit our applause, who before met with our contempt.

It would seem as if those who have a superior genius in the art, in whom nature and judgment blend promiscuously, have no occasion for
any

any rule, whereby to model their conduct; but even those are too apt to give into many capital errors, and often marr all, by too intent a desire of pleasing.

Undoubtedly, they who possess a superiority of genius, need not be so very strict in the choice of their stories, since they may, by dexterous handling, render the most insipid tale pleasant and entertaining: as a fine performer on the violin, will not fail to give his auditors great satisfaction, in playing even an indifferent piece of music; for what would be intolerable in a common performer, becomes tolerable enough, through the fine graces of a master. But a wit, is too apt to give a loose to the luxuriance of his fancy, and becomes tiresome through an ebullition of genius; his stile is correct; his thoughts are brilliant; but he deviates too much from his subject, and the main story evaporates in a profusion of ornament.

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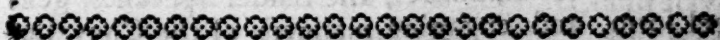




COLLECTION

OF

ADVENTURES, &c.



The LUCKY DISASTER.

Translated from the French.

XXXXXX I T often happens that those events which
XXXXXX we esteem to be the most disastrous
XXXXXX and contrary to our wishes, are the very
XXXXXX means which tend to accomplish our
XXXXXX desires. The truth of this will be clearly
evinced by the following history of an affair,
which lately happened at Paris.

Monsieur Mignard was an eminent apothecary at
Paris, who was left a widower at the age of fifty-
five, with an only child, a daughter of thirteen years
of age. For five years he turned his whole atten-

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tion

tion to her improvement, and at the age of eighteen she was one of the most accomplished young women of her rank in Paris; beautiful to an astonishing degree, fair as an ermin, sprightly as a young kid, and amorous as a kitten.

Her father loved her to a degree of dotage, yet he was very jealous of her conduct, and to keep her in the strictest bounds, till she was married to a young physician, the son of Dr. Eloy, a particular friend of his; for whom he designed her, he brought Madame Agnes, a widow of small fortune, advanced age, and great devotion, into his house as gouvernante to Mademoiselle Susan.

Young Doctor Eloy was no very promising object to Mademoiselle Susan; his stiff, formal manner, his pedantic language, and the very little complaisance he shewed to her, was the more disgustful in proportion to the assiduities, the tender speeches, genteel form, and engaging manners of the Chevalier Gorillon, a young gentleman of good family, but small fortune, who had for some time paid his secret addresses to her. And on the other hand, Madame Agnes, full of charity, tenderness and compassion, wisely weighing the difference between the repeated presents of the Chevalier, and the sordid avarice of the Doctor, sympathized in the amorous pains of her fair charge, and being assured that the courtship tended to an honourable end, resolved to give them all the assistance in her power.

Thus circumstanced, the lovers had frequent opportunities of conversing with each other, in presence of Madame Agnes, and nothing was wanting to complete their mutual happiness but the consent of Monsieur Mignard, who seemed too fond of the young doctor to enter readily into their measures; and having one day made fresh and pressing instances to his daughter, she thought it necessary to acquaint the Chevalier with them, and therefore sent for

for him to come to her at nine o'clock, by which time she knew her father was to set out for Pontoise, on an affair of importance, which would detain him two or three days.

The Chevalier did not fail of coming at the appointed hour, and was led by Madame Agnes into Monsieur Mignard's chamber, where she left him till her young lady could get rid of some company, who had come to visit her.

It had happened, that the day before the apothecary had been employed in distilling a water of a sleepy and stupifying quality, which on his return, was to lay a gentleman in a profound sleep, while a very painful operation was performed upon him.— This water he had put into a pint decanter, and placed on his chimney-piece just before he went out of town. During the time that the Chevalier waited for his dear Susan, he espied the decanter, and having been most of the afternoon at tennis, was very thirsty, and taking it for clear water, poured it out in a large glass, and drank it off.

One eighth part of the quantity was sufficient to set any man asleep, whence it may be easily judged what a profound sleep so extravagant a dose must cause; his limbs were immediately benum'd, his head confused; he tried to reach the couch which was in the room, but fell on the ground in a death-like sleep.

The company staid with Mademoiselle till eleven o'clock, and as soon as she was at liberty she went with Agnes to her father's chamber, where she found the Chevalier stretch'd out upon the floor.— She thought he was fallen in a fit, and tried every method to bring him to himself, but all in vain; for having pinched, pricked, nay burnt him in some places, without being able to bring him to life, they concluded he was dead.

What grief for the young lady ! What a most terrible embarrassment for them both ! They consulted together till midnight, what to do with the body ; when, every person in the house being asleep, and the street clear, they concluded they could do nothing better than carry him to the end of the next street, and leave him to the disposal of fortune.

Madame Agnes went softly into the street to see if any persons were passing by, when she beheld at the door of a gun-smith, nearly opposite a long wooden box, in which a quantity of musquets had been that day brought to be repaired, and the gun-smith's men, after taking them out, had forgot the box they came in. This Agnes thought was a very convenient place to put the body of the unfortunate Chevalier ; and accordingly, she took him on her back, while the weeping Susan supported his feet, and they placed him in the box, softly covering it with the lid, and putting the nails thereof into the same holes from whence they had been drawn, and afterwards retired to enjoy their grief at leisure.

They had just entered into their own house, when the gun-smith, remembering that his lads had left the box in the street, called them up, and obliged them to bring it in. The young fellows got up grumbling, and, being half asleep and half awake, did not pay any regard to the weight of it, but brought it into the back room behind the shop, which served as a kitchen, in which the gun-smith's niece and maid-servant lay, and putting it on a long dresser, where it hung over at each end, they returned to bed.

About three o'clock in the morning the effects of the sleepy draught being gone off, the Chevalier awaked, and finding all dark round him, was in great surprize. He felt about, and perceived he
was

was in a kind of box which did not permit him either to rise or turn round; and impatient to find himself thus confined, he knew not where, he strove to turn himself, and with such violence, that the box fell from the dresser, and the lid being but lightly put down, it flew open with the fall, and he got out, and began to walk on his tip-toe to find where he was.

The noise made by the fall of the box was so great, that it awaked the niece and the maid; who, in a great fright thereat, and hearing somebody in the room, called out "who's there?" The Chevalier not daring to make any answer, they repeated their cries, pulled the bell, and awaked the whole house. The gun-smith and his people came with a light, and found poor Gorillon, who was feeling about for the door, to make his escape.

The gun-smith called out "a thief," and sent to the next Commissary, while the Chevalier opened his eyes with inconceivable astonishment to see himself in an unknown place, and surrounded with countenances he had never beheld before. But his consternation was still greater when the Commissary entered, received the complaint of the gun-smith, "against this certain person, unknown, who had entered his house in the night, with a manifest intent to rob or murder—or both." The deposition was wrote down, the Commissary seized him as a thief taken in the fact: They searched him, they interrogated him, and demanded to know how he had gotten into the house, and where he had hid his false keys, for it did not appear that the house was broke open.

Gorillon, in the utmost confusion, answered very unsatisfactorily; and, unwilling to mention his dear Susan, he made such very absurd excuses, that the Commissary had him fettered, and committed him to the prison of the Chatelet; where he was put

into a dungeon, as a wretch destined to the gallows.

The next morning, the Judge being informed of this supposed thief, examined him with such strictness, and joining the ridiculous answers he made, to the fact of his being found in the house, proved by irreproachable witnesses, he ordered him to be brought before him for his final examination and sentence.

In the mean while, this extraordinary affair spread through Paris, and came, on the fourth day, to the ears of Madame Agnes and Mademoiselle Susan, who were greatly affected at the news, and could not imagine how a man whom they had carried dead out of the house, could be alive, and in expectation of the gallows four days afterwards; and being ignorant of the particulars of what had happened at the gun-smith's, Madame Agnes, for farther information, went to the Chatelet, where she heard the whole of the charge against Gorillon, who was not admitted to see any person, and would infallibly be hanged.

The same day Monsier Mignard came home from Pontoise, and missing his bottle of narcotic water, made a great noise about it; Agnes, who had returned from the Chatelet, answered him peevishly, that he made a greater disturbance about the water than it was worth; which produced from him an explanation of the value and virtues of the same, in such a manner, that Agnes soon conceived an idea of what must have befallen the poor Chevalier. She imparted her sentiments to the young lady, who joined in her opinion. A consultation was immediately held, how to save Gorillon from his approaching fate, to which there were two difficulties; the first, that Susan's father would discover what she would rather wish to conceal; and the other, how very hard it would be to remove from
the

the Judge a prepossession which often makes three-fourths of a proof: Nevertheless, love surmounted these obstacles; and to lose no time, Susan accompanied Agnes to the gunsmith's house, where, asking to speak with him apart, she related the Chevalier's misfortune in a manner so simple, so tender and affecting, (intermixing sighs and tears with her narrative) that the honest gunsmith, who had listened to the whole with the utmost attention, and remembered the affair of the box, soon perceived the truth of the story, which was fully confirmed to him on visiting his neighbour the apothecary, who acquainted him with the loss of his stupifying water, and its great virtues.

The gunsmith, without saying any thing more to Monsieur Mignard, took Susan and Madame Agnes with him to the Judge, and related the whole history to him; but, as justice sets out with the swiftness of a stag in the prosecution of an accused person, and marches a tortoise's pace to the acquittal, so the Magistrate seemed little disposed to believe the exculpation of the supposed criminal; however he could not refuse a fresh examination of the Chevalier in the presence of his prosecutor, who was now become his chief advocate. Gorillon, who was now under no restraint in his answers, declared his assignation with Susan, and that he drank the fatal water. Susan and Agnes confessed the manner they conveyed him to the gunsmith's box, and the rest followed very naturally; so that Gorillon's innocence clearly appeared, and he was acquitted, and set at liberty.

The honest gunsmith, shocked to think he had well nigh caused the death of an innocent person, conceived a warm affection for him, and to recompence him for the trouble he had brought upon him, he so powerfully mediated with his neighbour, Mr. Mignard,

Mignard, that in a few days the Chevalier was married to the amiable Susan.

This story may be a lesson to many who think themselves very miserable; and prove, that what we often esteem great distresses, are only the means of Providence to make us happy in our lawful wishes; for if the Chevalier had not met with this disaster, it is scarce probable that he would ever have obtained Mademoiselle, unless they had married in a clandestine manner, which is very difficult to do in France, and is even a capital offence; and if he had married her without her father's consent, he would only have laid a scene of misery for them both.



The Danger of too much Curiosity.

IN the land of Transiane in the East-Indies, there was a Prince tributary to the King of Pegu, and his near kinsman, named Alfonge, who married a sister of the Prince of Tazatai, called Abelara, who was one of the greatest beauties of all those countries. They lived a happy life, with entire affection; and for their greater felicity, they had two twin sons, who, in their youth, discovered something of great and lofty minds, and appeared singularly hopeful for the future. These infants being now ten years old, loved so cordially, that they could not live asunder, and the desires of the one, still met with the consent of the other, in all things: But the Devil, the enemy of concord, inspired a curiosity into the minds of the father and mother to know their fates, or fortunes; and to their grief they

they were told, "The time shall come, when these two brothers, who now love so fondly, shall cut one another's throats;" which much astonished the fond parents, and filled them with fearful apprehensions. The two Princes being come to their fifteenth year, one said to the other, "Brother, it must needs be you that will murder me, for I will sooner die an hundred deaths, than do you the least hurt imaginable." The other replied, "Believe it not, good brother, I beseech you, for you are as dear to me, or dearer, than myself." But the father, to prevent the misfortune, resolved to separate them; whereupon, they grew so troubled and melancholy, that he was constrained to delay his design till an occasion happened, which invited all three, the father and his two sons, to a war between the Kings of Narfinga and Pegu, about their title to some territories; but by the mediation of some persons, a peace was concluded, upon condition, that these two young Princes should marry the two daughters of the King of Narfinga; and that the King of Pegu should confer on him that married the elder, all the countries he took in the last war, with the kingdom of Martaban; and the other brother, besides the kingdom of Tazatai, should have that of Verma.

The nuptials consummated, each departed to his territories: Lands spaciously divided them. Now it after happened, that the King of Tanzatai was engaged in a sharp war with the King of Mandranelia, and sent to the two brother Princes for aid, who both hastened, unknown to each other, to his assistance. He from Verma, came secretly to town with one servant only, to visit a lady who had been once their ancient mistress; and the other brother being upon the same design, they met at the lady's gate by night, not knowing one another, were furious with jealousy; after some words, they drew,
and

and killed each other. One of them dying, gave humble thanks to Heaven for preventing the direful destiny foretold him, that he should kill his brother: Hereupon the other, knowing him by his voice and discourse, and drawing near his end himself, crept to him and embraced him with tears and lamentations, and thus they dolefully ended their days together.

The father, having tidings of it (overborne with grief and despair at seeing the eve of his life brought to such a disastrous conclusion) came and flew himself upon the bodies of his sons, and with the grief and tears of all the people, the three were buried in one monument.



Story of the Earl of PEMBROKE.

THE father of the late Earl of Pembroke, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion, which, as well as in his conduct, was often very singular, thought of an expedient to prevent the remonstrances and expostulations of those about him: This expedient was, to feign himself deaf; and under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer, not by what was really said to him, but by what he desired to have said.

Among other servants, was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity and affection in several capacities, till at length he became his coachman. This man, by degrees, got a habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed. My Lord always answered, "Yes, indeed, John is an excellent

"cellent servant." "I say, (replies the lady)
 "that he's continually drunk, and desire that he
 "may be turned off." "Aye, (said his Lordship)
 "he has lived with me from a child; and, as you
 "say, a trifle of wages shall not part us." John,
 however, one evening; as he was driving from Ken-
 sington, overturned his Lady in Hyde-Park; she
 was not much hurt, but when she came home she
 began to rattle the Earl: "Here, (says she) is that
 "beast, John, so drunk that he can scarce stand;
 "he has overturned the coach, and if he is not dis-
 "charged may break our necks." "Aye, (said
 "my Lord) is poor Jack sick? Alas, I am sorry
 "for him." "I am complaining, (says my Lady)
 "that he is drunk, and has overturned me."——
 "Aye, (said my Lord) to be sure he has behaved
 "very well, and shall have proper advice." My
 Lady, finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away
 in a pet; and My Lord, having ordered John into
 his presence, addressed him very coolly in these
 terms: "John, you know that I have regard for
 "you; and as long as you behave well, you shall
 "always be taken care of in my family: My Lady
 "tells me that you are taken ill, and indeed I see
 "that you can hardly stand; go to bed, and I will
 "see that you have proper advice." John, being
 thus dismissed, was carried to bed; where, by his
 Lordship's order, who attended in person, a large
 blister was put upon his head, another between his
 shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood were taken
 from his arm. John found himself the next morn-
 ing in a woeful condition, and was soon acquaint-
 ed with the whole process, and the reasons upon
 which it had commenced. John had no remedy
 but to submit, for he would rather have incurred
 as many more blisters, than have lost his place. My
 Lord sent very formally twice a day to know how
 he did, and frequently congratulated my Lady on
 John's

John's recovery ; whom he directed to be fed only with water-gruel, and to have no company but an old woman whom he had ordered to attend him as a nurse.

In about a week, John having constantly sent word that he was well, my Lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said " He was extremely glad to hear that the fever had quite left him." When John came in, " Well, John, (says he) I hope this bout is over." " Ah, my Lord, (says John) I humbly ask your Lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again." " Aye, (says his Lordship) you say right, no body can prevent sickness ; and if you should be sick again, John, I shall see it, though, perhaps, you would not complain ; and I promise you, that you shall always have the same advice, and the same attendance, that you have now." " God bless your Lordship, (says John) I hope there will be no need." " So do I too, (says his Lordship) but as long as you do your duty to me, John, I will do mine to you, never fear." John then withdrew, and so dreaded the discipline he had suffered, that he never was known to be drunk afterwards.



The History of Prince BETTY.

THERE lived in Wolckenstein, (a little place among the mine mountains in Saxony) a clothier's daughter, then in her twenty-second or twenty-third year, her christian name was Elizabeth. Her condition, it seems, sat very uneasy on the girl, being obliged, day after day to work hard at the loom ;

loom ; besides, she had to do with none of the most indulgent fathers, that she was ever contriving how she should free herself from this unsupportable bondage, and procure something more to her liking.

What she was most out of humour with was her sex, and she would frequently exclaim against Providence for not making a man of her ; these dispositions, at length, produced a scheme to steal out of her father's house, and in the disguise of a man endeavour to advance her present circumstances ; a favourable juncture for her elopement offered, her father, at that time a widower, being gone from home.

He had taken with him his every day cloaths, that nothing remained for her but his suit of black, in which, to appear like a creditable burgher, he used to go to the sacrament, or funerals. This happened to fit her, so she put on one of her father's shirts, and crammed two others in the pockets of the coat ; and in this garb, recommending herself to Providence, she one night left her father's house, and her dress put her on passing for an ejected school-master.

After wandering through several parts of the country, where she picked up something among the gentry and clergy, she came at last to Augustusburgh-house, where Mr. Gunther, a surveyor of the King's fisheries, resided, a great number of the King's ponds lying in that neighbourhood. This gentleman being at home, she requested his benevolence, as an ejected school-master : The Surveyor of the fishery, fancied that he saw in this ejected school-master, some glimpse of the electoral Prince, afterwards King of Poland ; and, in reality, between these two very different persons, there was a resemblance, though not very great. Mr. Gunther put several questions to this school-master, which Miss Betty answered with a composedness

and gravity, that the Surveyor of the fisheries construed as inborn stateliness and dignity : At length he began to surmise, that this person might be the electoral Prince himself.

The sanguine hopes which the Saxons entertained of the then electoral Prince, exulting in ideal perspectives of the blessings which were to distinguish his reign, when their burthens should be lightened, every grievance be redressed; and all things set on a right footing; it is impossible to conceive what stories these hopes have given rise to, particularly that the electoral Prince went about the country incognito, the better to inform him of the condition of his future subjects, and thus take effectual measures for their prosperity.

Particularly a report went current, that the electoral Prince was not so long on his travels, but, without his father's privity, was taking a tour all about the county, that he might see every thing with his own eyes, and that the people might not suffer by false representations. Indeed, few at court gave any heed to such tattle; but the Surveyor of the fisheries happened to be one of those, who, being pleased with the story, very readily believed it.

Mr. Gunther, in his profound sagacity, thought that if this was the electoral Prince, his business was to entertain him well, as that would certainly make his fortune : The whole story declares him to be a man of very narrow grasp ; yet, he was ambitious of making a great figure in the succeeding reign.— It is a very just observation, that men of slender parts are most fond of courts ; men of sublime sentiments and a just way of thinking, having a better idea of happiness, than to seek for it in these scenes of intrigue and fallacy.

However, he was for proceeding warily ; and taking the sham school-master into his parlour, hav-
ing

ing given him a large cup of wine, he entered into talk with him on several subjects, and in every thing Miss Betty shewed an acuteness and understanding which to the surveyor seemed above the sphere of a poor school-master; and he imagined that with his sagacious eyes he discerned a princely majesty beam forth in all her expressions and deportment; thus he became persuaded that the person before him could be no other than the electoral prince; in this conceit, without any further hesitation, he ventured to say to Miss Betty, that if he was not mistaken, it was a very different person from a school-master, whom he saw in this disguise: at this, Miss Betty, whose heart went pit-a-pat for fear of a discovery, coloured; but her spirits revived when the surveyor, continuing his discourse, said, that though his apparel was none of the best, in his opinion it covered a person of the highest rank. This honour, she declared, did not belong to her; but it was with such confusion as only confirmed Mr. Ganther's prepossession: in a word, her blushes, with the manner of her waving any pretence to quality, left not the least doubt in him, but that his guest was the electoral prince of Saxony.

The Surveyor thought himself extremely happy, that heaven should put so fair an opportunity into his hands of advancing himself, and that should he let it slip, he should deserve to be posted for a fool, instead of being counted a wise man, which he always affected; and, rising up said to him, that, "He was not ignorant of the motives of his Royal Highness's going about the country in that disguise; but that he should see his ends might be sufficiently answered, if he pleased to honour his house for some time with his presence; and at the same time, he made a tender, that every thing in it was at his Royal Highness's disposal."

Miss Betty, who had left her father's house to seek her fortune, and who wished for nothing more than a life of ease and merriment, thought this a proposal of which it behoved her to avail herself, and at the same time was sensible that her case required prudence and caution; accordingly she desired the Surveyor to mention no such high titles to her, not but that she held herself much obliged to him for his kind offer.

Mr. Gunther replied, that since it was his Royal Highness's pleasure he would forbear titles, as his intention was to be unknown, but again repeated the offer of his house and every thing in his power; and Miss Betty, at his many humble instances, consented to spend some days there, if it would not be too great a trouble: One of the chief cautions on which Miss Betty resolved in this farce, never to say that she was the electoral Prince, but by reserved serious behaviour, drill him on in his chimerical imaginations, and this he pleaded before the late King Frederick Augustus and the Commissioner of Enquiry; and the Surveyor himself did her the justice to own, that she had never pretended to be the Prince, nor directly countenanced his suppositions of her being that royal person.

The first night this honourable person lay in Mr. Gunther's house, his joy kept him waking: Nothing was more certain with him, than that it now only depended on his making a due use of this fortunate adventure, to be amongst the first of the ministry in the next reign; a thought which doubtless was accompanied with an ejaculation of thanksgiving; he most wisely supposed that the greater obligations he had laid the Prince under, the greater would be his advancement. His fortune being very considerable, he was persuaded, that this was the season to sow plentifully, as sure to reap an exuberant harvest.

The

The next morning he proposed to the Prince to change his apparel to that of an higher rank, as better answering his end of remaining unknown; for the meaner his appearance, the sooner would a keen eye see through the disguise, as dignity of carriage could not long be laid aside, so as to escape detection. This perhaps Mr. Gunther meant as a compliment to his own penetration; he added, that he thought the rank of Count was the best suited to his Royal Highness's drift, as not being attended with the constraints of Royalty, which hindered a personal inspection into every thing; nor, which would be the case of a low rank, did it exclude him from the company of the Nobility and Gentry, whose free sentiments he might thus hear, and judge of their manners: Further, Mr. Gunther concluding that his Royal Highness might not be provided for the expence of new dresses, he humbly requested him to make use of his money, which was entirely at his service; and this from mere respect to his Royal Highness, without any view of return or recompence, which he neither wanted nor expected.

To this offer Prince Betty made several objections, signifying that it by no means squared with his views; however, at the pressing entreaties of the Surveyor, he intimated to him, that he might give orders for what he thought proper. Mr. Gunther, without delay, ordered three or four very rich suits; hired servants for the Prince, and made him a present of a superb coach and six horses, which he said the Prince would want for visiting the several parts of the country; and that the Prince might be suitably provided with the grand requisite, he with the most reverential humility, humbly offered him a gold purse with three hundred ducats, and would not desist till his Royal Highness was pleased to accept of it.

Prince Betty being thus equipped for his rank of Count, as this was Mr. Gunther's project, he also conferred the title which the Prince was to bear ; and borrowed it, if I mistake not, from a Holstein family ; every thing being now settled, Mr. Surveyor invites all the neighbouring Nobility and Gentry to his house, for the entertainment of the Prince, who was made known to every one under the fictitious title of Count, but Mr. Gunther was not wanting privately, and with the most earnest request of secrecy, to whisper to all his visitors, that his guest was no other than the electoral Prince ; such an honour they could not but esteem the sure presage of a most glorious fortune. As to this, I believe no person will censure Mr. Gunther, it being no more than a very common inclination ; most men would make little account of any riches or honours, were they to enjoy them without others knowing any thing of their prosperity.

These visits of the neighbouring Nobility at the Surveyor's house went on for near a month ; all crowded thither with a view of getting into favour of Saxony's rising sun, and his favourite Mr. Van Gunther ; thus for his money he, at least, had for some time the flattering pleasure of being surrounded by persons of rank, all courting his friendship, and he had already a forecast of the incense which probably would have been offered to him, had all his suppositions been real.

On all occasions Prince Betty topped her part, she did not in the least disgrace the title of Count, and the reservedness which she constantly kept with the country Nobility, passed for the stamp of royalty, which, under this inferior disguise, seemed to dignify every part of her behaviour ; in short, there was not one who harboured the least doubt of Mr. Gunther's serious whisperings : So easy are men
to

to be imposed upon, or rather to play the part of the great ones of the world !

However, now comes on the denouement of this farce : Some of the Nobles having relations or friends at Court, with whom they corresponded, wrote (strictly recommending secrecy) that the electoral Prince was certainly at Augustusburg incognito.

These courtiers (and who can blame them ?) imagined that an information of this nature was not to be concealed from the King ; his Majesty, who knew for certain that his son was at Vienna, or that he was strangely imposed on, would believe nothing of the matter, yet thought it proper to take so much notice of this account, as to send one of the Officers of the household, who knew the Prince too well to be mistaken ; and he, as a Gentleman sent in his name to Mr. Surveyor, desiring he might be permitted to kiss the Count's hand ; in the mean time, he also had the whispering, that the person who passed only for a Count, was really the electoral Prince.

This Officer's visit was over on sight : He hastened back to court, and assured the King, that the Augustusburgh Count had, indeed, something of the air of the electoral Prince, but that he was no more the Prince than he himself. Hereupon the King immediately sent a party of horse, with a warrant, to bring Prince Betty and the Surveyor of the fishery to Dresden.

The King asked Prince Betty who she was ? she, without the least discomposure, gave him a full account of her family, sex, and all the circumstances which had occasioned her being the object of the Surveyor's liberality, and the admiration of the Nobles, without her ever having pretended to be the electoral Prince.

Not

Not a letter of her account could be disproved, and even Gunther himself acquiesced in the truth of all she had deposed : The King, however, suspecting this errantry to have been the consequence of some amours at home, had Prince Betty searched by midwives, who unanimously declared her to be a pure virgin.

Hereupon, the King himself pronounced his sentence, " That Prince Betty, as a due punishment of the Surveyor, should keep every thing that he had given her, and as it were forced on her ; but that she should be confined, during life, in Waldheim Bridewell, though not be put to any labour ; and that Gunther should allow her a six-dollar per day, during life."

This has been fulfilled in every article. As for Prince Betty, many have seen her at Waldheim Bridewell, and talked with her. She had a clean room in the house, boarded with the Keeper, and generally wore a genteel kind of amazon habit ; she was ever sprightly and chearful ; saying, her life was a heaven, to that she led at home, under her morose father, and slaving like a common hireling.



The GRACES of INNOCENCE.

MELANIA was born of noble, but not very rich parents : She was brought up under one of her aunts, who loved her tenderly. Eugenia perceived in the heart of her young pupil tender dispositions, which she thought must, one day or other, prove dangerous to her tranquility. To prevent the misfortunes attendant on love, she would
not

not even, at fourteen years of age, let her know the name of that passion: But, to make her amends, she frequently talked to her of friendship. She extolled the charms of this happy sentiment, and made her sensible of the great influence it had over the happiness of life.

Melania's friendship and gratitude for her aunt, engrossed her whole heart: She desired nothing, because she was ignorant there was any other happiness than what she enjoyed.

A friend of Eugenia's one day invited her to her country-seat, where she proposed to stay some time. Of all the beauties which this place afforded, Melania admired none but the gardens. Eugenia was not in the least afraid, that she would find in them any thing contrary to the principles of education which she had given her.

Melania took the advantage of the liberty that was allowed her, to enjoy the pleasures of nature, and a sight she had never seen before.

As Melania was rambling through the avenues of the gardens, she perceived a door that faced the country; she opened it, and was surprised to see, at some distance, a rivulet, whose silver, running stream watered a turf enamelled with the most agreeable flowers. A double row of trees shaded it from the sun's heat, and formed a covering admirably cool. The beauty of this place, the calmness which reigned therein, the serenity of the day, and the amorous singing of the birds transported her. She sat down on the turf. The solitariness did not intimidate her: She was ignorant that persons of her sex were liable to dangers. With entire confidence, she let sleep overtake her.

Melania lay some time in a profound sleep, when she awaked by a motion that was made close by her. She was extremely surprised to find at her feet a young man whom she did not know: She was going

ing to run away, but the youth's voice stopped her.

"The blow is struck, amiable creature, said he; I have seen, and adore you. Chance has just forged the chain that is to captivate my heart. I thought myself invulnerable to Cupid's darts; but, alas! who can withstand the power of your charms? I have not resisted them, and this day will deprive me of tranquility."

It was the first time that Melania heard the word Love: It was the first time she was told she was made to please. Eugenia was careful to deprive her of such a flattering, but often dangerous, knowledge. Melania, was beautiful, without knowing it: How much was she astonished at that stranger's speech! But this first sentiment soon succeeded another. The youth added to the most tender speeches, sighs and looks full of fire. If Melania's innocence hindered her from comprehending the meaning of them, her heart did not mistake them. She examined the stranger with the most curious attention, and took a pleasure in it, that increased by degrees. Nature, in forming him, had outdone herself: Cupid could not have borrowed more alluring features. Melania's eyes sparkled with an odd fire: Her senses were sweetly captivated: The voice of her lover, his sighs, and even his silence, diffused through her soul the most lively emotion.

By these different effects, who could have mistook the attacks of Cupid? Every thing declared his power; but Melania did not know it: She apprehended that what the stranger inspired her with, was a simple emotion of friendship. She was not afraid to give way to so pleasing a sentiment. She fancied she saw in her young lover, qualities that deserved her attachment: The nobleness of his countenance, the sweetness of his expressions, the sincerity

cerity which glowed in his eyes ; but more than all, the dictates of his heart, engaged Melania to give way to the inclination that prompted her.

“ Is it possible, said she to him ingenuously, that one moment should produce such an effect in your heart ? Does friendship take its origin only in the eyes ? And, without knowing the character of the object that strikes us, can one be solidly attached to it ? But who are you (continued she, without allowing him time to answer) ? Where have you fixed your abode ? What chance, in fine, brought you to me ! ”

These questions puzzled the young stranger : For some moments he hesitated to give an answer, fearing to make Melania mistrustful.

“ My name is Tervile, answered he ; I was born at Paris ; there I have left part of my family. Some particular affairs brought me into this province, where I have been two months : I had just returned from hunting, when chance conducted me here.

“ Cupid, alas ! was waiting here for me, continued he, to make me feel his first fires. A long time I gazed on your charms with admiration, and every look I fixed on them, conveyed to my heart a new dart of fire. I took courage to lift up your hand, on which I imprinted the most tender kiss. How impossible it is for me to paint to you the revolution that happened, at that time, in my heart ! I thought a supernatural event was going to change its existence. Your eyes are open, and this moment has compleated my defeat.”

“ Ah ! if your happiness depends only on me, replied the candid Melania, persuade yourself, you will be the happiest of men. I own to you, Tervile, you appear worthy of my friendship ; but I dare not offer it you without my aunt’s consent.”

“ sent. She has always governed my sentiments ;
 “ the want of confidence on my side might give her
 “ uneasiness. Follow me, continued she, with a
 “ charming transport, she is not far off: She loves
 “ true merit, she will love you, Tervile, as soon as
 “ she sees you, and surely she will permit me to be
 “ your friend.”

It is easier to imagine than to express Tervile’s surprise. The attention which Melania had given to his discourse, and the facility with which she had yielded to the emotions of her heart, made him think her unacquainted with the practice of dissimulation ; but he did not believe she carried innocence to such a pitch, as not to comprehend love ; however, her answer did not permit him to doubt it any longer. Though young, he knew the value of this happy ignorance.

Tervile had too much interest to keep Melania in such a precious error, to run any risk to convince her of it. He perceived, that far from attributing the ignorance she was in, to the weakness of her mind, he found none could be more sprightly, more penetrating, and more solid than she : Therefore it was only to the prejudice of the education, which she had received, that he could impute such an odd mistake. Of what pleasures would he not have been deprived, had Melania known the dangers to which her candour exposed her? Tervile contented himself with expressing ardently the satisfaction, which the favourable dispositions, wherein he saw the heart of this amiable nymph, gave him. He vowed to her an eternal love ; but declared he could not yet oblige her by going to her aunt, as she proposed ; that he himself was under the command of an uncle, whose temper he was obliged to conform to, to engage him to consent to happiness.

“ Very

" Very well, Tervile, replied Melania, let us spare nothing to render such dear relations favourable to us. While you are taking pains to merit the consent of your uncle, I will speak to Eugenia: I will tell her——"

" Ah! Miss, interrupted Tervile, perhaps she will forbid you to love me; perhaps she will forbid you to see me."

" What reason will she have for it, replied Melania, in a surprise? Friendship cannot make me sensible of its blessings. But what!——"

" would not she be jealous to see you partake with her of my affections? That might very well be, and you make me open my eyes: She would forbid me to love you—I should not be able to see you any more. Ah! Tervile, your fears penetrate into my soul, you make me tremble."

" Well, my dear Melania, replied the enamoured Tervile, charmed with the innocent turn which she herself gave to the fears he had represented to her, hide, for some time, from your aunt the sympathy of our hearts. I will speak to my uncle; I will engage him to get Eugenia to be favourable to us. He shall discover to her my love for you, and the features with which he shall paint it to her eyes, will be less suspected than those she might think drawn by an interested pencil. But, in the mean time, will you refuse me the happiness of seeing you? Will you forbid me the pleasure of reading in your eyes, that I am conscious I had the happiness to make you love me?"

" No, I'll refuse you nothing, answered Melania ingenuously: I like your reasoning: I will wait for the event of your proceedings with your uncle. I shall suffer, I own, for not acquainting Eugenia with it; it is the first time she had reason

“ to complain I have missed entrusting her with my
 “ secrets; but, as the interest of our friendship re-
 “ quires it, I will be faithful to it: However, the
 “ same place may procure us the pleasure of seeing
 “ one another again. I shall receive there every
 “ day, with joy, the assurance of a tender sentiment
 “ on your side; and on mine, you will have the
 “ pleasure to see yourself paid with a sincere re-
 “ turn.”

Night came on: Melania and Tervile were ob-
 liged to break off their pleasing conversation. What
 trouble did this moment give them!

“ I am going to leave you, said the enamoured
 “ Tervile with grief.”

“ We shall see one another to-morrow, answered
 “ the harmless Melania. Should so short an ab-
 “ sence make us sigh?”

In saying these words tears dropped from her
 eyes: Tervile mingled his with them. “ My aunt
 “ always told me, replied again Melania, that
 “ friendship caused only pleasure; but, without
 “ doubt, it is when it finds no obstacle to hinder it
 “ from explaining itself.” Tervile vowed he was
 going to use his endeavours to destroy those who
 should oppose their common happiness. Melania
 gave him her hand, which he kissed with extasy. At
 last they parted, promising themselves new pleasures
 next day.

Melania slept very little. Absorbed in the depth
 of love, she fancied she was abandoning herself to
 untormenting friendship. The image of her lover
 incessantly appeared to her mind with so much more
 charms, as she found no reason at all to make it va-
 nish. The innocence of her sentiments shewed her,
 that her duty agreed with her heart. O, happy situ-
 ation! What blindness makes us despise its de-
 lights!

Melania

Melania was punctual in coming to the place she appointed to meet Tervile. Their conversation was still more tender than the evening before. They had experienced the languors of absence; the pleasure of seeing one another again, seemed more lively on that account.

Melania thought she never could sufficiently convince her lover of what she felt for him. She related to him, with a candidness capable of charming the most insensible heart, all that she had felt since their separation. Tervile clearly saw the felicity which a tender innocent heart was preparing for him. His love found, even in its happiness, new vigour: The tears which sentiment forced from him, and which Melania took care to wipe off, were often the expressions of the pleasure he felt: But Tervile, notwithstanding his virtue, and as great an admirer as he was of Melania's innocence, was subject to weaknesses: It was very difficult for him, being alone with a young and charming creature, who was continually giving him proofs of the most tender love, not to feel those desires in which the senses are often but too much concerned. These two lovers saw one another regularly for some time, without Eugenia's having the least suspicion of it, when, in one of her conversations, Melania, whose candour was always the same, let herself be carried away by the torrent of her heart.

" I do not know, said she to Tervile, what kind of friendship you inspire me with; but I never found with my aunt what I find with you." " It is because she loves you less than I do, answered Tervile. Ah! Melania could you refuse me the value of sentiment? That which animates me for you, is of a nature never to be equalled."

" What pleasure I take in the sweet certainty," cried Melania! How dear are you to me, Ter-

“ vile ! If you cease to love me, I believe I shall
 “ cease to live.”

Tervile, whom the respect he had for the young lady till then had kept him within very narrow bounds, was no longer master of his transports.

“ Abandon yourself, dear Miss, without fear,
 “ to the emotions of your heart, said he, with ex-
 “ treme trouble ; love itself, and your charms, are
 “ answerable for my constancy.—But—you love me
 “ then.—Ah ! Melania, assure me of it again—you
 “ love me, Melania”————

The vivacity with which Tervile pronounced the last words, excited trouble in Melania’s soul ; she blushed and sighed without knowing why. Her eyes, which met those of her lover, were that moment bedew’d with those delicious tears which love causes to shed. Tervile eagerly catches them. He mixes with them his own, and guided by his desires, he takes Melania into his arms, tenderly hugs her, his ardour increases.

“ Tervile, said Melania to him, with a faint
 “ voice, what do I feel ? What strange emotions
 “ do you rouse in my heart ? Ah ! how much rea-
 “ son had my aunt to boast of the charms of friend-
 “ ship ! How powerful they are ! But why do I
 “ taste them only with you ?”

This speech brought Tervile to himself. The innocence of Melania was represented in it with too much advantage, not to make an effect upon a heart naturally a friend to virtue. “ What was I going
 “ to do, said he ! That which ought to be the ob-
 “ ject of my admiration, that which one day or
 “ other must make my happiness, was going to make
 “ me the most culpable of men.—No — my reason
 “ refuses it—even my love would be wounded by
 “ it.—In saying these words, Tervile reassum-
 ed with Melania the timidity of a true lover.—
 Melania, without doubt, was going to question Ter-
 vile

vile about what had just passed between them, when she heard Eugenia's voice, who repeated her name with uneasiness. Being obliged to part, our lovers bid each other, sighing, the most tender adieu.—Melania returned into the garden, where her presence quieted the alarms of the fearful Eugenia.

“Where were you, my dear child, said she to her, as soon as she perceived her: I have been a great while looking for you. Come, continued she, come and embrace your mother, who is just arrived here.”

Melania stood in need of such unexpected news, to hide from her aunt the trouble she was still in.

“My mother! replied she. What good fortune brings her to me?”

You shall know, said Eugenia.

“Come, replied Melania, come, let me go and shew her all the sensibility of my heart.”

Melania did not suspect the motive of Melisa's journey: Eugenia, who had been the cause of it, kept it a mystery to her. Madam d'Arcourt, with whom she then lived, was of a rank that procured her the best acquaintance of the province. Her estate joined the Count d'Armainville. This nobleman had spent his youth at the court. Being come to years of maturity, he had retired into the country, where he enjoyed tranquility, so necessary for the happiness of life. He had made acquaintance with Madam d'Arcourt, and glistened in the company that went to visit her.

The Count saw Melania there, and all his reason could not guard him against Cupid's darts; he loved well enough to determine immediately to share with her his rank and fortune. The education she had received, warranted to him her virtue, and seemed to answer for the openness of her heart, which he hoped to make favourable to him, when Hymen

should permit him to make the love, she had inspired him with, shine in her eyes. He did not amuse himself by sighing with her, but it was to Eugenia that he discovered his secret sentiments. Eugenia received his confession like a person who thought herself honoured with it, and who looked upon the Count's protestations as a solid foundation for her niece's happiness. She wrote to Melisa to communicate to her this agreeable news. Sure that Melania's heart was not inclined to oppose any obstacle to her designs, she thought it needless to acquaint her with it before-hand. She intended that Melisa should have the pleasure of surprising her daughter, by letting her know the love of the person who was to make her taste the sweets of it. Melisa, enchanted with the hopes which her sister gave her, set out immediately to go where the happy destiny of her daughter called her; but Melania did not know the Count's dispositions in her favour. Her innocence did not permit her to guess the sentiments which it created, and her indifference to this Lord was so great, that she always forgot to speak of him to Terville.

Melisa's heart was divided between the joy of seeing again a daughter and a sister whom she loved, and that of receiving from the Count d'Armainville the confirmation of what Eugenia had written to her. She undertook the care of letting her daughter know the honour which he intended to do her, and promised the Count that next day he should receive, even from Melania's mouth, the consent he desired: But the impatient Count could not stay till the next day, to be convinced of a thing which so earnestly concerned him. He knew that Melisa was that evening to speak to Melania about it; he proposed to himself a delicate pleasure at the surprise, in which that young lady would be, in hearing the name of Love for the first time, and of knowing himself,

himself, whether she would be pleased to hear that she had inspired him with it. He stepped privately into a closet that joined to Melisa's apartment, where, by means of a glass door, he was able to see and hear the scene that was preparing.

Melisa, after having lavished on her daughter the most tender caresses, was eager to acquaint her with the subject of her journey; she painted to her, under the most sensible colours, the happiness which the Count's alliance prepared for her. Melania trembled, without being able to account for it; her silence surprised Melisa: "You don't answer, daughter, said she: Should you have any reluctance to marry the Count? Consider I am as much your friend as your mother, and speak to me without equivocation."

Encouraged by this affectionate address, Melania answered, embracing her tenderly, "I know no other will but your's; but, added she, tell me what the engagement you propose to me must subject me to: Does it require me to be called the Count's Lady?"

Melisa smiled and found by this answer the effects of Eugenia's pains.

"The Count requires of you, said she to her daughter, only what his good behaviour and his love will oblige you to grant him, that is, the utmost fidelity: It is your heart he asks for, which you cannot refuse him." "Ah! what do you say to me, cried Melania, if it be so, I cannot marry the Count?"

"O! why, said Melisa, in a surprise?"

Melania saw, with vexation, she was going to break the silence that Tervile had recommended to her: She had a mind to keep her secret, but being closely press'd by her mother:

"Alas! replied she, how can I give my heart to the Count! it is no longer in my power."

O! to

“ O! to whom have you given it, replied Melisa?”

“ To you, Madam, said Melania, to my dear aunt, and—— she hesitated a little—— to Tervile, continued she: You three fill the volume of my heart, I have no room left for any more.”

What a subject of amazement was this for Eugenia! To what purpose were so many precautions to make her pupil avoid the knowledge of love? She fixes on her heart devoted looks.

“ Ah! my sister, said Melisa, is this what you told me?”

“ You see my surprise, replied Eugenia; the dispositions of the heart of Melania, her connexion with Tervile, and the young man himself I know nothing of.”

“ Explain to us then this mystery, said Melisa to her daughter; who is that Tervile you are speaking to us of?”

Melania told her mother how she came to know Tervile, and the circumstances that had formed their connection.

“ Ah! were he present before you, continued she with vivacity, did you know the qualities of his soul, you would love him as well as I do.—— Could I refuse him my friendship? He incessantly assured me of his, and sincerity itself spoke by his mouth.”

Melisa and Eugenia, alarmed with the dangers which Melania's innocence had been exposed to in her interviews with Tervile, durst not ask her any more questions, fearful of hearing too much; however, it was essential for them to know the whole of this adventure.

“ How did you spend your time with Tervile, said Melisa? What did he say to you? What were your

“ your pastimes together? But especially, Melania,
“ take care to hide nothing from me.”

“ O! what should I hide from you, replied Me-
“ lania? Friendship is no crime; my aunt always
“ told me it was, on the contrary, the sweetest tie
“ of society. I spent with Tervile the most pleasing
“ moments of my life: He loved me, he said; I
“ loved him, and assured him of it with the same
“ sincerity. O, ye Gods! how sweet were our con-
“ versations! “ Dear Melania, said he to me,
“ know the extent of your empire; all the powers
“ of my soul are subject to you, and know how to
“ triumph over the desires you inspire into me.—
“ Yes, if love excites them, respect subdues them.—
“ He loved above all things, said he, the innocence
“ of my heart. I was not less eager to let him
“ know what I liked best in him. It was in this
“ manner we spent whole hours, which seemed to
“ us like moments. Alas! we never parted without
“ shedding tears, which the hopes of seeing each
“ other the next day, could not stop.”

Melania expressed herself with too much candour
not to persuade.

“ Thank Heaven, said Melisa whispering to Eu-
“ genia, our fears are dissipated; Tervile respected
“ the innocence of my daughter to such a degree,
“ as to love her in her mistake about love: Let
“ us take the advantage of her little experience to
“ destroy the inclination her heart opposes to the
“ Count’s desires.”

“ I am satisfied, said she afterwards to Melania; I
“ love your sincerity; but, my daughter, I conjure
“ you, in the name of that affection which you so
“ often assured me you had for me, to renounce his
“ friendship, and give your’s to the Count.”

“ Forget Tervile! cried Melania with grief: Ah,
“ Madam——

“ Make

“ Make no reply, continued Melisa : Obey, and
 “ as soon as to-morrow comes, prepare yourself to
 “ receive favourably the nobleman I design for
 “ you.”

“ And what then replied the tender, Melania, will
 “ become of Tervile ?”

“ Forget even his name, replied, Melisa.—
 “ No, my daughter, no, you shall never see Ter-
 “ vile.”

Melania was unable to support the rigour which
 such a threat contained : She fainted away. Eu-
 genia and Melisa made haste to her assistance, when
 the Count, shocked at what he had just heard, made
 his appearance.”

“ Ah ! my lord, said Melisa.” —

“ I know every thing, replied the Count : How
 “ unhappy I am ! But, pray, be careful how you
 “ manage the heart of your amiable daughter : It
 “ is not by causing her misfortune, that I can merit
 “ her love. The secret I have just heard has di-
 “ minished nothing of my love ! What candour !
 “ What innocence in that charming lady ! How
 “ happy is Tervile !”

Melisa assured the Count that she was going to
 endeavour to remove the obstacle, which opposed
 his happiness : Her pains, and her sister's, brought
 Melania to herself. They left her alone, and aban-
 doned to her reflections. Alas ! she employed this
 time of leisure only in regretting her lover, and in
 lamenting the cruel fate, which, without doubt, was
 going to separate them.

Eugenia and Melisa spent the night in studying
 the means of destroying the love of Melania for
 Tervile. Eugenia reproached herself with having
 deprived her pupil of weapons, with which she
 might have repulsed the darts of love, by suffering
 her to remain in an ignorance from which she ex-
 pected other fruits. She loved her niece too much

to

to abandon her to the rebukes of a mother, whom she saw not disposed to speak to her: She had a mind to take upon herself the care of reducing her mind to tractability.

" I know her heart, said she to Melisa; it is tender: The study I made of it prevailed on me say nothing to her of love: I never found in her any opposition to my will. Give me leave to manage her mind: She loves us, and we shall do more with her by sweetness, than by harsh words, which would turn her reason."

Melisa, who knew the sagacity of her sister, readily consented to leave to her the employment she desired, both to free herself from the vexation of treating roughly a daughter she loved, and to appease Eugenia's tenderness.

Day scarce permitted them to set about their project, when Eugenia went to Melania. What grief was she penetrated with on seeing her! Melania had spent the night in the most alarming troubles: Her eyes were still bathed in tears: She was plunged in a dejection that would have touched the most insensible of mortals.

" O! what, my dear niece, said Eugenia to her, clasping her in her arms, is this the recompence you reserve for the pains I have taken about your education? You have so many times promised to love nobody without my consent, but have you kept your word? And must I now depend on your friendship? Ah! I see it very plainly; you love Tervile more than you ever loved me."

" You wrong my heart, replied Melania, I do not love you less than Tervile, but I own to you, I think I love him as well as I do you. Ah! my dear aunt, were you to know him, you would not reproach me thus."

" I! who

" I ! who then is this Tervile, replied Eugenia ?
 " Of what country is he ? Where was he born ? And
 " what estate has he ?"

Melania told her all that Tervile had confided her with on this subject. " He is not far from hence, continued she ; and, if you will give me leave, I will present him to you this evening. Then he will be at our usual rendezvous. See him, my dear aunt, and I am certain you will like my choice."

" No, don't expect any such thing, replied Eugenia ; you have seen Tervile for the last time ; none but the Count deserves your heart ; he offers you with it the title of Countess, and an immense fortune. Resist no longer Melisa's will : She loves you, but a longer resistance would turn her love into hatred ; she would make you unhappy, it would be impossible for me to help it."

" What are you telling me, replied Melania very mournfully ? What then must I do to content her ?"

" Marry the Count, said Eugenia."

" I consent to it, replied Melania, but let him not require the gift of my heart : I have told you already it is no longer at my disposal. Yes, it is absolutely impossible for me to love him. Tervile alone — it is Tervile has all my friendship."

" What obstinacy, said Eugenia ! Melania take care of making Melisa scold you ; even my tenderness begins to relax. Forget Tervile, love the Count ; this is your duty."

" See Tervile no more, replied Melania ! — Renounce his friendship ! Well then, I must likewise renounce my life !"

" Cruel niece, cried Eugenia ; I did not expect to find so much obstinacy in your heart ; Can-

" not

“ not I prevail with you to avoid the misfortune
 “ that threatens you?”

“ Pitiless aunt, replied Melania, shall I always
 “ find you insensible to my pain! Ah! why did
 “ you give me such a moving portrait of friendship!
 “ Why did you so often boast to me of its charms?
 “ It makes, said you, the happiness of our life:
 “ You should, on the contrary, have hardened my
 “ heart against its seducing attacks: Tractable to
 “ your lessons, I would have tyrannized over its
 “ most captivating sentiments: I would have sac-
 “ crificed them to the fear of displeasing you, and
 “ making me culpable in your eyes; but it was all
 “ your study to make me taste the sweets of friend-
 “ ship; even those proofs that I received from yours
 “ have contributed to seduce me; I found so many
 “ charms therein, that it is become the delight of
 “ my life. In this disposition I became acquainted
 “ with Tervile; that amiable sympathy, which dis-
 “ poses of our inclinations, has triumphed in my
 “ soul. I confess I did not resist it: Persuaded it
 “ was virtue, I thought it glorious to yield to its
 “ charms. Why should it be a crime only with re-
 “ gard to Tervile, when you make it a duty for the
 “ Count? I own it, my dear aunt, if I am to be
 “ blamed, it is only for making a mystery to you
 “ of my love.”

This was too much for the sensible Eugenia; the ingenuity of her dear pupil, her candour, the innocence of her sentiments, and the tender reflections she excited in her memory, offered her such an affecting picture, that being sensibly penetrated, she embraced her, and left her, promising to use her endeavours to soften Melisa's mind in her favour.

Melisa was waiting for Eugenia with impatience. She was surprised to see her come back all in tears.
 “ You weep, sister, said she: Ah, you have made
 “ no impression on my daughter's mind! She per-

“ sits in her obstinacy ; then this triumph is reserved for me. Your friendship for her makes you too weak, she takes the advantage of it, but she shall soon learn her duty to her mother’s will.”

“ Speak to her ; I give my consent, replied Eugenia ; but, sister, don’t use her ill ; if you knew as well as I do, the excellent temper of that dear child, no, you could not arm yourself against her. How amiable is she ! I admire her, even in the resistance she makes to our desire.”

“ What weakness, cried Melisa ! Indeed, sister, I will no longer own you. Hear what an error Melania is plunged into. I have used my utmost endeavours to find out this Tervile whom her heart is charmed with. He is an impostor, a traitor, who, under a fictitious name, has sought to seduce her : They know no such name in these cantons, and we have not been able to get any intelligence of him.”

“ That may be, said Eugenia ; however, without seeking to justify him, I can oppose the indignation which the respect that he has for your daughter inspires you with. It was in his power to take the advantage of her innocence ; but he did not. This alone makes him estimable in my eyes. Besides, Melania offers to bring him to us. This evening, said she, he is to be at the garden door of this house : She asked permission to see him, and prevail with him to give an account of himself before us.”

“ That is the very thing we must hinder, interrupted Melisa : Tervile, whoever he be, cannot certainly be as advantageous a match as the Count. The oftener she sees him, the more she will resist our wishes. I have given her strict orders never to see him more, and am going to endeavour to make her mind more tractable.”

“ Once

" Once again, cried Eugenia, be careful how you manage my dear niece ! use with her only the voice of sweetness."

" Compose yourself, sister, said Melisa, I hope not to be so weak as you."

The gloomy, cold air, which Melania perceived on the countenance of her mother, did not permit her to doubt of the subject that caused her presence. She was seized all over with a trembling. Melisa, affecting not to perceive it, asked her coolly, what she was resolved to do ?

" To obey you, Madam, answered Melania with a timid voice ; but, if I ever was dear to you, do not ask me any thing but what I can do. I will marry the Count, but as to giving him my heart, he must not hope for it : It is no longer in my power."

Melisa, full of indignation to find resistance in her daughter's mind, gave way to whatever passion could inspire most violent. She loaded Melania with reproaches and menaces ; she accused Tervile of perfidy, and of being an impostor, authorised by his concealing to her, without doubt, his true name.

Melania was going to justify her lover, but Melisa imposed silence on her in a most severe tone, and ordered her, for the last time, to forget Tervile, to prepare to suffer all imaginable torments.

" Dispose of my fate, answered Melania in despair : I will undergo, without murmuring, all the punishments you please to inflict upon me ; but to forget Tervile, no, my heart will never consent to it. Ah ! mother, continued she, throwing herself at Melisa's knees, let my tears soften you. God is my witness, all my desires terminate in pleasing you, but he himself has put a stop to your designs upon me. No, I was not mistress of my own sentiments ; a superior power has

“ disposed of them; I was incapable of resisting
 “ it : This power still subsists and conserves its au-
 “ thority for the unhappy Tervile. Alas ! if to-day
 “ the hard law of ceasing to love you was imposed
 “ upon me, it would be the same thing, and I feel
 “ I should sooner lose my life than to consent to it;
 “ I feel.”——Melania was seized in such a man-
 ner, that she could not go on : She embraced her
 mother’s knees, and impressed her hands with kisses,
 whilst she bedewed them with her tears. Melisa was
 going to speak, but the emotion of her soul, and
 her tenderness overcame her. Ready to share the
 sensibility of her daughter, she tore herself from her
 arms, and went to join Eugenia.

“ Ah ! sister, said she, how dangerous is Mela-
 “ nia ! All my resolution has been foiled by her ti-
 “ mid eloquence. What a heart ! What senti-
 “ ments ! Eugenia, what weapons have you fur-
 “ nished her against us !”

“ I plainly told you so, replied Eugenia, with se-
 “ cret pleasure ; let us not force her heart. Her
 “ happiness ought to be preferable to the advanta-
 “ ges of fortune.”

“ What, said Melisa, should I encourage her in
 “ a weakness the object of which perhaps is a con-
 “ temptible fellow ! No, mine does not carry me
 “ so far. All I can do for her is to leave to time
 “ the care of restoring her heart to reason : How-
 “ ever, let us hinder whatever may put her in mind
 “ of Tervile : She shall only see the Count, and
 “ the love of that nobleman perhaps, will be able
 “ to triumph over the obstacle that opposes his de-
 “ fires.”

Eugenia approved of her sister’s design, and they
 desisted from offering violence to Melania’s senti-
 ments.

But they were nothing the better for it. She
 saw her dear Tervile no more : She was ignorant
 whether

whether he still loved her, and those who were about her kept a profound silence, which she durst not interrupt. She was obliged to stifle the sighs which his remembrance tore from her : It was no longer in her mother's heart, that she could seek sweetness: Armed against her with the coldest and most indifferent air, Melisa appeared to condemn the voice of nature, which spoke to her in favour of her daughter ; even Eugenia, the sensible Eugenia, durst not shew the tenderness she had for so dear a niece. Being of the same opinion with Melisa, she thought to obtain, by an affected indifference, what the proofs of her attachments could not from the heart of her pupil ; but they were both mistaken. Entirely devoted to her dear Tervile, Melania regarded the law they imposed on her, of loving him no more, as a flagrant injustice : She was shocked to see her mother and aunt sacrifice friendship, that noble and virtuous sentiment, to interest : In fine, Melania fortified continually her heart against the attacks that were continually made upon it ; and the consequence of Melisa and Eugenia's severity, was to plunge her into an alarming melancholy. The Count d'Armainville went seldom from Madam d'Arcourt's : He spent whole days there sighing near Melania, and in endeavouring to gain her love. Melania esteemed him : She sighed in private at being the cause of the grief to which he abandoned himself ; but it was impossible for her to sympathize with his love.

As the Count was alone with Melania, and complaining of her indifference, which quite o'erwhelmed him, " Alas, said she, ingenuously, I should
 " be glad if I could possibly content you. I esteem
 " you, Sir ; I do not hate you ; I even feel that, if
 " it were necessary to sacrifice for your happiness
 " part of my life, I would do it without hesitating ;
 " but desire nothing more, it is no longer in my
 " power to give my heart. Ah ! Count, continu-

“ ed she, seeing the vexation which her discourse
 “ caused the enamoured Count, if you can find any
 “ charms in revenge, enjoy them, I cannot cause
 “ you as much trouble, as I suffer myself since my
 “ separation from Tervile.”

“ Is it in this manner you intend to soften my
 “ woes, cried the Count? Cruel fair, by offering
 “ me revenge as a recompence, you plunge a new
 “ dart into my heart : The same torments you are
 “ a prey to, cause my misfortune : I know how
 “ ardently you love the too happy Tervile.”

“ Don't envy his fate, replied Melania. Can
 “ any misfortune equal that of being absent from
 “ what one loves? Tervile no longer sees me ; he
 “ does not know I am faithful to him. Ah ! at
 “ least, if he knew the pains I take to keep my
 “ friendship for him, if he knew — I beg pardon,
 “ Sir, replied she, perceiving the emotions of im-
 “ patience which unawares agitated the Count, one
 “ cannot constrain sentiment, I love Tervile : I
 “ knew him before you ; before you, he assured me
 “ of an eternal love ; had he left any vacancy in my
 “ heart, you alone, Count, should be worthy of fil-
 “ ling it ; but” — Melania stopped —

“ Make an end, replied the Count in the utmost
 “ distress : Tell me, you never will love me, that
 “ you forbid my hopes, that in fine I must stifle the
 “ unhappy love you have inspired me with.”

“ Ah ! without depriving me of your friendship,
 “ replied Melania with vivacity, be generous enough,
 “ dear Count, to content yourself with my esteem ;
 “ I offer it you ; and were it another kind of friend-
 “ ship than that which I have for Tervile, I would
 “ offer it you in the same manner. Yes, I find you
 “ have an influence over my sentiments ; but I con-
 “ fess they are not like those I have given Tervile :
 “ Enjoy your own, and let him enjoy his. How
 “ much shall I be indebted to you !”

Melania

Melania perceived that her last words had thrown the Count into a profound reflection. She flattered herself that he was disposing his soul to make her the sacrifice which she required. To excite his generosity, she lavished upon him a thousand tender and flattering words, and a thousand caresses, which the innocence that accompanied them, rendered more affecting. "Yes, dear Count, said she, squeezing his hand in her's; yes, I will be indebted to you for my happiness; it will seem to me more sensible.—Next to Tervile, you shall be what I hold most dear."

The Count, disarmed by the graces and sweetness of this amiable young lady, at last yielded to the generosity she had excited in his soul.

"You triumph, beautiful Melania, said he to her: I am going to give up the interest of my hope to occupy myself with your's; I will repair all the ill I have done you, but it is to your sincerity that I must sacrifice the happiness of my life; acquaint me with the birth and progress of your sentiments for Tervile."

"I will conceal nothing from you," replied Melania, enchanted with the hopes which the Count gave her: Chance offered me the sight of Tervile. The first look I fixed upon him captivated my heart. He vowed to me a thousand times that sympathy had produced the same effect in his. With equal sincerity we have since given one another continual assurances of it: To see one another, to love one another, to tell each other so, were our most sensible pleasures. Ye Gods! when I recollect our last interview, how were we delighted! The vivacity of our sentiments weakened our voice; our looks alone told us what passed in our souls. How tender they were! How happy were we! Could I foresee,
" alas!

" alas ! the frightful change that was preparing in our destiny ?"

What a narrative for the Count ! " Unhappy curiosity, thou servest to redouble my misfortunes. What love !—What candour !—What charms !—Now I know better the loss I sustain. Heaven ! can I resolve on it ? I must. Reason, honour, every thing obliges me to it ; but—what is it going to cost me !—It is no matter.—Farewel, beautiful Melania ; I am going, if it be possible, to determine my heart to this great sacrifice."

On saying these words, the Count went away and left Melania's mind fluctuating between fear and hope ; but he did not leave her long in this unquiet situation. He came back next day, and, without communicating his design, he invited Eugenia and Melisa, and the charming Melania to embellish, by their presence an entertainment, that, he said, he was going to give the same day in his castle. They all went thither, accompanied by Madam d'Arcourt. But how agreeable was Melania's surprise to find again, in the first object she fixed her eyes upon at the Count's, her dear Tervile ! She gave a shout of joy, and, without constraining the emotions of her soul, she flew into her lover's arms, whom a like transport brought to meet her.

" Dear Tervile, said she, I see you again ! What a happiness !" Her voice faltered. Tervile found an equal difficulty of utterance. Broken words formed the conversation of these tender lovers. Melisa and Eugenia looked at them, and in the excess of surprise they did not think of parting them, nor of interrupting their transports.

Then Melania tore herself out of Tervile's arms, to fly into those of her mother and aunt. She did not think herself blameable for having in their sight, lavished on her lover the proofs of her tenderness, nor was she afraid of their reproaches.

There

" There is the dear Tervile, said she, the remembrance of whom made me rebel against your desires. Was I in the wrong? Don't you already love him as much as I do?" Melisa and Eugenia had no longer liberty to speak, amazement deprived them of speech. Melania did not mind it, she had satisfied her love; she thought she owed something to the Count's generosity.

" You restore Tervile to me, said she. Ah! Sir, how much am I indebted to you!"

The Count, who had a mind to hinder his heart from the opportunity of a new weakness, answered Melania nothing, but by taking one of her hands, which he put into Tervile's, and in that condition he presented them both to Melisa.

" I have triumphed over my love, said he, I have sacrificed my happiness to that of your amiable daughter; do not make my struggles fruitless, consent to the union of these two lovers; they are worthy of one another. Under the name of Tervile acknowledge the son of the Marquis de Clerval, my brother."

Melisa heard this news with joy; but her daughter could not hide her surprise, and asked Clerval for what reason he had told her a false name. " Take courage, Miss, replied the Count, I am going to tell you for him, and justify him. His sadness and a reluctance for an advantageous marriage, which I proposed to him, made me suspect that some secret passion formed this opposition in his heart. I caused him to be watched, and was told he went every day to Madam d'Arcourt's garden-door; I surprised him there myself, and obliged him to unbosom himself to me. He confessed that he adored you, and that he disguised his name to hinder me from knowing his passion." " Yes then, said Clerval to Melania, yes, it was for fear of losing you, or seeing myself separated from you, if I was known, that

" that made me use this stratagem. What delights
 " did I taste under the happy name of Tervile! —
 " Under the name of Friendship, you offered me the
 " most tender love. Pardon me, beautiful Melania,
 " if I let you remain so long in an error; but, con-
 " tented with my fate, and penetrated with respect
 " for your innocence, I durst not undeceive you." —
 " What do you say, Clerval, cried Melania, would
 " not the sentiments I have for you, be those of Friend-
 " ship?"

Clerval was in a perplexity; he persuaded himself
 that the love of the Count, so often expressed to Me-
 lania, had undeceived her. Though sure of her af-
 fection, he was afraid that the knowledge he was
 going to give her, might cause some change in her
 conduct. Whilst he was seeking the means of instruct-
 ing her, without shocking her innocence, Melania
 pressed him to explain himself, with a vivacity that
 diverted all the company. They all looked at one
 another, and were delighted with the perplexity of
 Clerval, but soon he summoned up all the fire of his
 wit.

" What! always about Friendship, dear Melania,
 " said he, in an angry tone! Will you only grant
 " me such a cold sentiment? It cannot recompence
 " the vivacity of mine. Love alone can repay love."
 — " O! what difference then do you make between
 " Love and Friendship, interrupted Melania? I have
 " often heard the word Love repeated. I have often
 " heard you mention the word Love. Melisa, Euge-
 " nia and the Count have sometimes spoke of it be-
 " fore me, but I thought it contained the charac-
 " ters of Friendship. Yet, I own to you, I thought it
 " had something more lively and more interesting:
 " Especially, Clerval, I never liked to hear it in your
 " mouth. Instruct me completely, teach me to dis-
 " tinguish these two sentiments."

Clerval

Clerval painted Love and Friendship just as he was capable of feeling them. What wit did he employ in his definitions! What warmth in the portrait of Love! Melania found in them the sentiment that animated her. The veil of her innocence was rent; but, confused at her error, fearing she had been culpable, she looked trembling at Melania and Eugenia, and durst no longer fix her eyes on her lover. Clerval, in despair, thought himself the unhappiest of mortals, when Melisa and Eugenia, concerned for his uneasiness, and the confusion of Melania, were eager to encourage her, by telling her, that now their consent justified the emotions of her heart. Our two-lovers gave full indulgence to their transports without fear.

The Count obtained for them the consent of the Marquis de Clerval, his brother: He settled upon them the succession to all his estates, and himself led them to the altar. Never was there a happier marriage. Clerval has for Melania that permanent, lively and tender love, which he felt from the first moment he saw her; and Melania preserves that ineffable candour, and that charming innocence which the commerce of the world cannot alter, and which deservedly render her an object of universal admiration.





The STUDENT turned Cook.

EDUCATION in Germany, as in Scotland, is so very cheap, that not only the middling sort, but even the very lowest class of people, if they please, may enjoy it.

A student of the university of Gena, the son of a poor husbandman that lived near Leipzig, willing to see his friends, and receive the benediction of his indulgent parents, (notwithstanding his poverty, he not being invested with one single farthing) could not be restrained from his filial duty, though there were several days journey to travel, and no money to defray the expences, which to some would be looked upon as insurmountable difficulties, yet to our learned traveller appeared as nothing. Thus armed with philosophy, on the next vacation, he set out for the place of his nativity. As he proceeded on the way very studious and thoughtful, summoning logic, natural reason, and every atom of the philosophy he had attained at college to his assistance, during a mighty conflict in his breast, as he pensively went, he picked a stone, which for the oddness of its shape and beautiful colour, he looked upon as a curiosity, and put it in his pocket. He had not been long master of this fabulous concretion, when an happy thought crept on his imagination, which dispelled the settled melancholy his extreme poverty had occasioned; and soon after had an opportunity of displaying it in such a manner, that one might with justice pronounce him possessed of that valuable arcanum called the philosopher's stone.

About

About the middle of the day our traveller came by the castle of a noble German count, who it seems was gone on a party of hunting with some other German nobility; a lucky incident for our adventurer, who entered the noble mansion, and the kitchen being the first place he saw, he went in, and with downcast eyes and humble voice, addressed the brawny cook, begging that she would lend him a pot, which being procured by the scullion, he took out his stone, which he had carefully wrapt up in his handkerchief, and put it into the pot, and begged, in the humblest manner, for leave to put it on the fire, which was immediately granted. By this time a female curiosity was excited in the fat cook to know what intention or what end the boiling that stone would answer: the stranger being interrogated on this head, frankly confessed his extreme need, and withal, that he should perish for want, if it were not for the succour of this little stone; he then begs a little salt, then some pepper; he now eyes the dresser, desires a few raspins, then greens, and so, by degrees, every article that occurred to his sight that might make an excellent soup. During our student's cookery the broad faced cook was entirely taken with the utility of the stone, and actually wondered at the phenomenon. She had not only neglected to observe that the several ingredients she had furnished him with would make a good soup, but had also forgot to dress her countess's dinner: the bell rings, nothing ready, what's to be done? why, to tell the truth about the stranger and his stone; which she did so plausibly, that the lady not only desired to taste the soup, but also to see the man. Whether my lady was hungry, or the soup excellent, or that both together might be the matter, it is sufficient to acquaint the reader, that the lady was enamoured with the stone, and was

F

determined,

determined, cost what it would, to have it; the bargain was a long time making, during which the student dined heartily, drank freely, and shewed in his discourse a great deal of good sense, which enhanced the price of his stone, which with seeming reluctance, he parted with, for the trivial sum of twenty-five ducats.

Let us suffer our adventurer to depart, and see what happened after. The count comes home with several other German Lords, almost famished; my lady, overjoyed at an opportunity to shew what an œconomist she was, hastes to her cabinet for her stone, goes to the kitchen, and boils the pebble until the hungry lords were out of all patience; the count follows his wife to know what she was about, when, to her great confusion, and the risibility of the whole company, the count, having discovered the cheat, threw the intended soup and valuable stone out of doors, to the great mortification of his famished companions, and to the inexpressible disappointment of the countess.



The CONJURER.

A POOR old villager, who went in the country by the appellation of Robin; who had always earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and to whom a morsel of fat bacon was princely regale, had heard so much said in commendation of delicious fare, as partridges, pheasants, ortolans, and such like; and those nectarious liquors, Burgundy and Champaign, that he longed so ardently for such a regale, as to think he could be very well contented

contented to die, provided he might first be permitted to satisfy his longing.

Necessity is the mother of invention, as the proverb goes; the truth of which is verified by daily experience. Robin, whose ability was far from sufficient to procure those dainties, hit upon a scheme which he imagined would infallibly secure him of success.

He resolved to travel to a distant part of the country, where he was not known, and take upon him the title of a conjurer; a profession which has ever commanded great respect, both in town and country: and that in case any person, whose wit proved lighter than his purse, should be fool enough to confide in his art, he would stipulate for three dainty repasts, before his oracle should deign to break silence.

Before he set out on this expedition (what will perhaps seem very surprising to such of our readers, who are uninspired by the muses) he weighed in a just and equal balance, the dainties he promised himself to enjoy, against the kicks and cuffs he must inevitably receive, when found out to be an impostor; when lo! the kicks and cuffs kicked the beam. And now having equipped himself with a large hairy cap, made of the skin of a badger, a pair of whiskers, in which a Spaniard might have taken pride, and a Common Prayer-book in old print, by way of a conjuring-book, he bid adieu to his village, and directed his steps to more populous cities; publishing wherever he came, his great and profound science in the art of divination.

He arrived at length at the hospitable gates of Sir Tony Simpleton, baronet; with whom most of our readers we presume are acquainted; for no family in Britain can boast of a more extensive progeny: their origin is easily traced beyond the de-

luge; and their illustrious ancestors have often wielded the royal sceptre. Now so it happened, that a day or two before the arrival of honest Robin, three of Sir Tony's servants, who had long since formed a combination against a certain diamond ring of great value, which lady Simpleton usually wore on her finger; having found it straying upon her toilette, seized it as a lawful prize, with an intent to dispose of it the first opportunity, and share the spoil among themselves. My lady, extremely afflicted for the loss of her brilliant, hearing of the great fame of our conjurer, which had by this time spread all over the country, resolved to apply to him, in order to gain intelligence of her ring.

My lady was struck with most reverential awe, at the venerable appearance of our conjurer, who acted his part to the life. "Madam, said he, it is
 " needless for you to enter into any detail of your
 " loss: I know, by virtue of the occult science I
 " profess, that you have lost your diamond ring;
 " and am much better acquainted with every cir-
 " cumstance than your ladyship." "Good God!" cried my lady, amazed that the conjurer should be acquainted with what every body in the town knew as well as himself, "what a wonderful man! what
 " a fine thing it is to be a conjurer!"

She now began to enquire very earnestly whether she might entertain any hopes of recovering her ring? Robin, with the greatest gravity, assured her, that within the space of three days, which he required to consult the planets, he would engage to produce the ring, though it lay at the bottom of mount *Ætna*. "But, added he, the search will
 " be attended with some expence." Lady Simpleton told him, she should not hesitate at paying him any reasonable gratuity, as she had a great value for the ring. "Madam, replied Robin, we con-
 " jurers are above any mercenary views; all I demand

“ mand is, that during the three days I consult the
 “ motion of the planets, you will give orders for
 “ my being entertained in a manner suitable to the
 “ dignity of a wizard of my importance: for we
 “ conjurers, you must know, differ widely from
 “ the studious in other arts and sciences, who im-
 “ prove most upon a slender diet; we, on the con-
 “ trary, always study best on a full stomach; and
 “ the richer our fare, the greater progress we make
 “ in our discoveries.” Lady Simpleton told him,
 his demands were too modest not to be complied
 with; and immediately ordered him to be con-
 ducted to one of the best apartments in the house,
 laying strict injunctions upon the cook, to obey his
 commands to a tittle.

The cook, having put on his cleanest cap and
 apron, waited upon the conjurer; and, with much
 scraping and cringing, desired to know what his
 honour would please to order for supper. Robin
 finding the lady had left him *Charte Blanch*, made a
 catalogue of the choicest viands he could think of;
 and, to make use of an expression *a la mode*, desired
 to have them all by rotation. The cook tost
 him up a *fricasee* of chickens in a trice; which,
 with a brace of partridges and a custard, composed
 a pretty sort of a repast. The eyes of our conjurer
 sparkled with joy, at the sight of so delicious a
 banquet. He tucked his napkin under his chin,
 and being a man of business, scorned to leave a
 bone unpicked. Having supped to his heart's con-
 tent, and closed his entertainment with a chearful
 bottle of claret, he repaired to his downy bed, in
 the pleasing thought of his three repasts, which were
 yet to come: and *Morpheus*, the inseparable com-
 panion of content, who, like a false friend, attends
 upon our smiling hours, but abandons us in the
 time of distress, soon shed his peaceful poppies o'er
 his head.

The next morning, as soon as it was well light, Robin got to carousing again : and remained up to the chin in graise till bed-time ; when the fumes of the generous liquor he had quaffed all day, mounting into his pericranium, so intoxicated him, that he was as drunk as David's sow.

He made shift, however, though not without much difficulty, to reel to his bed : and had just got between the sheets, when one of the servants, who had been concerned in stealing the ring, came into the room, under pretence of clearing the table, but in reality, to observe what the conjurer was doing ; for he and his associates were in great apprehensions, lest their theft should be discovered.—— Robin, hearing somebody in the room drew back the curtain, and seeing what the servant was about, “ Well, said he with a hiccough, thank God, there “ is one of them however” (meaning one of his three repasts.)—— A guilty conscience needs no accuser. The footman, imagining that the conjurer had discovered the author of his theft, by the power of his art, and that his discourse was addressed to him, ran down to his companions in a panic, and related what he had heard. Fear made him exaggerate every circumstance—he assured them the conjurer was well informed of the whole affair, and that they had nothing now to do, but to consult their own safety, by a precipitate retreat.

The other two were greatly alarmed at this recital and were at a loss for some time, what to resolve upon ; till one of them proposed going into the conjurer's room the next night, that they might be thoroughly satisfied their apprehensions were well founded ; since fear might have operated so strongly upon his companion, as to occasion his misinterpreting the conjurer's meaning. Having obtained their assent to this proposal, he went the next
night

night into Robin's apartment; who having gorged himself like any alderman at a lord mayor's feast, had just risen from table. The footman immediately began to take away; casting an eye every now and then upon the conjurer, whose eyes he he as often found fixed upon him. " Well, said " Robin, thank God, there are two of them, how-
" ever." The poor fellow was quite thunder-struck at the sound: the dish dropped from his hand; his knees knocked together with the fright; and could hardly support him to carry a confirmation of the dreadful news to his companions.

The testimony of the first being now corroborated by that of the second, no doubt could possibly remain, unless to the third; who indeed was the most incredulous of the three. He told them he did not think it at all improbable, but that the relation of the first might have a stronger impression upon the second, as to make him imagine he heard the same words spoken, though at the same time perhaps the conjurer had never broke silence, and what the more strongly confirmed him in this opinion was, that he had told my lady that he should not be able to give her any tidings of her ring, until the expiration of the three days. After many debates, and learned arguments, pro and con, it was at length agreed, that the third should go into the conjurer's chamber the succeeding night, and in case he should be convinced that their fears were but too justly founded, a council should be immediately held, how to act in the case.

The next day passed on like the two preceding ones, with this difference only, that Robin resolved to make the most of his last meal, and laid about him with redoubled vigour, that he might be the better able to sustain the *bastinado*, which he foresaw, without the assistance of art magic, would be the reward of his fraud.

When

When bed-time approached, the third footman made his appearance; and, with many bows and scrapes, was repairing to disserve the table, when Robin broke out in his wanted ejaculation —
 “ Well, thank God, said he, I have now got them
 “ all three, I am now content: and have nothing
 “ more to desire. Friend continued he, address-
 “ ing himself to the footman, tell your mistress I
 “ shall do myself the honour of waiting on her in
 “ the morning.” The lacquey replied not, but went, with an heavy heart, to inform his companions of what he had heard, who made no doubt that the conjurer intended to inform the lady of the theft. They spent the remaining part of the night it deliberating upon what was best to be done; and resolved at length, to throw themselves upon the conjurer’s mercy, who they thought, seemed to be a good-natured man, notwithstanding his formidable cap and whiskers.

The next morning, as soon as Robin arose, they threw themselves at his feet, deposited the ring in his hands, and confessed their guilt; supplicating him, in the most moving terms, to have pity on them, and conceal the affair from their lady, as a halter would be the undoubted consequence of such a discovery. This was no disagreeable adventure for Robin, who, before this lucky accident, would willingly have compounded for two hundred lashes: the dreadful ideas of wips and tortures, which had occupied his mind ever since he awoke, began to give place to more agreeable expectation of honours and rewards. Having moulded his face into as serious a form as possible, he told them, they had acted very prudently in making a voluntary confession of their crime, although he had before discovered it by the all-powerful influence of the planets, and promised them, in consideration
 of

of their ingenuous behaviour, to keep their transgression a secret from their mistress.

Having given the servants their hint, Robin went privately into the yard where the poultry was kept, and compelled one of the turkey-cocks to swallow the ring. He then waited on lady Simpleton, and, with the greatest confidence, told her, "Madam, we have at length, with much toil and study, gained the wish'd-for intelligence: your ring is safe." — "Oh! bless me, cried lady Simpleton, I am very glad of it! But where is it? Sir Tony would have been much vex'd had I lost it." — "You dropped your ring, Madam," continued Robin, in the yard in pulling off your glove; and it was presently afterwards picked up by one of the turkeys: let them all pass in review before me, and I will engage to arrest the felon." Lady Simpleton gave immediate orders for the turkeys to make their appearance; and Robin, seizing on the turkey, which was a very remarkable one, ordered him to be killed and opened in his presence; and my lady had the pleasing satisfaction of taking her ring from his belly. She now looked upon our conjurer as a very extraordinary personage; and insisted on his tarrying till next day, when her husband was expected from London. — Robin, who had no objection to a renewal of his carousing cheer, accepted the invitation; had the honour both of dining and supping with her ladyship; and enjoyed a fourth day's regale, different from his expectations.

The next day Sir Tony arrived: my lady flew to him in raptures, to inform him of what a wonder of a man he had beneath his roof. She launched out into the highest encomiums on his superior skill and penetration; and assured him, that without his assistance, the ring, on which he set so great a value, would inevitably have been lost. Sir Tony, altho' he

he was no Solomon, could not rightly digest this story.

He swore that the conjurer was a cheat and an impostor, who lived by the credulity of mankind; and threatened to have him instantly kicked out of doors. My lady, however, found means to sooth his rage; and prevailed upon him to put the conjurer's skill to the test, before he carried his menaces into execution.

At the instant a tame robin, that used to frequent the house for the sake of a few crumbs of bread, which he would pick familiarly from the hand, flew from the garden into the hall, and perched upon Sir Tony's shoulder; who immediately seized the little warbler, and, confining him in a silken handkerchief, ordered Robin to be called, who very cheerfully made his appearance, in expectation of the promised reward. — "Harkee, friend, says "Sir Tony, I am informed you profess great skill "in necromancy. But as I have ever been an infidel in the point of magic, I insist upon it, that "you convince me by the experiment. Tell me "what is inclosed in this handkerchief: I will then "renounce my credulity, and you shall meet with "a reward, worthy so great a cabalist: but if on "the contrary, you are incapable of giving me "the satisfaction I demand, be assured your insolence shall not escape with impunity."

Poor Robin, conscious of his incapacity to solve the problem Sir Tony had proposed, cursed his ill stars that made him wait his arrival; and giving himself over for lost:—"Alas, poor Robin! exclaimed he, you are then caught at last!" Sir Tony, astonished at the wonderful penetration and sagacity of our conjurer, immediately released the robin from his confinement, and joined heartily with my lady in his commendation.

Robin,

Robin, you may depend upon it, was not disagreeably surpris'd, when he perceived by the sight of his name-fake, what a fortunate turn his affairs had taken. Sir Tony regaled him a month longer, loading him with presents; and assuring him at parting, that he should always meet with a kind welcome at Simpleton-hall; and Robin, whose rapture was now in its zenith, disdaining any longer to turn the sod, took a grand house not far distant from his patron's, where he still continues to flourish, a conjurer of renown.



The HISTORY of Mrs. WILSON.

AN eminent merchant in the city, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Wilson, was married to a lady of considerable fortune, and more merit. They lived happily together for some years, with nothing to disturb them but the want of children. The husband, who saw himself richer every day, grew impatient for an heir; and as time rather lessened than increased his hopes of one, he became by degrees indifferent, and at last, averse to his wife. This change in his affections, was the heaviest affliction to her; yet so gentle was her disposition, that she reproached him only with her tears; and seldom with those, but when upbraidings and ill-usage made her unable to restrain them.

It is a maxim with some married philosophers, that the tears of a wife are apt to wash away pity from the heart of a husband. Mr. Wilson will pardon me if I rank him, at that time, among those philosophers. He had lately hired a lodging in the
country,

country, at a small distance from town, whither he usually retired in the evening, to avoid (as he called it) the persecutions of his wife.

In this cruel separation, and without complaint, she passed away a twelve-month; seldom seeing him but when business required his attendance at home, and never sleeping with him. At the end of which time, however, his behaviour, in appearance, grew kinder; he saw her oftener, and began to speak to her with tenderness and compassion.

One morning, after he had taken an obliging leave of her, to pass the day at his country lodgings, she paid a visit to a friend at the other end of the town; and stopping in her way in a bye street near St. James's, she saw Mr. Wilson crossing the way, and afterwards knocking at the door of a genteel house over-against her, which was opened by a servant in livery, and immediately shut, without a word being spoken. As the manner of his entrance, and her not knowing he had any acquaintance in that street, a little alarmed her, she enquired of the shopwoman if she knew the gentleman who lived in the opposite house. "You have just seen him go in, madam, replied the woman. His name is Roberts, and a mighty good gentleman, they say, he is. His lady"—At those words Mrs. Wilson changed colour: and interrupting her—"His lady, madam, I thought that—Will you give me a glass of water? This walk has so tired me—Pray give me a glass of water—I am quite faint with fatigue."

The good woman of the shop ran herself for the water, and by the additional help of some hartshorn that was at hand, Mrs. Wilson became in appearance, tolerably composed. She then looked over the threads she wanted, and having desired a coach might be sent for, "I believe, said she, you were quite frightened to see me so pale; but

“ but I had walked a great way, and should certainly have fainted if I had not stepped into your shop.—But you were talking of the gentleman over the way—I fancied I knew him; but his name is Roberts, you say. Is he a married man, pray?”——“ The happiest in the world returned the thread-woman; he is wonderfully fond of children, and to his great joy, his lady is now lying-in of her first child, which is to be christened this evening; and as fine a boy, they say it is, as ever was seen.” At this moment, and as good fortune would have it, for the saving a second dose of hartshorn, the coach that was sent for came to the door; into which Mrs. Wilson immediately stepped, after hesitating an apology for the trouble she had given; and in which coach we shall leave her to return home, in an agony of grief, which herself has told me she was never able to describe.

The readers of this little history have been informed that Mr. Wilson had a country lodging, to which he was supposed to retire every evening since his disagreement with his wife; but in fact, it was to his house near St. James's that he constantly went. He had indeed hired the lodgings above-mentioned, but from another motive than merely to shun his wife. The occasion was this: As he was sauntering one day through the Birdcage walk in the Park, he saw a young woman sitting alone upon one of the benches, who, though plainly, was neatly dressed; and whose air and manner distinguished her from the lower class of women. He drew nearer to her without being perceived, and saw in her countenance, which innocence and beauty adorned, the most composed melancholy that can be imagined. He stood looking at her for some time; which she at last perceiving, started from her seat in great confusion, and endeavoured to avoid him. The fear of losing

her gave him courage to speak to her. He begged pardon for disturbing her, and excused his curiosity by her extreme beauty, and the melancholy that was mixed with it.

It is observed by a very wise author, whose name and book I forgot, that a woman's heart is never so brim-full of affliction, but a little flattery will insinuate itself into a corner of it; and as Wilson was a handsome fellow, with an easy address, the lady was soon persuaded to replace herself upon the bench, and to admit him at her side. Wilson, who was really heart-struck, made her a thousand protestations of esteem and friendship; conjuring her to tell him if his fortune or services could contribute to her happiness, and vowing never to leave her till she made him acquainted with the cause of her concern.

Here a short pause ensued; and after a deep sigh and a stream of tears, the lady began thus:—
 “ If, sir, you are the gentleman your appearance
 “ speaks you to be, I shall thank heaven that I
 “ have found you. I am the unfortunate widow
 “ of an officer who was killed at Dettingen. As
 “ he was only a lieutenant, and his commission all
 “ his fortune, I married him against a mother's
 “ consent, for which she has disclaimed me. How
 “ I loved him, or he me, as he is gone for ever
 “ from me, I shall forbear to mention, though I
 “ am unable to forget. At my return to England
 “ (for I was the constant follower of his misfor-
 “ tunes) I obtained, with some difficulty, the al-
 “ lowance of a subaltern's widow, and took lodg-
 “ ings at Chelsea.

“ In this retirement I wrote to my mother, ac-
 “ quainting her with my loss and poverty, and de-
 “ siring her forgiveness for my disobedience; but
 “ the cruel answer I received from her determined
 “ me, at all events, not to trouble her again.

“ I

" I lived upon this slender allowance with all
 " imaginable thrift, till an old officer, a friend of my
 " husband, discovered me at church and made me
 " a visit. To this gentleman's bounty I have long
 " been indebted for an annuity of twenty pounds,
 " in quarterly payments, which were always made
 " me the morning they became due, and yesterday
 " being quarter-day, I wondered that I neither
 " saw nor heard from him. Early this morning I
 " walked from Chelsea to enquire for him at his
 " lodgings in Pall-mall; but how shall I tell you,
 " sir, the news I learnt there! — This friend!
 " this generous and disinterested friend! was killed
 " yesterday in a duel in Hyde-park." She stopt
 here to give vent to a torrent of tears, and then
 proceeded. " I was so stunned at this intelligence,
 " that I knew not whither to go. Chance more
 " than choice brought me to this place; where if
 " I have found a benefactor — and indeed, sir,
 " I have need of one — I shall call it the happiest
 " accident of my life."

The widow ended her story, which was literally
 true, in so engaging and interesting a manner, that
 Wilson was gone an age in love in a few minutes.
 He thanked her for the confidence she had placed
 in him, and swore never to desert her. He then
 requested the honour of attending her home, to
 which she readily consented, walking with him to
 Buckingham-gate, where a coach was called, which
 conveyed them to Chelsea.

Wilson dined with her that day, and took lodg-
 ings in the same house, calling himself Roberts, and
 a single man. These were the lodgings I have men-
 tioned before; where, by unbounded generosity,
 and constant assiduities, he triumphed in a few
 weeks over the honour of the fair widow.

I shall stop a moment here, to caution those
 virtuous widows, who are my readers, against too

hasty a disbelief of this event. If they please to consider the situation of this lady, with poverty to alarm, gratitude to incite, and a handsome fellow to inflame, they will allow, that in a world near six thousand years old, one such instance of frailty, even in a young and beautiful widow, may possibly have happened. But to proceed with my story.

The effects of this intimacy were soon visible in the lady's shape; a circumstance that greatly added to the happiness of Wilson. He determined to remove her to town; and accordingly took the house near St. James's, into which Mrs. Wilson had seen him enter, and where his mistress, who passed in the neighbourhood for his wife, at that time lay in.

I return now to Mrs. Wilson, whom we left in a hackney-coach, going to her own house, in all the misery of despair and jealousy. It was happy for her that her constitution was good, and her resolution equal to it; for she had often said, that she passed the night of that day in a condition little better than madness.

In the morning her husband returned; and as his heart was happy, and without suspicions of a discovery, he was more than usually complaisant to her. She received his civilities with her accustomed cheerfulness; and finding that business would detain him in the city for some hours, she determined, whatever distress it might occasion her, to pay an immediate visit to his mistress, and to wait there till she saw him. For this purpose she ordered a coach to be called, and in the handsomest undress, and with the most composed countenance, she drove directly to the house. She enquired at the door if Mr. Roberts was within; and being answered no, but that he dined at home, she asked after his lady, and if she was well enough to see company; adding, that as she came a great way,
and

and had business with Mr. Roberts, she should be glad to wait for him in his lady's apartment. The servant ran immediately up stairs, and as quickly returned with a message, that she would be glad to see her.

Mrs. Wilson confesses at this moment, notwithstanding the resolution she had taken, her spirits totally forsook her, and that she followed the servant with her knees knocking together, and a face paler than death. She entered the room where the lady was sitting, without remembering upon what errand she came; but the sight of so much beauty, and the elegance that adorned it, brought every thing to her thoughts, and left her with no other power than to fling herself into a chair, from which she immediately fell to the ground in a fainting fit.

The whole house was alarmed upon this occasion, and every one busied in assisting the stranger; but most of all the mistress, who was indeed of a humane disposition, and who, perhaps, had other other thoughts to disturb her, than the mere feelings of humanity. In a few minutes however, and with the proper applications, Mrs. Wilson began to recover. She looked round her with amazement at first, not recollecting where she was; but seeing herself supported by her rival, to whose care she was so much obliged, and who, in the tenderest distress, was enquiring how she did, she felt herself relapsing into a second fit. It was now that she exerted all the courage that she was mistress of, which, together with a flood of tears that came to her relief, enabled her (when the servants were withdrawn) to begin as follows: "I am indeed, madam, an unfortunate woman, and subject to these fits; but will never again be the occasion of trouble in this house. You are a lovely woman, and deserve to be happy in the best of husbands."

" husbands. I have a husband too; but his affections are gone from me. He is not unknown to Mr. Roberts, though unfortunately I am.
 " It was for his advice and assistance that I made this visit; and not finding him at home, I begged admittance to his lady, whom I longed to see and to converse with."—" Me, madam!
 " (answered Mrs. Roberts, with some emotion) had you heard any thing of me?"—" That
 " you were such as I have found you, madam, replied the stranger, and had made Mr. Roberts
 " happy in a fine boy. May I see him, madam?
 " I shall love him for his father's sake."—" His
 " father, madam! returned the mistress of the house, his father did you say! I am mistaken
 " then; I thought you had been a stranger to him."—" To his person I own, said Mrs.
 " Wilson, but not not to his character; and therefore I shall be fond of the little creature.
 " If it is not too much trouble, madam, I beg
 " to be obliged."

The importunity of this request, the fainting at first, and the settled concern of this unknown visitor, gave Mrs. Roberts the most alarming fears.—She had, however, the presence of mind to go herself for the child, and to watch without witnesses the behaviour of the stranger. Mrs. Wilson, took it in her arms, and bursting into tears, said, "'Tis a sweet boy, madam; would I had such a boy! Had he been mine, I had been happy!" With these words, and in an agony of grief and tenderness, which she endeavoured to restrain, she kissed the child, and returned it to its mother.

It was happy for that lady that she had an excuse to leave the room. She had seen and heard what made her shudder for herself; and it was not till some minutes after having delivered the infant

its nurse, that she had resolution enough to return. They both seated themselves again, and a melancholy silence followed for some time. At last Mrs. Roberts began thus: " You are unhappy, madam, that you have no child ; I pray heaven that mine may not be a grief to me. But I conjure you, by the goodness that appears in you to acquaint me with your story. Perhaps it concerns me ; I have a prophetic heart, that tells me it does. But whatever I may suffer, or whether I live or die, I will be just to you."

Mrs. Wilson was so affected with this generosity, that she possibly had discovered herself, if a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after it the entrance of her husband into the room, had not prevented her.

He was moving towards his mistress with the utmost cheerfulness, when the sight of her visitor fixed him to a spot, and struck him with an astonishment not to be described. The eyes of both ladies were at once revitted to his, which so increased his confusion, that Mrs. Wilson, in pity to what he felt, and to relieve her companion, spoke to him as follows: " I do not wonder, sir, that you are surprised at seeing a perfect stranger in your house ; but my business is with the master of it ; and if you will oblige me with a hearing in another room, it will add to the civilities with which your lady has entertained me."

Wilson, who expected another kind of greeting from his wife, was so revived with her prudence, that his powers of motion soon began to return ; and quitting the room, he conducted her to a parlour below stairs. They were no sooner entered into this parlour, than the husband threw himself into a chair, fixing his eyes upon the ground, while his wife addressed him in the following terms :

" How

" How I have discovered your secret, or how
 " the discovery has tormented me, I need not
 " tell you. It is enough for you to know, that I
 " am miserable for ever. My business with you is
 " short; I have only a question to ask, and to
 " take a final leave of you in this world. Tell
 " me truly then, as you shall answer it hereafter, if
 " you have seduced this lady under false appear-
 " ances, or have fallen into guilt by the tempta-
 " tions of a wanton?"—" I shall answer you
 " presently, said Wilson; but first I have a ques-
 " tion for you: am I discovered to her? and does
 " she know that it is my wife that I am now
 " speaking to?" " No, upon my honour, she re-
 " plied; her looks were so amiable, and her beha-
 " viour to me so gentle, that I had no heart to
 " distress her. If she had guessed at what I am,
 " it was only from the concern which she saw in
 " me, which I could not hide from her." " You
 " have acted nobly then, returned Wilson, and
 " have opened my eyes at last to see and admire
 " you. And now, if you have patience to hear
 " me, you shall know all."

He then told her of his first meeting with this
 lady, and of every circumstance that had happened
 since; concluding with his determinations to leave
 her, and with a thousand promises of fidelity to
 his wife, if she generously consented, after what
 had happened, to receive him as a husband——
 " She must consent (cries Mrs. Roberts, who at
 " that time opened the door, and burst into the
 " room) she must consent. You are her husband,
 " and may command it. For me, madam, (conti-
 " nued she, turning to Mrs. Wilson, he shall never
 " see me more. I have injured you through ig-
 " norance, but will atone for it to my utmost. He
 " is your husband, madam, and you must receive
 " him. I have listened to what has passed, and
 " am

“ am now here to join my entreaties with his, that
 “ you may be happy for ever.”

To relate all that was said upon this occasion, would be to extend my story to too great a length. Wilson was all submission and acknowledgment; the wife cried and doubted, and the widow vowed an eternal separation. To be as short as possible, the harmony of the married couple was fixed from that day. The widow was handsomely provided for, and her child, at the request of Mrs. Wilson, taken home to her own house; where at the end of a year she was so happy, after all her distresses, as to present him with a sister, with whom he is to divide his father's fortune. His mother retired into the country, and two years after, was married to a gentleman of great worth; to whom, on his first proposals to her, she related every circumstance of her story. The boy pays her a visit every year, and is now with his sister upon one of those visits. Mr. Wilson is perfectly happy in his wife, and has sent us in his own hand this moral to his story :

“ That though prudence and generosity may
 “ not always be sufficient to hold the heart of a
 “ husband, yet a constant perseverance in them
 “ will, one time or other, most certainly regain
 “ it.”

Affecting



Affecting Story of a YOUNG LADY.

I Am the daughter of a tradesman of some eminence near the Royal-Exchange of the city of London, and have been brought up with all the care and indulgence that parents could bestow; and I flatter myself, I shall not be thought too presumptuous, if I say it has been the study of my life to deserve it. Women are but very indifferent judges of their own qualifications, yet a little female vanity must be forgiven, when I inform you, that my person is not very disagreeable, that my education has been tolerably genteel, and that I have nothing in my temper excessively unfortunate: however, such as I am, a young gentleman of a middling fortune, has thought it worth his while to pay his addresses to me, and to solicit my hand, with the most passionate tenderness.

Mr. Blandmore, at the first, had my father's permission to make the declaration of his sentiments, and was looked upon by all my friends as a very proper, nay a very advantageous match, as my father's circumstances, by some unforeseen accidents in trade, were rather upon the decline; and he was, in a very little time, actually obliged to stop payment of some bills, which soon caused a statute to be issued against him, and he was accordingly declared a bankrupt.

The alteration of circumstances, however, made no change in the heart of Mr. Blandmore; he now more than ever pressed for my consent, and declared himself almost pleased at the misfortune
which

which had happened, since it gave him an opportunity of proving the sincerity of his passion, and that fortune was not in the least the object of his adoration. I must candidly own, how deep an impression his generosity made on me, and if I felt any sentiments in his favour before, they were now considerably increased, by so disinterested, so noble a behaviour: and I found I know not how much satisfaction in his winning solicitations, and tender importunity; but ridiculous pride opposed an indulgence of own inclinations, and my very gratitude to the dear youth, was the only impediment to his happiness. How I was able to resist him, I know not; but I wish my father had at that time used as great an authority over me in his favour, as he has since, in vain, exerted to make me forget him.—Forget him!—No; dearest object of my earliest love, when this adoring bosom shall wear any image but thy own, as the greatest misfortune, mayest thou retain no remembrance of the wretch Maria! O, reader, if you knew the excellence of his soul, and could form an idea of the beauty of his person! he has a mind exalted as the roof of heaven, and a face—but bless me, what am I saying? an unaccountable flood of tenderness has imperceptibly borne me away: but why should I be ashamed of discovering my esteem for the very best of men? No, I should rather blush to entertain a sentiment I was ashamed to hear.—But to proceed:

Upon the settling of my father's affairs, he was found able to pay his creditors twenty shillings in the pound, besides being possessed of a sum of two thousand pounds, which appeared to be due on the face of the books.

With the little capital of two thousand pounds, my father again embarked in trade, and Mr. Belmour was kind enough to lend him a couple of
thousands

thousands more. With this additional sum, matters went on tolerably well, and our credit was soon established on its former foundation. Providence was pleased to bless my father's industry with the greatest success, and to send me an unexpected bounty, in one of the most considerable prizes in the lottery. My father soon acquainted me with my good fortune, which I heard with an additional satisfaction, as I now had an opportunity of rewarding the generosity of Mr. Blandmore, to whom, but that very day, I had consented to give my hand on the Saturday following: but the moment I hinted to my father my desire it should be kept a secret from Mr. Blandmore, till that time was past, in order the more agreeably to surprize him, he knit his brows into a kind of severity I had never seen him wear before, and told me I had best consider of it a little longer; that marriage was a very important circumstance: I might possibly alter my opinion; that to be sure every thing was agreed between Mr. Blandmore and him, for whom he entertained the greatest esteem, and to whom he had many obligations: but what of that; he had but four thousand pounds in the world; that he would pay Mr. Blandmore interest for the sum he had lent him; that I was now a considerable fortune, and ought to look about me; and that if I would follow his advice, I should devise some means of breaking off with Mr. Blandmore, before the circumstance was publicly known, which would carry the appearance of honour, and justify me in the opinion of the world; for since marriage was a kind of traffick, every one had a right to make the most of a bargain; and that I could not be insensible how several young women of my acquaintance had married Knights and Aldermen, and were publicly mentioned in the news-papers, with my lord ———, and his grace ———, as ladies of distinction.

Astonished

Astonished at so unexpected, so strange a declaration, a torrent of tears was my only reply; and before I could possibly recover myself, Mr. Blandmore came into the room; who expressing the most tender uneasiness for the situation he saw me in, begged I would inform him of the cause. I perceived my father was prodigiously struck: but as he was resolved to break off the match at any rate, he took but little pains to mince the matter; so, telling Mr. Blandmore the real occasion, he concluded with begging his pardon for being obliged to decline the honour of his alliance, and, in the city phrase, hoped there was no harm done.

Amazed at such behaviour, Mr. Blandmore remained in a state of the utmost surprize; and scarce believing what he had heard, again demanded the reason of it. When he had a little recovered the shock, he turned to my father — “ I am, sir, sincerely rejoiced at the good-fortune of my dear Mira; unhappy soever as it may make me, I shall not presume to make any observations upon your conduct in this affair, because you are her father; I would only beg leave to ask, if you can reconcile it to yourself? As for my dear girl, if her happiness be in the least promoted by breaking off the match with me, I shall very readily submit to the severity of my fortune; since to promote that happiness, would have been the business of my life: as it is, I am above complaining, sir; I may be wretched, but I hope I shall never be contemptible.”

I must have been lost to feeling, as well as dead to love, to bear this unmoved, especially when I saw the dear youth endeavoured to hide his tears, by pretending to wipe his face. I immediately threw myself at my father's feet, and besought him, in the most affecting manner, to retract his cruel resolution; to consider of his engagement

with Mr. Blandmore; to think that the happiness of an only daughter should be more the object of his attention, than an unnecessary addition to his fortune; and finding him still inflexible, was hardy enough to tell him if Mr. Blandmore was not to be my husband, would sacrifice my life before I would ever think of any body else.

Enraged at the conclusion of my address, my father, with a tone of voice the most determined, desired that Mr. Blandmore should get immediately out of the house, and ordered me to my room; and all the satisfaction I had, was one look the most inexpressibly tender, that ever shot from the rapture-darting eye of love.

This is my present situation; my father continues deaf to all intreaties, and I am so closely watched, as not to have the least opportunity of either seeing or hearing from the man I love. What to do I know not, unless the publication of this letter may have some effect upon him, as it will give him a retrospect of the whole affair, in a manner I dare not presume to tell him; and more properly state his severe cruelty to me, as well as his unjust severity to Mr. Blandmore.



HAPPY *and* UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

EUGENIO was a young gentleman, from the nature of his education, addicted to gaiety and expence; which he supported by the assistance of good sense and a plentiful fortune, without injuring his reputation or estate. Having no family
of

of his own, he made a visit to a friend, with a design of passing the summer with him in the country. Sophronia happened to be there at the same time, by the invitation of the lady of the house, with whom she had always been educated. Her person was nothing remarkable; but a sweet disposition, and a good natural understanding, made her conversation agreeable. Upon his arrival, Eugenia was too well bred not to shew a particular civility to one so much respected by the family; and Sophronia knew how to return it by a suitable behaviour. They had not been long acquainted, before the sprightliness of his conversation, and the amiable innocence of her's, begot a mutual desire of rendering themselves agreeable to each other. Eugenio's education had been too ingenuous to harbour a wish that was dishonourable; and Sophronia willingly encouraged a virtuous inclination, that would be so much to her advantage. She knew he possessed no ill-qualities, and thought he would easily be weaned from his love of shew and expence by a more settled way of life. But his desire to live splendid, got the better of his passion: He would not throw himself away upon one who had but 3000*l.* for her portion; so determined to return immediately to London, and obliterate his fondness, by the diversions of the town.

Theana came up about the same time, to spend the winter with her aunt. She was the only daughter of a gentleman of fortune, by whose death she had lately come into the possession of above 15,000*l.* She was determined never to marry a man, who could not support her in the magnificence, that such a fortune might expect; and for that reason only had refused Euphorbus, a young gentleman bred up to a profession, in which his natural abilities, joined to a steady application, promised him the greatest success. They had long been acquaint-

ed, and so perfectly agreeable to each other, that Euphorbus had just reason to hope he should prevail over her desire for grandeur, which was the only failing she possessed: But that passion was predominant; she was afraid it should be said she had acted imprudently, and that she should not be able to withstand the reflections of the world, for having only one footman behind a chariot and pair, when she might have half a dozen powdered valets attending her coach and six.

Upon her coming to London, Eugenio made his addresses among the rest; and as his fortune enabled him to make a suitable settlement, preliminaries were soon agreed on. Before they had been ten times together, the lawyers were bribed not to be dilatory. Several thousands were expended in plate and jewels. The gay livery and gilded car, proclaimed them the happiest couple of the season. But they soon found that happiness did not consist in shew. Little contrarieties of temper, were the cause of continual differences; which, in less than two years rose to such a height, that they were in a manner parted. To avoid the uneasiness of home, Eugenio publicly indulged himself in his amours; and Theana's were only more private. His money was thrown away at hazard; hers devoted to quadrille. He was regardless of the education of his son, because he was not sure he was his own; she instructed her daughter in nothing but cards and romances.

But it is time to make some enquiry after the other two. The next winter after her disappointment, Sophronia came to London with her female friend. Euphorbus accidentally fell into her company. Frequent meetings created an acquaintance; that acquaintance increased gradually into a mutual esteem; which, as it was founded upon interest, but a thorough knowledge of each other, they had good reason to believe, would continue. With
this

this prospect they married. The smallness of their was compensated by tenderness and oeconomy.— The desire of providing for his children made him double his application to his profession; and she was in the mean time as agreeably entertained in taking care of their education. He was daily adding to their fortune; she to their virtue. In the decline of life, they retired to a country house and estate, which his profession and her oeconomy had enabled them to buy of Eugenio, whose extravagance and ill-management had obliged him to sell part of his estate, as soon as a booby son was old enough to be bribed to cut off the intail.— There, in the words of Agamemnon,

“ They know a passion still more deeply charming
 “ Than favour'd youth e'er felt; and that is love,
 “ By long experience mellowed into friendship.”

Thus are Euphorbus and Sopronia, by a marriage founded on good sense possessed of happiness, riches and reputation; which Eugenio and Theana have lost by the contrary means.



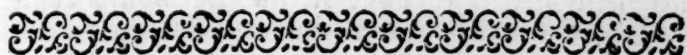
The REWARD of AVARICE.

MONS. Foscue, one of the farmers-general of the province of Languedoc in France, who had amassed considerable wealth by grinding the faces of the poor within his province, and every other means however low, base or cruel, by which he rendered himself universally hated, was one day ordered by the government to raise a consi-

derable sum: upon which, as an excuse for not complying with the demand, he pleaded extreme poverty; but fearing lest some of the inhabitants of Languedoc should give information to the contrary, and his house should be searched, he artfully resolved on hiding his treasure in such a manner, as to escape the most strict examination. For that purpose, he dug a kind of cave in his wine-cellar, which he made so large and deep, that he used to go down it with a ladder; at the entrance was a door with a spring lock on it, which on shutting, would fasten of itself. All at once, *Monf. Foscue* was missing; diligent search was made after him in every place; the ponds were drawn, and every method, which human imagination could suggest, was taken to find him, but all in vain.

In a short time after his house was sold, and the purchaser either beginning to rebuild, or to make some alteration in it, the workmen discovered a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock, which he ordered to be opened, and on going down, they found *Monf. Foscue* lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, but no candle in it, he having eat it; and on searching farther, they found the vast wealth that he had amassed.

It is supposed, that when *Monf. Foscue* went into his cave, the door, by some accident, shut after him, and being out of the call of any person, he perished for want of food. He had knawed the flesh off both his arms, as is supposed for subsistence. Thus did this miser die in the midst of his treasure, to the scandal of himself, and the prejudice of the state.



The COMICAL REVENGE.

WHEN the duke of Alva went to Brussels, about the beginning of the tumults in the Netherlands, he had sat down before Aulst in Flanders, and there was a provost-marshal in his army, who was a favourite of his; and this provost had a power to put to death by commission from the duke. There was one captain Bolea in the army, who was an intimate friend of the provost's; and late one evening he went to the captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as it was his custom; he told the captain, that he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him: the captain started up suddenly, his hair standing an end, and being struck with amazement, asked him if he had offended the duke. The provost answered, "Sir, I come not to expostulate the business with you, but execute my commission; therefore, I desire you to prepare yourself, for before you, you see your ghostly father and executioner." He fell upon his knees before the priest, and having done, the hangman was going to put the halter about his neck, but the provost threw it away, and breaking into laughter, told him, there was no such thing, and that he had done this only to try his courage, how he could bear the terror of death.

The captain, looking ghastly upon him, said,—
 "Then, sir, get out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office." The next morning, captain Bolea, though a young man of about thirty, had his hair all turned grey, to the admiration of all
 who

who knew him; and of the duke of Alva himself, who questioned him about it, but he would confess nothing.

The next year the duke was revoked, and in his journey to the court of Spain he was to pass by Saragossa, and this captain and the provost went with him as his domesticks. The duke being to repose some days in Saragossa, the young-old captain Bolea told him there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency, which was a "Casa de locos, or Bedlam-house," for there was not the like in the world. "Well, said the duke, go" and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow "in the forenoon, and desire him to be in the "way."

The captain having obtained this, went to the warden, and told him that the duke would come to visit the house the next day; and the chiefest occasion that moved him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject oftentimes to fits of frenzy; and because he wished him well, he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do; therefore he would try whether keeping him close in Bedlam for some days would do him any good.

The next day the duke came, with a long train of attendants after him, among whom was the provost, very shining and brave; being entered into the house about the duke's person, captain Bolea told the warden (pointing at the provost) "that's the "man;" so he took him aside into a dark lobby, where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in a cloak, seized upon his gilt sword, with his hat and feather, and so hurried him down into a dungeon.

My provost had lain there two nights and a day, when a gentleman happening to come out of curiosity to see the house, peeped in at a small gate where
the

the provost was : the provost conjured him as a christian, to go and tell the duke, that Alva his provost was there confined, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did the errand ; whereat the duke being astonished, sent for the warden, with his prisoner : so he brought my provost mad-man like, full of straw and feathers, before the duke ; who at the sight of him breaking out into a laughter, asked the warden, why he had made him his prisoner ?

“ Sir, says the warden, it was by virtue of your excellency’s commission brought me by captain Bolea.”

Bolea step’d forth, and told the duke, “ Sir, you asked me often, how these hairs of mine grew so suddenly grey : I have not revealed it yet to any soul breathing ; but now I will tell your excellency.”

Bolea then proceeded to relate the passage in Flanders : “ And, Sir, resumed he, I have been since beating my brains how to get an equal revenge of him, and I thought no revenge to be more equal or corresponding, now that you see he hath made me old before my time, than to make him mad if I could ; and had he staid some days longer close prisoner in the bedlam house, it might happily have wrought some impressions upon his pericranium.”

The duke was so well pleased with the story, and the keenness of the revenge, that he made them both friends again, and gave them a greater share of his favour.



The ANCHORITE and ANGEL.

AN holy Anchorite being in a wilderness, among other contemplations, began admiring the method of Providence; how out of causes which seem bad to us, he produceth good effects; how he suffers virtuous, honest and religious men to be oppressed, while others prosper.

As he was transported with these ideas a goodly young man appeared to him: "Father, said he, I know your thoughts are distracted, and I am sent to quiet them; therefore if you will accompany me a few days, you shall return very well satisfied of those doubts, which encumber your mind." So going along with him, they went to pass over a deep river, whereon there was a narrow bridge; and meeting there with another passenger, the young man jostled him into the water, and so drowned him. The old anchorite being much astonished thereat, would have left him; but his guide said, "Father, be not amazed; I shall give you good reasons for what I do, and you shall see stranger things than this before you and I part; but at last I shall settle your judgment, and put your mind in full repose." So going that night to lodge in an inn, where there was a crew of banditti, and debauched ruffians, the young man struck into their company, and revelled with them till morning, while the Anchorite spent most of the night in numbering his beads; but as soon as they were departed thence, they met with some officers to apprehend that crew of banditti they

they had left behind them. The next day they came to a gentleman's house, where they received the most courteous hospitality; but in the morning as they departed, there was a child in a cradle, which was the only son of the gentleman of the house; and the young man spying his opportunity, strangled the child, and so went away. The third day they came to another inn, where the man of the house treated them with the utmost generosity; yet the young man embezzled a silver goblet, and carried it away in his pocket, which still increased the amazement of the Anchorite. The fourth day, in the evening, they came to lodge at another inn, where the host was very fullen, and uncivil to him, exacting much more than the value for what they had called for; yet, at parting, the young man bestowed upon him the silver goblet he had stolen from that host who had used them so kindly. The fifth day they made towards a great rich town; but some miles before they came to it, they met with a merchant at the close of the day, who had a great charge of money about him; and asking the next passage to the town, the young man put him in a contrary way.

The Anchorite and his guide being come to the town, at the gate they espied a devil, who lay as it were centinel, but he was asleep: they found also both men and women at sundry kinds of sports, some dancing, others singing and revelling. They went afterwards to a convent of Capuchins, where, about the gate, they found legions of devils laying siege to that monastery, yet they got in and lodged there that night.

Being awaked the next morning, the young man came to that cell where the Anchorite was lodged, and told him, " I know your heart is full of horror, and your head full of confusion, astonishment and doubt, from what you have seen since
" the

“ the first time of our association. But know, I
 “ am an angel sent from heaven to rectify your
 “ judgment, as also to correct a little your curio-
 “ sity in researches of the ways and acts of Provi-
 “ dence too far; for though separately they seem
 “ strange to the shallow apprehension of man, yet
 “ conjunctly they all tend to produce excellent
 “ effects.

“ The man which I tumbled into the river was
 “ an act of Providence; for he was going upon a
 “ most mischievous design, that would have de-
 “ stroyed not only his own soul, but ruined the
 “ party against whom it was intended; therefore
 “ I prevented it.

“ The reason I conversed all night with the
 “ crew of rogues, was also an act of Providence,
 “ for they intended to rob all that night: but I
 “ kept them there purposely till the next morn-
 “ ing, that the hand of justice might seize upon
 “ them.”

“ Touching the kind host, from whom I took
 “ a silver goblet, and the clownish or knavish host
 “ to whom I gave it; let this demonstrate to you,
 “ that good men are liable to crosses and losses,
 “ whereof bad men often reap the benefit; but it
 “ commonly produceth patience in the one, and
 “ pride in the other.

“ Concerning that nobleman, whose child I
 “ strangled after so courteous an entertainment,
 “ know, that also was an act of Providence; for
 “ the gentleman was so indulgent and fond of that
 “ child, that it lessened his love to heaven; so I
 “ took away the cause.

“ Touching the merchant whom I misguided on
 “ his way, it was likewise an act of Providence; for
 “ had he gone the direct way to this town, he had
 “ been robbed, and his throat cut; therefore I
 “ preserved him by that deviation.

“ Now

“ Now, concerning that luxurious city, where
 “ we espied but one devil, who lay asleep, without
 “ the gate, and so many about the convent ; you
 “ must consider, that Lucifer being already assured
 “ of that riotous town, by corrupting their man-
 “ ners every day more and more ; he needs but one
 “ centinel to secure it : but for this holy place of
 “ retirement, this monastery, inhabited by so many
 “ devout souls, who spend their whole lives in acts
 “ of mortification, as exercises of piety and pen-
 “ nance, he hath brought so many legions to be-
 “ leaguer them : yet he cannot effect his wicked
 “ will, for they bear up against him most un-
 “ dauntedly, and maugre all his infernal power
 “ and stratagems.”



The DROLL PUNISHMENT.

A BOUT twenty years ago, an honest sober
 lad was put apprentice to a mercer on Lud-
 gate-hill. The master observing him diligent in
 his business, and civil in his deportment, reposed in
 him an entire confidence, left his whole trade to his
 direction, and gave him liberty at any time to spend
 an evening with his friends, which had like to have
 proved fatal. One night a woman picked him up
 in Fleet-street, and prevailed upon him to take her
 home with him. After they had been in bed (in
 the shop) about an hour, he put a crown in her
 hand, and desired her to go away, which she posi-
 tively refused, unless he would cut her off sattin
 enough to make her a gown and cloak ; nay,
 swore, if he would not give her twenty guineas, she
 I would

would not stir without a suit of cloaths. He reasoned, threatened, and entreated, but to no purpose. The dispute continued till the shop-porter knocked at the door to take goods that were ordered out early. He was now at his wits end; at last he concluded to let the fellow into the secret, and accordingly he told him the story; the porter also persuaded, but in vain. Finding her obstinate, he at last clapped his handkerchief into her mouth, tied her hands and feet together, and put her into his sack naked as she was, which hoisting upon his back, he carried to Fleet-market; and seeing a cart of pease with nobody near it, he tossed up his burden, and sneaked off.

The owner of the cart coming soon after, flung down the sack upon the stones, crying, "What o' the plague! is there no place to put your hog but among my pease?" Upon opening the sack the poor wretch was almost expiring for want of breath.

When the porter brought this account, the apprentice gave him the cloaths she had left, and three guineas (which he had offered her) for his pains.



An affecting Story.

A POOR idle, drunken weaver in Spitalfields had a faithful and laborious wife, who, by her frugality and industry, had gleaned as much money as purchased a ticket in a late lottery.— She had concealed this privately in the bottom of her trunk, and had given her number to a friend and confidant, who had promised to keep the secret,

cret, and to convey her the earliest news of the success.

The poor adventure happened one day to go abroad, when her careless husband, suspecting she had saved some money, searched every corner, till at length he finds the ticket, which he immediately seizes, sells, and squanders away the money, without the wife suspecting any thing of the matter. A day or two afterwards, this friend, who was a female, comes and brings the wife word, that she had a prize of five hundred pounds. The poor woman, overjoyed, flies up stairs to her husband, who happened to be then at work, and desires him to leave his loom for that evening, and come and drink with a friend of his and her's below. The man receives this cheerful invitation as bad husbands sometimes do, and, after a cross word, told her he would not come. His wife, with tenderness, renewed her importunity, and at length said to him, " My love, I have lately, and unknown to you, " scraped together as much money as has bought " us a ticket in the lottery, and now here is Mrs. " Quick come to tell me, that it is come up this " morning a five hundred pound prize." The husband replies immediately, " You lie, you slut, you " have no ticket, for I have sold it."

The poor woman, upon this, fainted away in a fit, out of which she shortly recovered, but run immediately distracted. As she had no design to defraud her husband, but was willing only to participate in his good fortune, every one will naturally pity her, but think her husband's punishment extremely just.



The CRUEL OFFICER punished.

IN the reign of Queen Anne, a soldier belonging to a marching regiment which was quartered in the city of Worcester, was taken up for desertion, and being tried before a Court-Martial, was sentenced to be shot. The colonel and lieutenant-colonel being at that time in London, the command of the regiment descended to the major, a man of a most cruel and inhuman disposition. The day on which the deserter was to be executed being arrived, the regiment, as usual on these occasions, was drawn out to see the execution.

It is the custom on these occasions for the respective corporals to cast lots for this disagreeable office; and when every one expected to see the lots cast as usual, they were surprised to find that the major had given orders, that the prisoner should die by the hands of his own brother, who was only a private man in the same company, and who, at the time the cruel order arrived, was taking his leave of his unhappy brother, and with tears that expressed the anguish of his soul, was hanging, for the last time upon his neck.

On his knees did the poor fellow beg that he might not have a hand in his brother's death; and the poor prisoner, forgetting for a moment his petitions to heaven, begged to die by any hands, but those of a brother. The unrelenting officer, however, could by no means be prevailed upon to revoke his cruel sentence, though intreated to do so by every inferior officer in the regiment; but on
the

the contrary, he swore that he, and he only should be the executioner, for it was merely for example sake, and to make justice appear more terrible.—When much time had been wasted in fruitless endeavours to soften the rigour of this inhuman sentence, the prisoner prepares to die, and the brother to strike the fatal blow.

The major, strict to his maxims of cruelty, stands close to see that the piece was properly loaded, which being done, he directs, that the third motion of his cane shall be the signal of his discharge, and at that third motion receives (instead of the prisoner) the bullet through his own head.

The man had no sooner discharged his piece, than throwing it on the ground, he exclaimed as follows: “He that give no mercy, no mercy let him receive. Now I submit! I had rather die this moment for his death, than live an hundred years, and take away the life of my brother.”—No person seemed to be sorry for this unexpected piece of justice on the inhuman major, and the man being ordered into custody, many gentlemen present, who had been witnesses to the whole affair, joined to intreat the officers to defer the execution of the condemned brother, till the Queen’s pleasure should be known.

The request being complied with, the City Chamber that very night drew up a feeling and pathetic address to her majesty, setting forth the unparalleled cruelty and character of the deceased officer, and humbly intreating her majesty’s pardon. The petition was granted, the brothers were pardoned and discharged from their service in the army, and the Queen received from the city a most grateful address of thanks for her well-timed mercy.



MODERN GALLANTRY.

WITHIN a few miles of London, lives lord Pamphilus, who ran away with miss Trippet, the dancer. In my lord's neighbourhood lives an honest farmer, his tenant, a widower, who was very frugal and industrious to raise some small fortune for an only daughter, in whom all his comfort was placed.

This daughter of the farmer's, whom we shall call Phillis, had the reputation of being called one of the handsomest young women in the country, and was as much famed for her modest behaviour, as the beauty of her person. With such accomplishments she could not want admirers; and several advantageous proposals were made to her, but she would not accept of any without her father's consent, and he thought that as she was but in her 17th year, she was as yet too young to enter into a matrimonial state: thus beautiful, and thus innocent was she, when lord Pamphilus came down to his estate and tenants, to whom he had not paid one visit for five or six years.

My lord had not been long down, before he heard of the character of farmer Plainheart's daughter; upon which he was resolved to see her, and if she was as handsome as described, she should fall a victim to his pleasure. In a few days, when he was assured the farmer was abroad, he took the opportunity of paying him an accidental visit. — Phillis, when acquainted who he was, received him with an innocent confusion, but with more complaisance

complaisance than he could have expected from a person of her rank : my lord was infinitely pleased with her behaviour, and charmed with her beauty ; he talked to her in a free, jocular manner, and after a short stay, civilly saluting her, took his leave. From that time, my lord became an assiduous, but private, lover, and left no art unattempted to gain her consent to leave her father, and live with him in London. Phillis, though proud of the conquest she had gained, and though she had an ambition for the gaiety and splendor of that manner of life which my lord described to her, yet the sense of honour and duty, which she still retained, made all his endeavours ineffectual.

An amour of this nature could not be carried on with so much secrecy, but it reached the farmer's knowledge ; he reasoned with his daughter for engaging in so dangerous a correspondence, and with all his power of persuasion, advised her from proceeding in an affair which must inevitably prove fatal to her. Phillis owned the charge, and promised to follow his directions ; but my lord was so assiduous in his addresses, and of so much experience in his amours, that he soon engaged her heart, and consequently she grew more complaisant to her lover's request, than obedient to her father's commands : she saw him often, listened with pleasure to his conversation, and believed that his heart was as sincere as his tongue expressed it ; and he improved every minute to his advantage, till she had absolutely consented to run away with him. The day, the hour, and the place of meeting were all settled ; but, on the very morning she intended to elope, her father, who, from some intelligence, had reason to suspect her, prevented her keeping her assignation. My lord also, disappointed, returned to his house : that very day the farmer waited on him, and boldly expostulated with him on the injury he designed

signed him, by ruining his only child, and thereby destroying all the comfort he had in this life.

My lord was confounded at such a rencounter, and betrayed all the signs of guilt and shame; he denied the accusation, and said there was no more in it, than that he might in a frolic have given his daughter an innocent salute, but that nothing had passed farther:—the farmer hoped there would not, and, with tears in his eyes, he intreated his lordship would be more generous than to injure a poor old man, in the only thing that could affect his heart; and then withdrew. Tho' my lord was at first touched with the old man's manner of addressing him, yet he was too fine a gentleman to let the dictates of humanity and virtue get the better of his passions and pleasure. He took an opportunity of seeing Phillis the next evening at his own house, and representing to her, as their amour began to be known, she had better indulge her love, and consult her interest, than be the subject of the envious and malicious, without any satisfaction at all: that, as for her father, he might be made easy, by giving him the farm he held, for his own life, and by the love and indulgence he should always hear was paid to his daughter: Phillis, pausing on these arguments, my lord took her silence for a tacit compliance: he lost not so favourable a moment, he embraced her, vowed eternal love, and generous constancy; and she too credulously listening to him, staid till it was too late for her to return home: he urged her to stay there all night, in the most pressing terms; she consented, and was ruined.

Under all the paternal anxiety possible, Mr. Plainheart found his daughter had eloped, by her not coming home as usual. Next day, he was informed she had been seen at my lord's. The poor man went directly, and insisted on seeing her.—

His

His request was at last granted; when he immediately, in the most bitter invectives, accused my lord of the injury he had done him, contrary to his express word and honour. Lord Pamphilus imagined he could soon set matters to rights, and to satisfy the farmer, he offered him the land and house he occupied for his own life. The honest old man, instead of accepting such an offer, replied, "No, my lord, I am above selling my child for a prostitute, or receiving wages for her infamy: you have done me the greatest injury that is in your power. I fear not your threats; nor will accept your favours. As for the girl, whom you have deceived, I shall never see her more: she, too late, will repent her disobedience to me. But, my lord, may such a judgment pursue you, as heaven may think proper for the man who wanton in the ruins of families, and brings the grey hairs of parents with sorrow to the grave." At these words, the tears trickling down his cheeks, he left the room with indignation.

My lord, not much concerned, ordered his coach and six to be got ready, and carried away his new mistress to London immediately, where I suppose he will soon turn her adrift, as he has done several others, to the common stream of the vices of the town, and by that, verify, as far as relates to her, the prophecy of her unhappy father.



VAUX-HALL AMUSEMENT.

I Was greatly diverted last Saturday evening at Vaux-hall, with the shrewd remarks made by an honest citizen, whose wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the garden. As I thought there was something curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of seeing and hearing every thing that passed.

After some talk—"Come, come, (said the old don) it is high time, I think, to go to supper." To this the ladies readily assented; and one of the misses said, "Do, let us have a chick, pappa." "Zounds, (said he) they are half a crown a piece, and no bigger than a sparrow!" Here the old lady took him up—"You are so stingy, Mr. Rose; there is no bearing you. When a person is out upon pleasure, I love to appear like somebody; and what signifies a few shillings once and away, when a body is about it."—This reproof so effectually silenced the old gentleman, that the youngest miss had the courage to put in a word for some ham, likewise. Accordingly the waiter was called, and dispatched by the old lady, with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honest citizen twirled the dish about three or four times, and surveyed it with a very settled countenance; then, taking up the slice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, asked the waiter, "how much there was of it." "A shilling's worth, Sir," (said the fellow).—"Prithée, (said the don, how much, dost think, it weighs?—

"An

“ An ounce ; a shilling an ounce—let me see—is
 “ sixteen shillings per pound : a reasonable profit,
 “ truly ! Well, suppose now, the whole ham
 “ weighs thirty pounds : at a shilling per ounce,
 “ that is sixteen shillings per pound ; why, your
 “ master makes exactly twenty-four pounds of
 “ every ham ; and, if he buys them at the best
 “ hand, and salts them and cures them himself,
 “ they will not stand him in ten shillings per
 “ piece.”

The old lady bade him hold his nonsense, declared herself ashamed for him, and asked him, “ if
 “ people must not live : ” then, taking a coloured handkerchief from her neck, she tucked it into his shirt-collar, (where it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, on every bit he put into his mouth, amused himself with saying,——“ There goes two, pence—
 “ there goes three pence—there goes a groat—
 “ Zuckers, a man, at these places, should not have
 “ a swallow so wide as a tom-tit.”

This scanty repast, we may imagine, was soon dispatched ; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to suffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This also was no less admired, and underwent the same comments with the ham. At length, when only a very small bit was left, as they say, for manners in the dish, our don took a piece of an old news-paper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-case, “ I’ll keep thee as a curiosity to my dying day ; and I’ll shew thee to
 “ my neighbour Horseman, and ask him, if he can make as much of his stakes.” Then, rubbing his hands, and shrugging up his shoulders—“ Why,
 “ now, (said he) to-morrow night I may eat as much cold beef as I can stuff in, at any tavern in London, and pay nothing for it.”

A dish

A dish of tarts, cheese-cakes and custards next made their appearance, at the request of the young ladies, who paid no sort of regard to the father's remonstrance, "that they were four times as dear as at the pastry-cooks."

Supper being ended, madam put her spouse in mind to call for wine.—"We must have some wine, my dear, or we shall be looked upon, you know."—"Well, well, said the don, that's right enough. But do they sell their liquor too by the ounce? Here, drawer, what wines have you got? The fellow, who by this time began to smoke his guests, said, "We have exceeding good French wines, of all sorts, an' please your honour. Would your honour have a bottle of champagne, or burgundy, or claret, or"—"No, no, none of your wishy-washy, outlandish, rôt-gut for me; interrupted the citizen.—"A tankard of Alderman Calvert's whole stout beats all the red claret wine in the French king's cellar.—"But come, bring us a bottle of sound old port: and, dy'e hear, let it be good."

While the waiter was gone, the good man most sadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, "because (said she) it is ungenteel to smoke, where any ladies are in company." When the wine came, our citizen gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, "Aye, aye, the bot-tom has had a good kick.—And mind how foundedly it is pinched on the sides—not above five gills, I warrant. An old soldier at the Jerusalem, would beat two of them. But let's see how it's brewed."

He then poured out a glass; and, after holding it up before the candle, smelling to it, sipping it twice or thrice, and smacking his lips, drank it off; and declaring that second thoughts were best, he
filled

filled another bumper; and tossing that off, after some pause, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having also drank a glass round, confirmed it was very good, and felt warm at the stomach; and even the old gentleman, relaxed into such good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion, he most generously called for another pint, and charged the waiter to pick out an honest one.


While the glass was thus circulating, the family amused themselves with making observations on the garden. The citizen expressed his wonder at the number of lamps, and said it must cost a great deal of money every night to light them all: the eldest miss declared, that for her part she liked the Dark-walk best of all, because it was *solentary*; little miss thought the last song mighty pretty, and said she would buy it, if she could carry home the tune; and the old lady observed, that there were a great deal of good company indeed; but that the gentlemen were so rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance, by staring her through with their spy-glasses.——In a word, the tarts, the cheese-cakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing seemed to have been quite forgot, till the dismal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this solemn business concerns only the gentlemen, the ladies kept a profound silence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the paymaster undisturbed, to enjoy the misery by himself: only the old lady had the hardiness to squint at the sum total, and declared it was pretty reasonable, considering.——

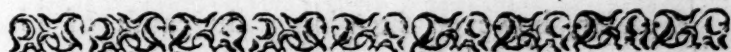
Our citizen bore his misfortune with a tolerable degree of patience. He shook his head as he run over the articles, and swore he would never buy

meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully summoned up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for six-pence: then pulling out a leathern purse from a snug pocket in the inside of his waistcoat, he drew out slowly, piece by piece, thirteen shillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four halfpenny in the same exact order; then calling the waiter,—“ There, “ says he, there’s your damage—thirteen and two “ pence.—And, hark ye, there’s three pence over “ for yourself.” The remaining penny he put into his coat-pocket; and chinking it—“ This, “ says he, will serve me to-morrow to buy a paper “ of tobacco.”

The family now prepared themselves for going; and as there was some light drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman’s coat, that he might not spoil his laced waistcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which she tied a pocket handkerchief, to save his wig; and as the coat itself had never been worn but three Sundays, she even parted with her own cardinal, and spread it, the wrong side out, over his shoulders. In these accoutrements he sallied forth, accompanied with his wife with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the skirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled with coloured handkerchiefs.

I followed them quite out of the garden: and, as they were waiting for their hack to be drawn up, the youngest miss asked, “ When shall we come “ again, papa?” — “ Come again! (said he) “ what a pox, would you ruin me? Once in “ one’s life is enough; and indeed I think I have “ done very handsome. Why, it would not have “ cost me above four pence half-penny to have “ spent

" spent my evening at Sot's-hole ; and, what with
 " coach hire, and altogether, here's almost a
 " pound gone, and nothing to shew for it." —
 " Fye, Mr. Rose, I am quite ashamed for you,
 " replies the old lady. You are always grudging
 " me, and your girls, the least bit of pleasure ;
 " and you cannot help grumbling, if we do
 " but go to Little Hornsey to drink tea. I am
 " sure, now they are women grown up, they ought
 " to see a little of the world—and they shall." —
 The old don was not willing to pursue the argu-
 ment any farther ; and, the coach coming up, he
 was glad to put an end to the dispute, by saying,
 " Come, come, let us make haste, wife ; otherwise
 " we shall not get home time enough to have my
 " best wig combed out again ; and to-morrow,
 " you know, is Sunday." 



*The History of the Marquis de MIRANDOR
 and EUDOCIA.*

THE marquis de Mirandor was a younger brother, when he married the beautiful Eudocia. She was the widow of a person of distinction, who had left her in the possession of a large fortune ; she was deserving of a better husband ; but love, which makes the most sensible people commit great errors, determined the amiable Eudocia to unite herself to a man of the basest principles.

This marriage put his affairs in good order, for with part of her fortune he paid his debts, and, instead of reclaiming him, made him launch out into greater extravagancies. Mirandor was extremely

intimate with a young gentleman, whom we shall conceal under the name of Evander; he had a great value and esteem for the marquis, and had lent him, at different times, considerable sums of money, for he was never out of a gaming-house.

Eudocia began now to repent her marriage with a man of such a character; one who treated her with the utmost contempt. Evander sincerely pitied the ill usage which the lovely Eudocia was doomed to bear, and was charmed with her prudent behaviour: pity soon ripened into love; which, though she perceived, she never gave him the least encouragement. In the mean time, the Marquis de Mirandor lost a considerable sum at play: he was at a loss how to pay his debt of honour, not having courage to ask it from his friend.

Evander, however, imagining the cause of his discontent, offered him whatever sums he had occasion for, and gave him notes to the value of a thousand pounds, which was infinitely more than he was indebted. After he had paid his debts of honour, he took a mistress into keeping, to whom he was so biggotted, that he, through her persuasions, robbed the lovely Eudocia of all her jewels, to present to her.

Evander perceiving that Eudocia resented this behaviour of the marquis, thought it was the best opportunity to declare his own passion; but she soon gave him to understand, that he was mistaken, if he thought any behaviour of the marquis, how gross soever, could make her deviate from the rules of honour and virtue; she insisted, if he had any regard for her peace of mind, never to mention it any more.

The marquis had long observed the regard which Evander had for Eudocia; and, suspecting that they were

were too familiar with each other, was determined to get rid of him; for being conscious of the many obligations he lay under to him, he was ashamed to look him in the face: for this purpose, he employed a fellow who frequented the gaming-table; a wretch, who, for the sake of gold, would be guilty of the blackest crimes.

This man, when Evander was returning home at a late hour, first stabbed him, and then rifled his pockets, that it might appear as if it had been done by a street-robber. The watch-men found him in this condition, but before any assistance could be procured, the poor unhappy gentleman had breathed his last.

The marquis pretended to be under the greatest anxiety for the loss of his dear friend. Eudocia shed a few unfeigned tears for the untimely fate of Evander, which the marquis perceiving, "What," cried he, "do you weep for your spark? your minion? your gallant?" "Do not injure me," cried she, (her eyes at the same time streaming with tears at his cruelty) "my tears have another cause. They flow from your cruelty and indifference!—I have no other concern for his death, but that he was—your friend;—but death demands a tear, and we must feel for human woe."

The marquis de Mirandor, some time after, by the carelessness of Eudocia, who left her keys in her cabinet, glad of this opportunity to examine the contents, flew to it with the utmost rapidity, in hopes of finding some letters from Evander, to confirm his suspicions; but his search was fruitless, for he only found one, which was dated the day before his murder, which had thrown her into despair.

The marquis began now to feel all the horrors of a wounded conscience: his friend, who had al-

ways, with a liberal hand, supplied his necessities, he had caused to be murdered: his imagination was tortured with ghastly phantoms!—sleep was an utter stranger to his eye-lids!—his never-failing conscience, rung the alarm, and was continually upbraiding him for his cruelty and ingratitude to the lovely and innocent Eudocia.

The wretch, whom he had suborned to murder Evander, died some years after; he lives now on tolerable terms with Eudocia; but conscience, that faithful monitor! which neither power nor riches have the faculty to subdue, is constantly tormenting him.

Thus vice, though attended with wealth and titles, has no power over the mind (that free and unconfined being, which neither time nor place can have the least dominion over) and though to the world the hypocrite appears, fair and unblemished, yet he is corrupt and abominable; and under those gaudy trappings, and that circle of honour, appears the collusive statesman!—the treacherous and ungrateful friend!—the bad husband!—the inhuman father!—and, to sum up all, the consummate villain!—for the man who had denied his God, (for he is an Atheist and Freethinker) can never be true to his king, his country, or his friend!—

*He has profan'd the sacred name of friend,
And worn it into vileness.
With how secure a brow, and specious form
He gilds the secret villain! Sure that face
Was meant for honesty; but Heav'n mismatch'd it,
And furnish'd treason out with nature's pomp,
To make it work more easy.*



The History of BLANCA RUBEA *of* Padua.

OF all the heroines recorded in history, the most extraordinary, the most intrepid, and the most beautiful, was a woman but little known out of the precincts of her native country, where her name is at this day revered with the most ardent esteem; and a sort of games every year celebrated at Padua, to continue the remembrance of her virtues. The woman we mean, was Blanca Rubea.

Blanca was the daughter of a nobleman of Padua, and was born in the year 1235; from her infancy, she testified the most extraordinary degree of courage, even greater than that usually found among men. Her beauty surpassed her mental endowments, and as she grew up, it procured her numberless suitors. But she disdained them all, declaring, that it was unworthy a generous woman to marry any who owned themselves to be slaves; and professing, that while her country continued in bondage, she disdained to be a bride. All her ardour, however, was unable to rouse her dispirited country into a sense of their freedom; wherefore, she undertook to shew them, in her own person, an example of heroic fortitude.—Petrarch describes her, as most patient of labour, and undergoing fatigue, with the most surprising constancy. Moderate in diet, but altogether abstaining from strong liquors, though, at the same time, much in fashion among the softer sex. Ever modest

deft, but ever daring. She utterly abjured the needle and her diftaff; and, inftead of thefe, buckled on her brazen armour, grasped her fpear and target, and remained whole nights without fleeping, and whole days without taking any reft. If neceffity at any time compelled her to fubmit to fatigue, the earth was her bed, and her field ferved her for a pillow. She abandoned the fociety of women, and all her companions were felled from fuch commanders as had gained reputation in war. But though fhe converfed with fuch, yet fhe kept a conftant refpectful diftance, and was as much an enthufiaft in guarding her virtue, as in the poffeffion of arms. She was the woman that undertook to break the bonds of her country, and vindicate their ancient freedom.

Among the number of thofe who at that time refided in Padua, was Baptifta Porta, a young foldier of fortune, who appeared the moft forward to imitate her example; and, though a foreigner, feemed more touched with the mifery of the people, than they themfelves appeared to be. His valour charmed her, but his wifdom more: in fhort, after having, in the moft folemn manner, promifed to labour with her in the reftoration of the city's liberties, fhe confented to be married to him, and their nuptials were accordingly celebrated with the utmoft pomp.

Acciolinus was at that time the tyrant of the place, and held the citizens in the moft unfufferable bondage: however, being obliged, upon a certain occafion, to leave the city with his forces, Baptift and Bafianus, who was deputy governor, caufed the gates to be fhut, and foon after fent Acciolinus a bold defiance, and openly afferted the caufe of liberty.

It is impoffible to exprefs the rage and refentment of Acciolinus upon this occafion; but, moderating

rating his passion, he pretended to be willing to accede to a treaty, and proposed to the citizens such terms, as they found it their interest not to refuse.

In the mean time, however, all these negotiations were but a pretence to cover his real design, for in the night he had placed in ambush, near one of the gates, a body of the most courageous of his troops, ordering them, that as soon as the gates should be opened, to admit those who were to transact the negotiation, that they should rush into the city, and put all the inhabitants, without distinction, to the sword.

These orders were executed with punctuality; and, unfortunately for the unhappy citizens, with too much success. A scene of slaughter ensued upon opening the gates; murders, rapes, and all the horrid cruelties of an incensed, barbarous, avaritious enemy ensued.

In the midst of this carnage, Baptista was seen manfully fighting, with the intrepid Blanca his wife by his side. Their courage, for a while, seemed to make victory doubtful; but, at last, the husband, oppressed with wounds and fatigue, fell without a groan. Blanca still, however, stood over his dead corpse with a portended spear, and fought with surprising intrepidity: but what could she do against a multitude? the citizens were almost all slain, and she was an only survivor. In short, when no longer able to wield her sword, she was taken prisoner, and brought before Acciolinus, the conqueror.

Neither fatigue nor sorrow yet impaired her beauty; she appeared before him in all the lustre of charms, and even his savage nature was moved at her distress. He therefore gave orders, that she should be attended in the most elegant manner, and mixed a look of compassion with his natural severity.

rity. Soon, however, his pity was converted into love, and he strove, by all the arts of insinuation and flattery, to accomplish his designs; but he found her inexorable. He now, therefore, was resolved to try more forceable methods, and had her brought up to an apartment two stories high, where he began to execute his brutal purposes; but she bravely running to the window, threw herself out, and fell, seemingly, lifeless upon the pavement.

She was at last, however, though with much difficulty, recovered from her fall; and no sooner was her former health again restored, than the tyrant again renewed his base solicitations: still, however, finding that she detested him, he ordered her to be bound hand and foot, and in this manner forced from her, what he had so long desired to possess.

At length, being loosed from those hateful and insufferable bonds, she pretended to dissemble her sorrow, and so far prevailed on her attendants, as to be permitted to visit her dead husband in his tomb.

It was an old burying-place belonging to her family, and there some poor surviving citizen had carried the body of Baptista, all covered over with wounds. Upon entering this gloomy mansion, with a lamp in her hand, she quickly saw the dead body, and hanging over it for some time in silent agony, at length she broke forth into the most passionate exclamations, calling out upon the dead corpse, to lend some pity, to look upon her forlorn situation, and to regard the miserable wretch that over-enjoyed the light: in this manner she continued for some time, when hearing the trampling of her attendants feet, coming to take her away, with all the force she was possessed of, she pulled the ponderous tomb-stone, down upon her, which falling, crushed her to death in an instant; and

and thus she found a common grave with the object of her affections. The same stone still continues to cover this brave and constant couple, and is shewn to travellers who visit Padua to this day.



The Story of CLEORA.

I WAS the only daughter of a half-pay captain : my father was the younger branch of a poor, noble family, and my mother a distant relation before marriage, but had no fortune. As I was their only child, they spared no cost on my education ; and if my circumstances were to be judged by the manner in which I was brought up, no one would have imagined but that I was to have had five thousand pounds, at least, to my portion ; but instead of this, I had not the least prospect of a six-penny-piece, from any one relation or friend whatever.

My father used often to comfort himself with saying, that as his Cleora was nobly born, he was resolved she should have an education suitable to her birth. But, alas ! when I was about twenty-one, in less than a month I lost both father and mother, and had nothing to support me, but my genteel education, and had little to boast of, but the nobility of my parentage.

I was now at a stand how to dispose of myself ; for as I was bred to no business, nor inured to any service, I seemed to be excluded from the two only means to get my bread. While I was revolving in my mind, a maiden aunt of mine, (by my father's side) who had for many years been starving genteely on a small annuity, invited me to her house.

She

She was one of those people who cloath and feed themselves with the thoughts of their nobility: and as I frequently expressed my desire of getting my livelihood, either by binding myself to some genteel business, or by serving some lady as her maid, she as often flew in a passion, and told me, there had not been a trade in her family for these two hundred years, and she had rather see me starve than go to service. I thought this an odd way of reasoning; for, proud as she seemed to be, she was mean enough to solicit, and accept of private charities, her annuity being fifteen pounds a year.

She had a part of a house to herself; her parlour was elegantly furnished, her beaufet adorned with several pieces of old family plate; and, I verily believe, she would rather have wanted bread (which, by the bye, she very often did) than have sold a tea-spoon that had the family arms upon it. But, alas! how different was that part of her furniture which was out of sight! for while her parlour looked like that of a princess, her bed-chamber resembled that of a beggar. Her whole conversation was the genealogy of her family; and all her thoughts seemed to be taken up in considering, how she should conceal her poverty, and at the same time convince the world that she was nobly born.

In this splendid distress I spent a twelvemonth, and heartily tired was I of my situation: for my aunt, though she had too much pride to let me serve any body else, suffered me, nay often obliged me, to do things, which the lowest maid servants think beneath them. And while she kindly entertained me on charity, as she called it, she frequently made use of my living with her, as an argument to procure bounty from her friends. This I could not bear, and resolved to leave her at any rate; but in endeavouring to avoid this poor, proud, mean

mean, well-born lady, I narrowly escaped an evil of a more dreadful nature : for I was young, not ugly, and evidently in distress : a gentleman that lodged opposite to us, having, as I afterwards found, fixed on me as a prey, took an opportunity, when my aunt was gone a visiting (rather begging) to introduce himself, and artfully begin an acquaintance, which a correspondence soon improved into friendship.

He extorted complaints from me, seemingly entered into my distress, pitied me, and protested that he loved me : and, alas ! I almost believed him, which I really think, if I know myself, was more owing to my miserable situation, than any motive of esteem for him : however, as I thought I could not be more unhappy, I one day resolved, though with fear and trembling, to throw myself at once into his protection, and rely upon his generosity : this I had promised him, and this I should certainly have done, had I not received a letter from him that afternoon to justify my fears, and convince me, that instead of a protector, I had only found a betrayer. But here, in the height of my misery from this disappointment, an accident of an extraordinary kind relieved me from my distress.

My good aunt, returning home about five, disappointed of a dinner where she went, desired me to broil the remains of a pound of mutton chops, left the preceding day ; but as she said her grand pappa, my lord ———, was very fond of shallots with roast mutton, she ordered me to fetch some, and put a halfpenny into my hand for that purpose ; for, as she knew the alliances of her family for one hundred years, so she was particularly acquainted with their respective tastes, with which she constantly entertained me ; and, as I suppose, to prove, that people who were nobly born, were formed of different materials from the vulgar ; a

thing she herself verily believed. — I went on my errand to the next herb-shop, where the woman, who had always taken me for a servant, thinking I deserved a better place, gave me a bill of the universal register office, then just set up, which, after reading, unexperienced as I was in life, I determined to apply to for relief; and, as distress makes even one's soul bold, I went and entered myself for a nursery maid's place, whereby, in a few days, I got into a very good family; nor had I been a month in my nursery, before my lady discharged her own maid, and being acquainted with my story, generously preferred me to attend upon herself.

I now began to feel real joy, after the danger I had avoided from my lover, and could not help viewing my aunt's notions with the highest contempt. What a change of situation was here! from pride, poverty, idleness and misery, supported only by the consideration of being nobly born, to that of being honestly and usefully employed, kindly treated, possessing every convenience and comfort of life, and nothing to interrupt my happiness, but the thought of being a servant. — Alas! what a bugbear has false pride made service to our sex! — For my own part, the difference I consider between mistress and servant is but the name; for as to happiness, they are, or may be, on equal terms. It is often said, that one misfortune generally treads on the heels of another, although I have never heard the same acknowledged for good fortune. But this only shews, that the world in general are more ready to complain of what they suffer, than to acknowledge what they enjoy.

I am very ready to say, I esteem my removal from my aunt into this service, as a happiness; as I must say the same of my removal from that happy service, to that of marrying a worthy tradesman, who,

who, though he has no nobility of blood to boast, yet, if honour may justly be defined honesty of heart, in that excellent quality he is exceeded by none. But, what would make one laugh, I received a letter, full of resentment, from my aunt, in which she charged me with dishonouring her family, by marrying a tradesman; and said, she was resolved not to take any notice of me, do any thing for me, or give me a morsel of bread, were I starving.

Upon the whole, the great blessing I found in perseverance, inclines me to persuade all parents to educate their children in proportion to their circumstances, and to assure all those of my sex, who labour under the prejudices of education, and whose minds are poisoned with false pride, that industry generally meets with success; that in England service is no slavery; nor is it any disgrace, but rather an honour to any one, be their birth or education what it will, to be a servant, when it becomes necessary for their support; for sure, nothing can be shameful that is honest. The rooting this false pride from their hearts, would preserve thousands from destruction.



The History of EUDOCIUS and SELINDA.

SOME time ago, being at a friend's house in the country, I took a ride abroad one day, in order to divert myself, whilst my friend made a visit, in which I did not incline to accompany him.

As I was returning, in the afternoon, towards home, I cast my eye on a small house, at a little distance from the road: the elegance of the structure, the beauty of the situation, and the neatness of the surrounding gardens, inclined me to take a nearer view of it. As I drew towards the entrance of a shady avenue of trees, which led directly up to the house, a gentleman, who was walking there with a book in his hand, approached me very civilly, and enquired my business? I told him, that coming down to spend the summer at Mr. Such-a-one's, I had made a little excursion, in order to see the country, and could not pass by so charming a seat without indulging my curiosity to take a nearer view of it. "The gentleman you mention, said Eudocius, (for so I shall call him) is a person for whom I have a very great esteem; be so good, Sir, as to alight, and if there be any thing about my house worthy of your observance, I assure you, you are very welcome to the sight of it." I complied with his request; and he shewed me all the principal rooms of the house, which were hung with good paintings, and so exactly furnished, that they contained what was plain and useful, without any thing superfluous or gaudy. — He afterwards conducted me into his gardens, which were extremely elegant; and adorned with several antique statues. At the descent of his parterre ran a beautiful canal, on the other side of which lay a park, where the eye, after being entertained with a multitude of agreeable objects, had its views terminated at a considerable distance by a delightful grove of trees, in the centre of which stood a little marble edifice, furnished with a collection of the best authors. — Here Eudocius drew out of his bosom the book which he had in his hand when I first saw him: it was a Virgil, which opened of itself at the story of Orpheus

Orpheus and Eurydice. But night coming on, we returned to the house, where, after taking a glass or two of wine, I took my leave; though not without my being obliged to promise to make him a second visit, as soon as I had an opportunity.

On returning home, I reflected I had not seen any woman, so much as a servant, about the house, nor the least thing in any of the rooms which could be supposed to belong to any of the sex. Eudocius, though a person of the most polite behaviour, had yet such a settled melancholly in his countenance, that, although he endeavoured to assume an air of chearfulness in his conversation, yet I could perceive he thereby laid a restraint on his inclination, and that it was impossible for him to put on even the appearance of gaiety, without a visible reluctance. When I came home, I related this adventure to my friend, and entreated him to acquaint me with the history of this gentleman.

“ Eudocia, says he, is now about five-and-twenty,
 “ possessed of near one thousand pounds a year,
 “ and descended of a very honourable family.—
 “ Both his parents, dying when he was very young,
 “ left him to the care of Mentor, who had also
 “ been his father’s tutor: Mentor managed both
 “ his pupil’s education and estate with the utmost
 “ prudence, till Eudocius reached his eighteenth
 “ year, when Mentor dying, every thing devolved
 “ entirely to his own management; in which, notwithstanding his youth, he demeaned himself so
 “ judiciously, that he gained the reputation of being one of the finest gentlemen in the country.—
 “ About three miles from Eudocius lived Severus,
 “ a morose old man, of about two thousand pounds
 “ a year real, besides an immense personal estate;
 “ all which, after his decease, would descend to
 “ his only daughter, Selinda, a young lady whose
 “ beauty and merit more than deserved it. Eu-

“ docius, by education, family and interest, was
 “ attached to one party: and Severus, by a natural obstinacy in his temper, violently biassed to the other. This occasioned little intercourse with the two families, except their sometimes visiting at the same places.

“ It was at one of those accidental meetings, that Eudocius saw Selinda. This first interview created in him a tender regard which ripened, by degrees, into a violent and lasting passion.— It would be needless for me to give you an unnecessary detail of the series of this amour; it is sufficient to inform you, that the love of Eudocius was received with reciprocal tenderness by Selinda, and that Severus’s consent was only wanting to make them happy.

“ A friend, whom Eudocius had made his confidant in this affair, was employed to sound the old gentleman’s inclinations on this head. But no sooner was it mentioned to Severus, than, with his usual vehemence of temper, he positively declared, if his daughter wedded Eudocius, he would not only turn her out of doors, but at his death would deprive her both of his blessing and his estate.

“ Too well the lovers knew the obstinate temper of old Severus, to hope, either by gentle methods, or length of time, to soften him into a compliance. Selinda, besides the risk she ran in disobeying her father, was too dutiful to think of marrying either without or against his consent. The following expedient, therefore, was resolved on, as best suited to the present juncture of their affairs: Eudocius was to go abroad, under pretence to travel; but indeed, that Severus might not suspect he entertained any farther thoughts of his daughter. Selinda, on her part, solemnly promised, never to think of any other for a
 “ husband,

“ husband, notwithstanding any persuasions, or
 “ even threats her father might make use of to in-
 “ duce her to the contrary. They flattered them-
 “ selves, that this cruel separation could not last
 “ long, ere death, by taking away Severus, who
 “ was now near four-score, and miserably afflicted
 “ with the gout, would thereby remove the sole
 “ obstruction to their happiness.

“ Alas ! how easily do our inclinations impose
 “ upon our judgments, and how readily do we
 “ credit what we wish to be true ? The lovers
 “ imagined that Severus was effectually blinded ;
 “ but in this, unfortunately they were mistaken.
 “ Old age is naturally suspicious : he began to have
 “ some apprehensions on that head ; and, with-
 “ out taking the least notice of it to Selinda,
 “ (which he rightly judged, if it were so, would
 “ only make her the more cautious) by placing
 “ private spies on her conduct, and by corrupting
 “ a favourite maid of her’s, whom she had made
 “ her confidant, he at last came to know all.—
 “ No sooner was he master of the secret, but, brid-
 “ ling the natural impatience of his temper, he re-
 “ solved to pursue such measures as would punish
 “ her disobedience, and frustrate her passion for
 “ Eudocius ; and all this too, without letting her
 “ know he was in the least acquainted with the
 “ matter.

“ In order to carry on the scheme he had form-
 “ ed, he suffered the three or four first letters
 “ which Eudocia wrote to Selinda, to be safely de-
 “ livered to her, the last of which was dated from
 “ Paris ; and the contents were, that some reasons
 “ inclined him to continue there for some time.—
 “ After this, Severus having it in his power, con-
 “ stantly intercepted them for the space of three
 “ months ; during which time, you may imagine,
 “ the lovers suffered the most intolerable anxiety.

“ Severus

“ Severus thought it now time to put his design in
 “ execution: he intrusted a fellow for that pur-
 “ pose, and having furnished him with a dress and
 “ equipage suitable to the appearance of a person
 “ of distinction, he brought him to his own house,
 “ as a gentleman from London, who made him a
 “ visit. At dinner, Severus took occasion to ask
 “ him for news.

“ I am, said the stranger, about a fortnight ago
 “ come from Paris, and the day before I set out,
 “ Eudocius (who, I am informed, is your neigh-
 “ bour in this part of the country) was married to
 “ a lady of that city, of great quality and an im-
 “ mense fortune.”

“ Scarce had he pronounced these words, ere
 “ Selinda fell from her chair upon the ground;
 “ she was immediately conveyed from thence to
 “ her chamber, and from that minute was seized
 “ with a fever. Her father, who imagined her
 “ illness might be soon removed, was over-joyed at
 “ at the success of his plot: but this satisfaction was
 “ overturned in a few days, by the physicians ac-
 “ quainting him, that it was impossible to save Se-
 “ linda’s life. Stung with the thoughts of having
 “ murdered his daughter, he ran to her bed-side,
 “ where, on his knees, and with a flood of tears,
 “ he discovered the whole contrivance, producing,
 “ at the same time, the intercepted letters from
 “ Eudocius, and conjuring her, if possible, to make
 “ herself easy on the head, and to forgive him.—
 “ In the midst of this unhappy scene, a letter was
 “ delivered him from Eudocius, who, unable to
 “ bear the pain of a separation from Selinda, joined
 “ with that cruel uneasiness arising from his not
 “ being able to hear from her, was arrived the
 “ day before privately at his own house, where
 “ receiving information of Selinda’s being at the
 “ point of death, he wrote to her father in the
 “ most

" most moving terms, to intreat his permission to
 " see her. Severus gave orders he should be admitted immediately, and notwithstanding Selinda's
 " extreme illness, he caused them to be married
 " in his presence. — But, alas! this indulgence
 " came too late; for although the next day she
 " appeared somewhat better, yet the day after
 " the disease returned with such violence, that towards the evening the unhappy bride expired in
 " the arms of her beloved Eudocius.

" Extream grief and vexation, in about a fortnight's time, carried off Severus, whose vast estate, by his dying without a will, descended to
 " a person, who was a very distant relation.

" Eudocius, to divert, in some measure, his excessive melancholy, caused his old family seat to
 " be pulled down, and in its stead erected, after
 " the Italian manner, that structure you so much
 " admire.

" It is there, that, perfectly retired from the
 " world, he passes his days in a continued solitude,
 " scarce seeing any company, and never suffering
 " a woman to come within his doors. — He confines himself wholly within the compass of his
 " own gardens, where he spends his time mostly
 " in study, and the perusal of the ancients; and
 " yet, in spite of all his wisdom and philosophy,
 " gives way to an immoderate grief, and fruitlessly
 " bewails the loss of his Selinda."



The PREVALENCE of BLOOD.

ONE of the warm nights of summer, an ancient gentleman of Toledo, with his wife, a little son, a daughter seventeen years old, and a maid-servant, were coming back from taking their diversion by the side of the river : the night was clear, the hour eleven, and the path solitary ; and they walked slowly, in order not to lose by weariness, the pleasures which the river and the meadows about it afforded. The good old man and his little family came along, with all the security which the strictest government and civil manners of the inhabitants of the city could encourage, not dreaming in the least of meeting with any disaster. But as most misfortunes happen when they are least foreseen, contrary to their expectation, they were surprised with one which marred all their mirth, and gave them cause to lament for several years.

There was a young gentleman of the same city, about two and twenty years of age, whom riches, high birth, a lewd inclination, riotous liberty, and wild companions, transported into irregularities, which were a scandal to his quality, and drew upon him the character of dissolute and impudent. This cavalier, whose name I shall for good reasons conceal, and change to that of Rodolfo, with four of his mad acquaintance, all young, sprightly and insolent, were coming down the same hill, the old gentleman and his train were walking up. The two companies met, that of the sheep and the
wolves ;

wolves; and Rodolfo and his comrades covering their own faces, with an audacious rudeness unveiled those of the mother, the daughter and their maid. The old gentleman was alarmed, and reprimanded them severely for their boldness; they answered him rudely with jeers and scorn, and without offering any farther affront, passed on.— But the beauty of the face Rodolfo had seen, which was Leocadia's, the gentleman's daughter, ran so in his mind, that it fired his heart, and awakened in him a desire to enjoy her, at the expence of any inconveniencies which might attend it. He opened his design immediately to his associates, who readily determined to go back, and carry her off, to please Rodolfo; for the rich never want those who will patronize their vices, and support them in all their outrages. Thus the forming this vile intention, the communicating it, the approving it, the resolving to effect it, and the actual execution of it, was all dispatched in a moment. They tied their handkerchiefs over their faces, and drawing their swords, marched back, and soon fell in with the unhappy family, who had just been giving thanks to Heaven for delivering them from the hands of this boisterous crew. Rodolfo fastened on Leocadia, who had not strength enough to resist him, and seizing her in his arms, fled as fast as he could; the fright deprived her of her voice, and losing her sight and senses in the swoon, she neither perceived who carried her away, nor whither they hurried her. Her father cried out, her mother shrieked, her little brother screamed, and the maid howled and stamped, and tore her hair; but their exclamations were not heard, their roaring was in vain, their sad laments were not regarded, and their raging did no service. The solitariness of the place, and the deep silence of the night, favoured the action, and the brutal cruelty of the ravisher was deaf

deaf to pity. In a word, the last went away rejoicing, while the other staid behind full of sorrow. Rodolfo arrived at his house without any impediment, and Leocadia's parents returned to their's grieved and afflicted, and overwhelmed with despair; they were now become blind and solitary, having lost the fair eyes of their beauteous daughter, which were the light of their's, and wanting her delightful company. In their confusion they were unable to resolve what method to pursue; if they gave information of their disgrace to the magistrates, they were afraid they might thereby rashly make themselves the principal instrument of publishing their own dishonour. Besides, they had little or no interest, as being poor, though nobly descended, and knew not of whom to complain, unless of their own ill fortune.

Rodolfo in the mean while had the cunning to carry Leocadia directly home to his own apartment; and though she continued in a swoon all the way, he cautiously bound a handkerchief over her eyes, that she might not see the streets through which they passed, nor the house nor the room into which he brought her; he introduced her thither unperceived by any one, because his father, who was yet living, allowed him a separate apartment, and he had the keys of all that quarter of the house. A great inadvertency this, in parents to trust their children to live in private by themselves, and without observation.

Before Leocadia recovered from her fainting, Rodolfo had accomplished his vile desire; the impure transports of youth seldom or never regarding seasons or circumstances, but hurrying them on without restraint. The light of his understanding being extinguished, he robbed Leocadia in the dark of the best jewel she had; and as the criminal appetites of sense generally subside as soon as they
are

are gratified, Rodolfo presently resolved to rid himself of poor Leocadia, and turn her into the street, as she was in a swoon. But just as he was going to do it, he perceived she was come to herself, and began to speak : Where am I, unhappy wretch ? cried she ; what darkness is this ? what shades surround me ? Heaven help me ! who touches me ? am I in a bed ? am I dishonoured ? dost thou hear me, my dear mother ? my worthy father, are you within my call ? Ah, what a condition am I in, since it is plain my parents hear me not, and my enemies have me in their arms ; happy should I be if this darkness would always continue, and my eyes were never to view the light of day again ; what place am I in ? whatever it is, I wish it might hide me for ever, since dishonour, which is concealed, is better than honour which depends on the opinion of the vulgar. Ah ! I now recall to memory, what I could not recollect before, that a little while ago I was in my parents company, and was assaulted ; and I see and am convinced it is best for me never to appear in the world again. O thou, whoever thou art, that art here with me, (and at this she grasped Rodolfo's hands) if thou hast a mind which can be moved by intreaties, I beseech thee, that since thou hast triumphed over my reputation, thou wilt also triumph over my life ; take it this moment, for I ought not to prolong it, since I have lost my honour. Think that the horrid cruelty thou hast committed in injuring me, will be softened by the mercy thou wilt shew in killing me ; and thou wilt thereby be compassionate, as well as severe.

Leocadia's words confounded Rodolfo, who being a giddy-brained young man of little experience, knew not what to say or do ; his silence surprised Leocadia the more ; she stretched out her hand to touch him, to satisfy herself whether it was a phan-

tom that was with her, or a real person: but when she felt a living body, and remembered the force which had been offered her, as she was walking with her parents, she clearly apprehended her disgrace. At this thought she began to pursue her expostulations, which her many sighs and sobbings had interrupted.

Audacious youth, said she, for thy actions teach me to judge thou art far from being in years, I forgive thee the injury thou hast done me, if thou wilt only promise me, and swear, that as thou hast concealed it in this darkness, thou wilt suppress it in perpetual silence, and never mention it to any. It is a small recompence I ask for so great a wrong; but to me, it is the greatest I can desire, or thou canst grant. Consider, I have never seen thy face, nor wish to see it; for though I must remember my insult, I would not remember my insulter, nor fix the image of the wicked author of my ruin in my mind. Heaven and myself alone shall hear my complaints, while I stifle them from the world, which judges not of things by their merit, but according to its own prejudiced opinion. I know not how I happen to repeat such truths as these, which are generally the effect of much experience, and the observations of many years, whereas mine scarcely make seventeen; yet this I know, that grief both ties and looses the tongue of the afflicted; sometimes aggravating the sufferings, in order to gain a belief of them; at other times being quite mute, because there is no remedy in view. Yet whether I am silent or speak, I cannot fail surely of being both believed and helped by you; for not to believe me, you must be ignorant of what has happened, and not to assist me, must render yourself miserable; and I am unwilling to despair of relief from you, because it will cost you little to give it: what I mean is this; imagine

gine not with yourself, that length of time will abate the just resentment which is kindled in my soul against you; nor attempt to repeat the injury on me, for you shall not renew your joys again; and the having once accomplished your unchaste desire, ought to extinguish it for ever: suppose with yourself, if you please, that you have abused me by accident, but presume not to plead in excuse of it; and I will suppose, either that I was not born, or that I am born only to be unhappy. Put me out into the street immediately, and conduct me near the great church, from whence I shall easily know the way to my own house. But swear, I charge thee, not to follow me, nor to find out where I live; nor enquire after my parents name, or mine, or that of my relations, who are so rich and noble, that they ought not to be involved in my misfortunes. Answer me to this; and if thou art afraid I should know thee by thy voice, I assure thee, that excepting my father and confessor, I never talked with a man in my whole life, and have too seldom heard any speak in common discourse to be able to distinguish them by their voices.

All the reply Rodolfo made to this prudent and moving reasoning of Leocadia, was to embrace her, and give plain tokens that he was willing to multiply his crime, and her dishonour; at which, with greater strength and courage than her tender age seemed to promise, she defended herself with her feet, her hands, and teeth, and tongue: Know, traitor, infamous wretch, said she, whoever thou art, that the base victory thou hast won from me, is no other than what thou mightest have had over an inanimate stock or stone, and redounds to thy infamy and shame. Thou shalt not compass thy attempt again, but by my death. Thou hast dishonoured and undone me, while I was

in a swoon ; but now I am myself, thou shalt sooner kill than conquer me ; for should I quietly submit to thy wickedness, while I am in my senses, thou mayest imagine my late trance, when thou hadst the lewd insolence to blemish me, was only feigned.

In a word, Leocadia made such a brave and resolute resistance, that Rodolfo's strength and desires began to flag ; and as the rudeness he had offered her arose from no other principle than a lascivious impulse, which never produces true and permanent love, but quickly vanishes, and is succeeded by inward repentance, and some faint inclination to pursue it ; Rodolfo being thus rebuffed and wearied, without saying a word, left Leocadia in his chamber, and locking the door, ran to find out his comrades, in order to consult with them what to do. Leocadia perceived she was locked in alone, and getting out of bed, walked round the room, groping about upon the walls with her hands to find the door, or a window out of which to make her escape. At last she found the door, which was fastened, and after that a window ; and having with some difficulty opened the shutters, the moon shone in so brightly, that she could distinguish the colour of several curious hangings which adorned the chamber. The bed she perceived was gilded, and so richly made, that it seemed rather that of a prince, than of a private gentleman. She counted the stools and the escrutores, and remarked whereabout the door was placed ; and though she saw several pictures hanging on the wall, she could not discern what they were. The window was large and handsome, and secured with a thick iron grate ; it looked into a garden, which was also surrounded with a high wall, all which disappointed her design of getting down into the street. By what she discovered of the spaciousness

ciousness and noble furniture of the room, she apprehended that the master of it must be some considerable person, and very rich, and upon an escutcheon by the window she had the good fortune to spy a small crucifix of solid silver ; she reached it down, and put it into the sleeve of her gown, neither out of devotion nor theft, but out of a very prudent and well-laid intention. Having done this, she shut up the window, as it was before, and returned to the bed, expecting what would be the end of so strange and unhappy a beginning.

In less than half an hour, as she imagined, she heard somebody open the chamber door, and coming up to her, without saying a word, drew a handkerchief over her eyes, and taking her by the arm, led her out of the room, and locked the door after them. It was Rodolfo, who had been to seek his comrades, to lay his case before them, but changed his mind by the way, reflecting that it was very wrong to call in witnesses of what had passed that night between himself and the lady, and that it would make a much better story to tell them, that repenting of his crime, and moved by her tears, he had released her in the middle of the road. Accordingly he passed back in all haste to carry Leocadia out to the great church, as she had desired, before break of day, lest the light should prevent it, and oblige him to keep her in his lodging another night, which he did not desire ; for as he had no design to use any farther force with her, he was unwilling to run the hazard of being discovered. He hurried her into the street, and having conducted her to the place called Ayutamiento, told her, with a feigned voice, in half Portuguese and half Castilian, that she might go home securely, for nobody should follow her ; and before she could unmasse her eyes, he had conveyed himself out of sight.

As soon as she was left alone, she pulled off the handkerchief; she knew the place where she was, and having looked round her every way, saw nobody, yet suspecting some might follow her at a distance, at every step she made a stand, and in this cautious manner stole on gently towards her own house, which was not far off; and to deceive any spies, who might observe her, she went into a house, the door of which stood open, and from thence privately removed to her own, where she found her parents full of grief, and sitting up in their cloaths without the least thought of going to bed, or taking rest. When they saw her, they ran to her with open arms, and received her with tears in their eyes. Leocadia, full of confusion and surprise, desired them to go aside with her into a private room, where in a few words she related to them her misfortune, with all the circumstances of it, adding, that she had not the least knowledge of this invader and robber of her honour. She informed them of the particulars she had remarked in the detested theatre where this lamentable tragedy was acted; as the window, the garden, the iron grate, the escutores, the bed and the hangings, and lastly, she shewed them the crucifix which she had brought away. Before this image they all renewed their tears, poured out earnest supplications for relief, implored vengeance, and begged Heaven to send some miraculous chastisements on the guilty. She told them likewise, that though she did not desire to know her injurer, yet if they thought it was best to discover him, they might do it by the means of that crucifix, by procuring the clerks to publish in the pulpits of every parish in the city, that whoever had lost such an image, might have it again of such a priest, and that finding by this who was the owner, they might find the house and the person of her enemy.

This

This were right advice, daughter, answered her father, if common caution did not maliciously defeat thy ingenious proposal: for since it is plain, this image may not be immediately missed out of the chamber you mention, and that the owner of it will take it for granted, the person who was with him in the lodging took it away, when he understands that it is left with such a priest, he will rather discover thereby who left it with him, than suffer us to detect who he is that lost it; for perhaps somebody else may call for it, to whom the right owner has described the marks; in which case, we should be confounded rather than informed, even though we should use the same artifice as we suspect may be employed against us, and deliver it to the priest by a third hand. All you can do, child, is to lay it by, and wait for some opportunity when it may be of service; and consider, that a grain of public dishonour is heavier than a pound of secret shame; and since you may appear abroad without blemish in the eyes of Heaven, do not afflict yourself for having suffered infamy in private. True dishonour consists in vice, and true honour in virtue; and it is by our words, our intentions and actions, that we anger Heaven; and since thou hast offended by none of these, think thyself still unspotted, for such thou art to me, and I shall always look on thee with the fondness of an affectionate father.

With such tender and persuasive arguments he comforted the dejected Leocadia; and her mother embracing her again, endeavoured also to make her easy. She sighed, and melted into tears afresh, and submitting to her condition, hid her head, as they say, living perfectly retired under the protection of her parents, and wearing very plain, tho' decent clothes.

Rodolfo

Rodolfo in the mean time coming back to his chamber, missed the crucifix, and readily imagined who had got it ; he took no notice of it, being too rich to regard the loss, nor did his parents ask him about it ; and three days after he delivered up every thing in his chamber to a servant-maid of his mother, and set forward on his intended voyage to Italy : his father, who had formerly been there himself, having pressed him to it, and told him they were no gentlemen who were such only in their own country, and that he ought to shew himself to be one in foreign parts. By these and other reasons Rodolfo was persuaded to comply with his father's desire, who gave him bills for considerable sums at Barcelona, Genoa, Rome and Naples. He departed instantly with two of his old companions, being wonderfully pleased with the account he heard by some soldiers of the plenty of inns there were in Italy and France, and of the freedom the Spaniards take there in their quarters. His imagination was in raptures at the relishing sound of fine chickens, lovely pigeons, charming sausages, proclaimed by a jolly well-thriven host, and a long roll of other delicious names of this sort, which the soldiers ran over, who represented to him very movingly the vast difference there was between the fat victualling-houses in those countries, and the starving inns of Spain. In short, he began his expedition with a heart full at ease, and with no more remembrance of what had passed between Leocadia and himself, than if no such affair had happened.

She, poor lady, in the mean time, lived at home with her parents with all the privacy of a recluse, not suffering herself to be seen by any, lest they should read her shame in her face. In a few months, she found herself under a necessity of doing what she hitherto had done out of choice,
of

of keeping retired, for she found herself with child; this drew again those tears into her eyes, which had in some degree been suppressed, and her sighs and lamentations began to break out anew, notwithstanding all the pains her tender mother took to comfort her.

Time quickly rolled away, and the hour arrived for her delivery, which was managed with the utmost secrecy; her mother supplied the place of a midwife, and assisted her to bring into the world as lovely a boy as can be imagined. With the same caution as it was born, they conveyed it to a little village, where it was nursed four years, at the end of which the grandfather brought it into his own house, under the quality of his nephew, and gave it a virtuous, though not a costly education. The child, who was named Lewis, was very handsome, of a sweet disposition, and an excellent genius, and in all the actions which could proceed from so green an age, he gave proofs that he was begotten by some honourable person; and his mother's parents were so enamoured of his beauty, his parts, and his discretion, that they began to account their daughter's misfortune a happiness, in having given them such a grandson. When he walked along the streets, he had a thousand blessings poured upon him by all beholders; some blessed his beauty, others the mother who bore him; these the father who begat him, and those the person who had trained him up so well. At seven years old, he made some progress in Latin, and could write pretty well: for the good old people designed to make him wise and virtuous, since they could not make him rich; wisdom and virtue being those riches over which robbers, and that which is called fortune, have no power.

It happened one day, that the boy, going on an errand for his grandmother to a niece of her's,
chanced

chanced to pass through a street where several cavaliers were running a horse-race. He stopped to look on, and as he was crossing to the other side of the ring for the sake of planting himself more commodiously, he was trampled down by one of the horses, the rider not being able to hold him back in the fury of his career. The horse ran over him, and left him for dead on the spot, the blood issuing out from his head in great plenty. Just at this instant, an ancient gentleman, who was beholding the race, dismounted very nimbly, and taking up the child, snatched him out of the arms of them who held him, into his own, and without regarding his own grey hairs, and his authority, which was very great, carried him home as fast as he could walk, and bid his servants run immediately for a surgeon to dress him. Several gentlemen followed him, extremely concerned for the misfortune of so lovely a child, for the word was presently given out, that little Lewy, the nephew of such a gentleman, naming his grandfather, was rid over by a horse. The cry flew from mouth to mouth, till at last it reached the ears of his grand-parents, and his disconsolate mother. Being convinced of the truth of this melancholly accident, they ran out of doors like so many mad people, to look after their darling; and as the gentleman who had taken him home, was of the first rank, and generally known, almost every one they met directed them to his house. They came in just as the boy was under the surgeon's hands: the gentleman of the house and his wife, supposing them to be its parents, begged them not to make any lamentations, because it would affect and prejudice the child. And the surgeon, having dressed him with extraordinary tenderness and skill, told them the wound was not so dangerous as he feared at first.

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In the midst of the operation, poor Lewy held out his hands, and eagerly strove to get to his relations, who weeping asked him, how he was? he answered, Well, only his body and his head ached very much. The surgeon enjoined them not to talk to him, but leave him to rest; they did so, and the grandfather began to thank the master of the house for the affectionate care he had taken of his nephew. The gentleman replied, he did not deserve his thanks; and assured him, that when he saw the poor boy, as he lay on the ground, he imagined he saw the face of his own dear son; and this moved him to take the child into his arms, and bring him home, where he would keep him during the time of his cure, and give him the best entertainment possible. His wife also, who was of a noble family, said the same, and added promises yet more kind. The others stood astonished at so shining a christian temper; but the mother was in the greatest surprize; for the encouraging account the surgeon gave her, having composed the disorder of her spirits, she looked narrowly about the room, and clearly perceived by various tokens, it was that where her honour was violated, and her misfortune began; and though the hangings, which were then in it were removed, she knew the figure of it, and saw the grated window which opened into the garden; and because it was shut to keep out the cold air from the wounded child, that she might be certain of the thing, she asked whether that window did not look out upon a garden. They answered yes. But what she remembered most distinctly was the bed; and particularly the escutore, upon which the crucifix stood which she had taken away. In a word, the truth of her suspicions was put beyond all doubt by the stairs which she had counted when Rodolfo led her down blindfold out of the chamber; and as she
went

went home, after taking leave of her son, she had the prudent caution to tell them over again, and found the number agreed exactly; and comparing one sign with another, she was fully convinced that her supposition was right, and related the whole to her mother, who like a discreet woman had informed herself whether the gentleman, at whose house her grandchild was, had a son; and understanding that he who was called Rodolfo was he, that he was then in Italy, and reckoning up the time they said he had been out of Spain, she found it was just seven years, her little grandson's age. She apprised her husband of this, and they and their daughter agreed to wait and see how Heaven would dispose of the child, who in fifteen days was out of danger, and in so many more got upon his legs again.

All this while he was visited by his mother and grandmother, and the gentleman of the house and his wife treated him as if he had been their own. As Donna Estefania, so was the gentleman's lady called, was talking once with Leocadia, she told her, the child was so surprisngly like her son in Italy, that she could never look on him but she thought she had the other before her eyes; upon which Leocadia took occasion, as they were alone together, to impart to her some circumstances which her parents agreed it would be proper for her to mention. Madam, said she, the day that my parents had heard their nephew had received this mischance, they were in a strange consternation, and imagined Heaven was shut against them, and the world fallen to pieces about their ears; they seemed to have lost the light of their eyes, and the staff of their old age in the loss of this boy, whom they loved so dearly, that in many respects their fondness exceeded that which other parents bear to their children; but

as it is said, When God sends the wound, he sends also the cure; this accident of their nephew has drawn me to this house, and I here call to mind some things which it is impossible I should forget while I live. I am well born, madam, for my parents are so, as were all my ancestors, who with a moderate portion of the goods of fortune, have preserved a very unblemished reputation wherever they lived.

Donna Estefania was amazed at what Leocadia said, and stood in suspense. She thought it incredible, though she saw it, there should be so much discretion in such early years; for by all appearance she judged her to be scarcely more than twenty; and therefore instead of making any reply, she waited for Leocadia's finishing her story, who proceeded to inform her of Rodolfo's proceedings, and her own dishonour, of his seizing her, and blinding her eyes, and carrying her home to his own apartment, and mentioned the tokens by which she knew the chamber they were now in to be the same as she suspected. To confirm it, she drew the crucifix out of her bosom: This, said she, is a witness of the violence I suffered from your son; I took it from the top of that escutore while he was out of the room, in hopes it might one day be of service to me, and have preserved it ever since as a perpetual memorial of my misfortune. Let this justify what I have told you. Believe me, madam, the child to whom you have been so extremely kind, is indeed your own grandson: — Heaven permitted him to be hurt by the horse, that by his being brought into your house, I might find here, as I hope I shall, what I ought to find, if not the remedy which is most proper and adapted to my mournful disaster, at least the means which will make it less severe.

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Having said this, she embraced the crucifix, and fainted away in Donna Estefania's arms; who joined her cheek to her's, and shed such a flood of tears on her, that there was no need to sprinkle water on her face to bring her to her senses. As they were both in this condition, Donna Estefania's husband happened to enter the room, leading little Lewis by the hand; when he saw his wife weeping, and Leocadia in a swoon: he started, and begged to know the occasion; and the poor child ran and embraced his mother, and the lady his grandmother, taking them to be only his cousin and his benefactress, and asked them, why they cried? I have important things to tell you, answered Donna Estefania to her husband, the sum of which is this; you are to look on this poor lady as your daughter, and this child as your grandson. What I say is truth; I have heard it from the mouth of this fair creature, who has supported it by evident proofs, and the features of the child also confirm it, in which both of us have observed the perfect image of our Rodolfo. Unless you explain this more at large, replied the gentleman, I cannot understand you. Here Leocadia awakened; and embracing the crucifix, seemed to be dissolved in tears. This put the gentleman into the utmost confusion, from which he was recovered by his wife's relating to him all that Leocadia had told her; and Heaven was pleased so to ordain it, that he believed it without hesitation, as readily as if it had been attested by several unexceptionable witnesses. He embraced Leocadia, cheering her very tenderly, then kissed his pretty grandson, and dispatched a courier the same day to Naples, to require his son to come home with all speed, because he had concluded a marriage for him with a woman of incomparable beauty, and the most proper for him in the world. They would
not

not suffer Leocadia nor her son to go back to her parents, who being transported with their daughter's unexpected good fortune, returned infinite thanks for it to Heaven.

The courier arrived at Naples; and two days after he received the letter, Rodolfo, being impatient to possess such a beautiful woman as his father described to him, embraced the opportunity of some galleys just departing for Spain, and went on board with both his companions, who had never forsaken him. They had such a prosperous passage, that in twelve days he reached Barcelona, and in seven more Toledo, and came home to his father's so alert and genteel, that he seemed the perfection of gallantry and politeness.

Leocadia was in suspense, and viewed him from a private corner, where she could not be seen, in compliance with Donna Estefania's directions. Rodolfo's companions would have taken leave and gone to their own lodgings directly, but Estefania would not permit them, because she wanted them for the design she had in hand. It was near night when Rodolfo came in, and, while supper was preparing, Estefania called his companions aside, not doubting but they were two of the three Leocadia said were with him the night he abused her, and begged them very earnestly to tell her whether they remembered her son's running away with a woman one evening, so many year's ago; because it concerned the reputation and ease of all his relations to know the truth of that report. She desired it of them so pressingly, and gave them such assurances that they should receive no damage by the discovery, that they frankly acknowledged, themselves and one more, as they were rambling abroad one summer night with Rodolfo, seized a young woman, whom Rodolfo conveyed away, while they kept the family in play, who endeavoured to de-

send her with their outcries, and that Rodolfo told them the next day, he had carried her home to his lodgings; and this was all the information they could give her concerning what she asked.

This confession unravelled all doubts, and gave light to the whole affair; and Estefania now resolved to execute the honourable design she had formed. Accordingly, while supper was preparing, she retired into a room with Rodolfo; and putting a picture into his hand, Son, said she, I will give you a most delightful entertainment to-night, by shewing you your excellent spouse; this is her picture; but I must apprise you, that what she wants in beauty, is supplied in virtue; she is well-born, prudent, and moderately rich; and since she is your father's choice, and mine, you may be certain she is the fittest match you can have. Rodolfo viewed the picture very archly; Painters, said he, are generally prodigal in bestowing beauty upon the faces they draw: and I suppose the charms of this piece are owing to their bounty; and that the original is homely enough. I confess, madam, it is just and proper that children should pay obedience to their parents' commands; but it is also very convenient, and much better, that parents should allow their children to embrace what condition of life they like best; and since marriage is a knot which is untied only by death, both parties should be entirely satisfied in the tying it. Virtue, nobility, and the goods of fortune, are fine qualifications in a wife, to please her husband's mind; but I am of opinion, it is impossible deformity should please his eyes. I am a young man, it is true; yet I know what I say, and that the delight married people very lawfully take in one another, may consist perfectly well with the holy vows and purposes of matrimony; but if this mutual complacence is wanting, the marriage is maimed,

maimed, and fails in a principal circumstance. And to think a homely face which a man must have constantly before his eyes, at bed and at board, can give him delight, I repeat it once again, is impossible. I beg you therefore, madam, to provide me a consort who may be a joy to me, and not a burden ; that so we may both of us carry the yoke comfortably, without flouncing and starting aside out of the road. If this lady be noble, prudent, and rich, as you say she is, she cannot fail of a husband, with whom she may be much happier than with me. Some desire nobility, and some admire discretion ; some prefer money ; others beauty ; and I agree with the last : for as to nobility, I thank Heaven, my ancestors have left me that by inheritance ; and as for discretion, provided, a woman indeed be not an absolute changeling, and an idiot, if she has good plain sense and understanding, it is sufficient : and there is no need of her being a lady of bright parts, and a wit : then as to riches, my parents have provided for me so well, that I am in no great danger of coming to poverty. I give the preference therefore to beauty, and desire no other dowry with it, than honesty and a sweet behaviour ; and if my wife brings me that portion, I shall serve Heaven with pleasure, and prove a blessing to my parents in their old age.

Rodolfo's mother liked her son's discourse well, as perceiving it favoured her own design. She told him, she would take care he should marry as he desired ; and that she would have him under no concern about it ; for the treaty with the lady whose picture she shewed him, might easily be dissolved. Rodolfo thanked her ; and supper-time being come, they went into the common room ; and just as the father and mother, Rodolfo, and his two companions, were going to sit down to table : " Mercy on me, (cried Donna Estetania,

“ starting as if she had forgot herself) how finely I
 “ have used my guests! run, and call the lady
 “ Donna Leocadia, (said she to one of the servants)
 “ and beg her to make no scruples of modesty,
 “ but to honour us with her company, for we have
 “ nobody here but our own family.”

Donna Estefania had ingeniously invented this contrivance, and apprised Leocadia of it beforehand; who soon made her appearance, and presented to them, on a sudden, the most lovely object which artificial or natural beauty could produce. She was clad in a gown of black velvet, (for it was winter) diversified with buttons of gold and pearls; she had a diamond girdle and necklace; her hair, which was long and bright, was beautifully formed, and the caul which adorned her head, and the ribbands, and curls, and the sparkling diamonds, sprinkled up and down in the tresses, dazzled the beholders' eyes.

Leocadia was of an amiable temper, and had a great deal of wit and spirit; she led her little son by the hand, and before her walked two maids, lighting her along with wax-candles in silver candlesticks. The whole company rose to do her reverence, as if she had been some miraculous appearance from heaven, and gazed on her with such amazement, that they had not power to speak to her. She saluted them all with a low court'sy, and a graceful air; and Donna Estefania taking her by the hand, placed her next herself, directly facing Rodolfo, and the child was seated by his grandfather. Rodolfo viewing the incomparable beauty of Leocadia more closely,———“ If the lady that
 “ my mother designs me (said he to himself) has
 “ but half the beauty of this, I shall be the happiest man upon earth. Bless me! what do I
 “ see? is it not some angel I have before me?”—
 Thus the enchanting image of Leocadia entering at
 his

his eyes, took possession of his heart; and she also, seeing herself so near to him, whom she loved more than her life, now and then stole a languishing look, and began to revolve in her imagination what had passed between her and Rodolfo; the hopes his mother had given her of his becoming her husband, began to vanish, and she was afraid the narrowness of her fortune would render Donna Estefania's promises ineffectual.

She reflected she was now on the eve of being happy or unhappy for ever; the thoughts of which made so deep an impression upon her mind, that her heart was troubled, and she began to change her colour on a sudden, and fainted away, and her head sunk down upon Donna Estefania, who was frightened at the sight, and supported her very tenderly in her arms. The company were all confounded, and, rising from the table, ran to help her. But he who appeared to be most affected was Rodolfo, who, in the hurry of his haste to get to her, stumbled twice, and fell down. They unlac'd her, and sprinkled water in her face, but without effect; and the heaving of her breast, and the weakness of her pulse, rather gave tokens of approaching death; at which the servants, having no consideration in them, set up their voices, and bawled out that she was dead.

These dismal tidings in a moment reached the ears of Leocadia's parents, whom Donna Estefania had concealed in another apartment, for a more welcome occasion. They could no longer restrain themselves, according to her injunction, but rushed into the room, with the curate of the parish, who was also with them by her appointment. The curate went up to Leocadia, to see whether she gave any signs of repenting of her sins, that so he might absolve her; and expecting to find only one person in a swoon, he found two; for Rodolfo lay in the
same

same condition, with his face upon Leocadia's breast; his mother allowing him that freedom with her, since she was to be his own. But when she saw him in a trance, she had like to have followed him, and would certainly have fainted, if Rodolfo had not presently recovered. He was ashamed they had seen him in such a strange emotion; but his mother, imagining his confusion,—
 “ Be not ashamed, son, (said she) of this passionate
 “ transport, but be ashamed of one which you
 “ ought to have avoided; when you understand
 “ something, which I will no longer hide from
 “ you: you must know, my dear son, that the
 “ fair creature, who is here in my arms in a swoon,
 “ is your true wife. I can call her the true, for
 “ she is the person thy father and me have cho-
 “ sen for thee, and the picture I shewed thee is a
 “ fiction.”

When Rodolfo heard this he was in an ecstasy of love; and the name of husband removing all those restraints which arise from modesty and decorum, he laid his face close to Leocadia's and joining his mouth to her's, stood like one expecting to breathe out his soul, and transfuse it into her's.

Leocadia returned to her senses, and with her returned all the joy and gladness, which the danger had banished from the breast of every one about her. Leocadia finding herself in Rodolfo's arms, made a modest struggle to break from them;
 “ No, madam, (said he) restraining her, this must
 “ not be; you must not endeavour to force your-
 “ self from the arms of him, who tenderly em-
 “ braces you in his soul.”

These words restored Leocadia perfectly; and Donna Estefania proceeded to finish her former resolution, and desired the curate immediately to perform the rights of marriage between her son and

Leocadia:

Leocadia ; which he did accordingly ; for as this happened in those times when espousals depended only on the will of the parties, without that tedious train of impediments which are now in use, the ceremony suffered no delay.

I leave it to the reader's imagination to conceive the general joy ; the embraces Leocadia's parents gave Rodolfo ; the thanks they paid to heaven ; the mutual vows of friendship ; and the astonishment of Rodolfo's companions, to see such an extraordinary wedding celebrated the very night of their arrival, and especially when they understood by what Donna Estefania said before them, " that the lady was the same that her son had carried away formerly in their company : " at which Rodolfo himself was also amazed ; and to be satisfied of the truth, begged Leocadia to mention some token which might lead him into an absolute knowledge of it, though indeed he could not doubt it, since his parents seemed to be fully convinced. —
 " When I came to myself (said she) out of a former trance, I found myself in your arms, but stripped of my honour, which, at present, I think was well bestowed, since upon my recovery from my last fit, I found myself again in your arms, but, with my honour, entirely restored and safe. If this token is not enough, let that of a crucifix, which nobody could steal from you besides myself, suffice ; if you missed it that morning, and it is the same which the lady Estefania has now in her keeping, you are my lord and life, and shall be so as many years as heaven shall vouchsafe to grant me." At this Rodolfo embraced her again, the benedictions were renewed, and the congratulations were redoubled.

Supper now came in, and with it came the musicians, who had been ready summoned for the occasion.

caſion. Rodolfo ſaw himſelf reflected as in a mirror in the face of his little ſon; the parents on each ſide wept for gladneſs, and there was not a corner in the whole houſe but abounded with jubilee, and exultation. Though night flew on nimbly with her ſable wings, to Rodolfo ſhe ſeemed to move a cripple's pace, ſo raptured was he with his lovely ſpouſe! At laſt, the expected hour came; the company broke up, and withdrew to reſt, and the houſe was quickly hushed in profound ſilence; but this extraordinary hiſtory will never be ſuppreſſed in ſilence, as ſo large and illuſtrious a poſterity proceeded from this happy pair, who lived in mutual delight and felicity many years at Toledo, and ſaw their children, and children's children; all which was owing to the gracious appointment of Heaven, and the *Prevalence of that Blood* which the worthy and generous grandfather of young Lewis ſaw ſpilt, by an accident, on the ground.



The Character of MALVOLIO.

MALVOLIO has wit, learning and diſcernment, but tempered with an allay of envy, ſelf-love and detraction: Malvolio turns pale at the mirth and good-humour of the company, if it centers not in his perſon; he grows jealous and diſpleated when he ceases to be the only perſon admired, and looks upon the commendations paid to others as a detraction from his merit, and an attempt to leſſen the ſuperiority he affects; and by this very method, he beſtows ſuch praiſe as can never be ſuſpected of flattery. His uneaſineſs and diſtaſtes are ſo many ſure and certain ſigns of another's title to that glory he deſires, and has the mortification to find himſelf not poſſeſſed of.

The



The MAIDEN TOWER.

THERE lived (say Turkish Chronicles) at Chryſipolis, a very rich and noble earl, extremely favoured by the Grecian emperor, with whom he frequently hunted, and uſ'd to continue abſent twelve or fourteen days together. The counteſs, a well-diſpoſed lady, being dead, left a daughter, of the greateſt beauty, wit and other excellencies, which could adorn a female mind and perſon ; ſhe often mourned her father's abſence in a lonely ſorrow, ſtill forſaking company and pleaſure, to ſing or read, amidſt the ſhadowy groves and pleaſant meadows, which afforded ſweet retirements, not far diſtant from her father's ſeat.

Her beauty became celebrated by the youth of both court and country : every father wiſhed his ſon this maid's poſſeſſor ; and the ſons of every parent forſook all other pleaſures, and, enchanted by her graces, flock'd in numbers to ſolicit her affections. But the aged earl, entirely doating on his daughter's converſation, never liſtened to their largeſt offers, bent, if poſſible, to keep her ſingle, that he might, as long as he ſhould live, enjoy her company.

Accidentally, in the abſence of her father, as an amorous young gentleman was taking a penſive walk along the banks of a delightful current, he met this lovely fair, leaning penſively beneath the ſhelter of a ſpacious oak, and reading ſoftly with fixed attention. Never was joy more unexpected and transporting, as he had long languiſhed for her favour, but, till now, had never gained the ſmalleſt opportunity to let her know how much he loved her ;

her ; having been denied admission by her father's obstinacy.

Love is seldom wanting to inspire his subjects with rhetorical assurance : he addressed the lady with so graceful, yet becoming, resolution, that a sudden inclination and regard seized the regions of her virgin bosom. Various arguments, with mutual satisfaction, pass'd away the time in sympathetic pleasure, and such powerful charms did each discover in the other's person, that they agreed to meet in the adjoining grove, at the same hour every evening, not chusing any other place, lest the lady's father should discover the intrigue, and hinder them from prosecuting their resolved affection. I need not tell the ladies, that the rules of virtue, and her female modesty, obliged the daughter of the absent earl to seem more backward than her eager lover, in the amorous settlement of their intended meetings. In short, upon assurance of her lover's honourable meaning, she permitted him to hope, he might at last be happy in her possession ; and, for many weeks, met undiscovered in the secret grove, whereby they tasted all those innocent delights which lovers may enjoy, without the smallest tincture of criminal converse.

Alas ! how soon decay the brightest scenes of human life ! The earl, long since returned, had often observed his daughter absent herself in the evenings, and that she always chose one certain hour to leave the house, and refused having any attendants. His natural jealousy required no fewel to increase its fire, and to affect a discovery, he resolved to watch which way his daughter took, disguised in the habit of a shepherd.

Soon she met the object of her love ; and sitting down upon a bank, as usual, tenderly reclined her head upon his bosom, and they began to say a thousand soft endearing things, believing
they

they were then as private as before; till in a manner stupified with eager passion, both neglected every object but each other's person, not perceiving the suspicious father, who had gone a little round, below the brow of an impending hill, and now stalked forward undiscovered, till he came so near behind the lovers, busied in courtship, that he overheard, with ease, each fond expression that passed between them.

The surprized and angry earl, transported with rage to hear his daughter give herself away to one whom he had before denied; and, for certain family disputes, extremely hated, he drew a sword, which he had privately conveyed, and running violently at the starting nobleman, who drew in his defence, the earl was unfortunately killed.—It is impossible to express the grief and astonishment which overwhelmed her breast with a tempestuous hurricane, to hear the shepherd's dying voice so plainly speak her father's accent; and upon a nearer approach, she knew him, notwithstanding his disguise.—While the lover, distracted at the fatal accident, prepared to speak his wonder and her comfort, she ran with violence about the fields, forgetting love and all its consequences but this last unhappy one, which she proclaimed aloud to every servant of her father's house, to which she flew with shrieks and horror. The servants seized the nobleman, who stood confounded like a statue, gazing on the body of the murdered earl.

News was carried to the emperor of every circumstance of this unhappy accident: who, maturely considering every particular, gave the gentleman a present pardon; but to prevent them from conversing with each other for ever after, ordered the young lady, with two aunts and all the family, to be confined in a high tower built in a place, called Stony Island, giving command to all who guard-

ed it, that they should never suffer her to get away, nor give admission to any person, except such as were authorized to demand it from a royal passport.

For some time, the lady mourned so excessively for her father's death, and the desponding lover for the action he had committed, that neither thought upon the hardship of their cruel separation: but when fleeting time presented to their minds the sharpness of their fate, they both forsook all hopes of comfort. She, in prison, grew quite weary of an hated life; and he, at large, became abandoned to the most immoderate grief; melancholy, silent, and increasing grief, amidst the tracts of disregarded liberty.

Twelve tedious months were now rolled over, and the discontented lover still continued every day to visit the remembered scenes of former bliss and present misery. He would often walk disconsolately up and down the banks of that delightful river, which was used to murmur out a melancholy harmony to sooth their minds, oppressed by fear of ill success in their commenced affection.

At length, despairing ever more to see his dear contracted mistress, he began to wish a period to life, which only served to lengthen out his misery.

—As he walked one day, he perceived a rock, wherein he had heard of some dark cave, so dismally forbidding, that no man had ever yet been found, who durst attempt to enter it. Disdain of danger, from a weariness of living, urged him on to seek the place, with a resolution to enter, regardless of the consequence. He found, after some search, the gloomy entrance of the horrid place, which opened downwards with a very dangerous slope; and, not waiting for a second thought, he went boldly in, and crept along the rugged side; a narrow channel from the neighbouring river, running

ning through a passage between the rocks, directly in the middle, for about one hundred yards. He made shift to crawl, with wonderous difficulty down a very slippery descent, but there perceived the water, which, till then, had ran confined to proper bounds, increased in breadth to such a vast degree, that there was left no more dry ground to stand upon.

However, as desiring death, he was resolved to tempt it, and continued his advances through the water, sometimes scarce above his knees, then to his neck; here running ten or twenty yards indifferently smooth, then falling many feet, and roaring round his head like some Egyptian cataract. Sometimes he fell, half drowned with the fury of the impetuous torrent: still he crept as near as possible to some one side, and held upon the edges of the rocks he met with, till reflecting on the place he walked in, and how impossible it was to re-ascend those watery passages he had already passed, he was resolved to live as long as he could, and to observe by touch and ear, what farther wonders the descent might lead him to; for it was so void of the least glimpse of comfortable light, that he had then no use of eyes, for none could pierce one inch the surrounding darkness. He came at last so far, that he perceived a sensible decrease in breadth, for he could stretch his arms with ease, and touch both sides: but, on the contrary, the depth increased exceedingly; by the water's roaring, and beating back as from some wall, he found the cavity no farther capable of giving room to continued progress: yet, considering there must be some passage of emission, and little caring whither it might lead, he dipped his head and body under water, and with much ado shot swiftly with the eddy through a short and narrow neck, and found himself immediately enlarged, but covered over

with a flood of waters, which he took to be the sea ; and finding breath grow short upon him, he made use of strong and artful strokes, which he had learned by swimming when a boy. But he was much surprized, when he perceived his head above the water, and as soon as he could see, beheld himself within a well or cistern, almost level with the brim. He swam a while from side to side, at last observed a channel, into which the cistern disengaged her rising. Here he soon emerged, extremely weak by his subterraneous journey, when the first object he discovered, was his desdmona walking in a garden, with a pensive countenance. The unexpected shock was much a-like to both.—But the lady, affrighted at the odd appearance of a drooping man, who looked like some inhabitant of an inferior world, began at first to shriek and fly ; but when he faintly called her by her name, she knew the voice, mistook him for a ghost, and fainted to the earth, unable to support the weight of so surprizing a discovery.

To conclude, the guards came upon the shrieking lady, and immediately laid hold on the adventurous visitor. However, when the emperor was told the story, he commanded both the lover and the mistress to be brought before him, when he immediately reversed his former sentence, had them married in his royal presence, graced them ever after with particular favours, and, in memory thereof, commanded that the castle be called *The Maiden Tower* ; which commemorative name it bears at this day.



The Atheistical Friends.

CAPTAIN Mac-Fitz had been every thing in his prime; he had killed his man, ruined his woman, broke his taylor, kicked waiters out of windows, and hummed the parson; he had been what the world calls a fine gentleman—a free speaker; quite the thing, as a toast-master, and one of the highest fellows, formerly, about the Garden. All the women of spirit, both on and off the town, were fond of him: there was not one remarkable club, fit for a genius, and a man of fashion to be admitted into, but he was made a member of it.

But alas, as the finest linen may, when grown old, and much worn, be made into tinder; so natural it is for bloods about town, when old, and worn out, with tinder-like constitutions, to twinkle to the last in the same rotten condition.

The Captain had for some time past been a casual dependant on a publican, for board and lodging; but the poor gentleman, falling sick was removed out of the ale-house garret, and carried into an untenanted house, to an uncurtained bedstead, a flock bed, and two or three hospital blankets, laid for him to die in.

It is common for chimney-sweepers, to mark a house which is not inhabited, and steal up the first time they find the door open to get the soot away: the maid of the ale-house had, that morning, very early, been to see how the Captain was, because she had dreamed three times of him, that night, successively: coming down careless, she left the door ajar;

this the two chimney-sweepers boys observed, and they darted into the room, where the Captain was, who, at the very instant, had taken up the chamber-vessel, and was kneeling on the bed, but at their appearance, down he sunk, frightened, upset the urinal, and crept under the bed-clothes, in a very wet, terrified, and pitiful condition.—The boys did not mind him, but went about their work up the chimney.

Doctor Space presently came up stairs to see the Captain; they had been many years intimates; the Doctor was a great materialist, and disprover of revealed religion, a philosopher, orator, and syllogism-maker to the Farthing-field society. Now, although the physician was a scholar; the Captain, who was a fine gentleman, was no thinker at all, but took his friend's opinion, as he did his medicines, upon trust.

Space, walking up the room, with all imaginable consequence, came to the bed-side; called out, Captain, Captain Mac-Fitz; the Captain shoving up the bed-clothes with his head, discovered under a dirty night-cap his lank cheeks, lengthened by the fright, like an optical picture, and large globules of sweat standing in the wrinkles of his forehead, like pebbles in a plough furrow,—looking ghastfully on his friend,—the Doctor seating himself on the bed-side, taking hold of his patient's hand, the following dialogue passed between them.

Doctor. “ My dear Captain Fitz, pray how do you do ? ”

Captain. “ Do—do—Why, I am damned, that's all, and you are damn'd, and we are both damn'd, and there are two little devils gone up the chimney, waiting 'till the wind rises, to carry away our souls.”

Doctor. “ Captain, your ideas are coagulated; your *Pia* and *Dura Mater* act inconclusively; the
“ *sensorium*

“ *sensorium* of your *Pineal Gland* is obnubilated ;
 “ and the *valves* of your imagination being too
 “ much relaxed to retain contact, you have a *lucid*
 “ *Caput*.”

Capt. “ *Capot* : yes, yes, it is a *Capot*, and a *repi-*
 “ *que* too ; *Lucifer* will *repique* us, and we are
 “ damn’d, I tell you : can’t you say one prayer for
 “ us both ? do, try, perhaps that would drive the
 “ devils off for an hour or two——stay, I can say
 “ some of the belief myself——“ As it was in the
 “ beginning, is now”——but I can’t go on with it.
 “ Lord, Lord, what a rogue have I been ! I must be
 “ a fine gentleman, indeed, and cut jokes upon
 “ Heaven, just to make me howl for it.—What will
 “ become of me ?——If I could live my time over
 “ again, before I’d be a Buck, or a Blood or a high
 “ fellow, I’d black shoes. How many fine women’s
 “ reputations have I taken away wrongfully ?—I shall
 “ be tofs’d upon the points of their pitchforks,
 “ from one devil to another for that.—How many
 “ people’s pockets have I picked at picquet and
 “ billiards.—The imps will pick out my eyes for
 “ that——then I debauched my friend’s wife, and
 “ told of it afterwards.—They’ll pull out my tongue
 “ with red hot pincers, for that.”

Doct. “ Captain, I intreat attention.—Corporeal
 “ sensibilities are extinguished upon a dissolution
 “ of the material organs ; therefore succinctly will I
 “ elucidate discriminately, that such phantoms are
 “ heterogeneous.”

Capt. “ O Lord ! no more of your unintel-
 “ ligibleness, you used to tell me there was no hell,
 “ and I was such a fool as to believe you ; for I
 “ was too fine a fellow to read myself. Now, what
 “ signifies all your arguments, when there’s two little
 “ devils come to confute them ?”

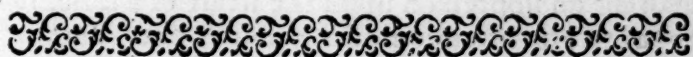
Just at that instant, the boys had filled their sack ;
 and dropt it down on the hearth :—the room was
 instantly

instantly filled with foot dust.—The Doctor was struck speechless; and the Captain once more retreated between the bed-clothes; and creeping out at the feet, bending like a posture-master, got that way under the bed, praying all the while, as well as he could, that they would carry his friend away without him.

The two boys lugged the sack along the room, which the Doctor observed; and turning down the blankets, and not finding his friend in bed, firmly believed the devils were dragging him off; and fearing that his turn would come next, opened the sash, crept out upon the penthouse, and slid off into the street; but luckily for him, a baker's boy with an empty basket on his shoulder, going by, received him; but the weight brought them both to the ground—the Doctor crying out, for God's sake, help, help, there are two devils in that house flying away with my friend.

Away a croud ran up stairs, just as the two boys had brought the sack out of the room to the landing place; but hearing people below, went a pair of stairs higher, and left the sack upright at the door. The mob, seeing something black stand upon the stair-head, halted, and called a council. The Captain who, by this time, had put his head and two hands from underneath the bed, and looked like half an overgrown turtle, at the sound of the human voices, got out. His wet shirt was now dirt dried, covered with woolly sweepings, his night-cap off, and hair all frizzled, he looked like a mad hot-tentot. In that figure, barefoot, he padded to the room door—the mob below seeing him coming, called out the devil! and ran down stairs. He tumbled over the sack, the foot came out after him, and all covered with dust, tramped out of doors, and ran over the way. It happened to be a barber's shop, who had just lathered a customer: confusion immediately took possession of the family—the man
in

in the fuds run one way, the barber another ; the apprentice hid himself in the necessary house and the wife crept into the washing-tub, while Captain Fitz, availing himself of his affright, unperceived, crept up into the first floor, which was rented by a girl of the town, and she was drunk in bed. Into the bed, by her, in that miserable condition, the Captain crept ; but what the girl said when she awoke, we are entire strangers to ; but this we are certain of, that he recovered of his illness, and during the remainder of his life, he behaved very penitently, and at last died a good Christian.



SOPHRONISCUS *and* LUCINDA.

THE word Beauty is not to be defined, tho' the power of what is denoted by it is felt by every body ; nothing can be more mysterious than its nature, or more obscure than its essence ; to explain what it consists in is impossible, since it is so far from being the result of a set of features or a complexion, that those may be faultless, and yet the person to whom they belong, by no means considered as a striking beauty. That which pleases the sight is generally allowed to be beautiful, but what this pleasing somewhat is founded upon, is not easy to determine ; for my part, I have been always of opinion, that it is owing to the qualities of the mind being impressed upon, and visible in the features ; and I doubt not but the story I now send you will be thought sufficiently to support an opinion which many have adopted as probable.

A gen-

A gentleman of a philosophic turn of mind, who chose to reside at Cambridge, where he had distinguished himself in a particular manner, by outshining most of his competitors in learning, so entirely devoted himself to study, that his acquaintance thought him incapable of every other passion. This gentleman, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Sophroniscus, had formed a resolution to live single all his life; but this resolution, like that of Benedict in the play, was counteracted by the wanton god, whose power is sometimes most felt by those who have most called it in question.—The beautiful Lucinda, whose charms were capable of making an impression upon the heart of a stoic, soon engaged the attention of the philosopher, and for a time took him off from the investigation of speculative truths. Sophroniscus was assiduous in his courtship of Lucinda, and his passion was far from being diminished by repeated visits, that every day he saw her appeared to be the first. His happiness was rendered compleat by marriage, and the raptures of the lover, instead of being extinguished, received new force from enjoyment. In a word, the continuance of Sophroniscus's passion fully refuted the remark of the poet, that

“ Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
“ Fades in his eyes, and palls upon the sense.”

Philosophers are as liable to make false steps as other men: Sophroniscus himself formed a design which proved totally destructive of his happiness.—He resolved to go to London with Lucinda, as retirement had no longer any charms for a man who had lost all relish for study, and she had frequently discovered an inclination to see the capital.

Our married philosopher had not been long in London, till he found an alteration in the behaviour of his wife, which gave him great uneasiness.

—It

—It happened with her as it does with a great many other Ladies who quit the country for the town, instead of acquiring new accomplishments, she contracted a variety of foibles, which she had before been free from; and instead of improving in politeness, her deportment, which has been unexceptionable, was spoiled and rendered ridiculous by affectation. Her beauty did not indeed lose its lustre, but the folly and levity of her behaviour made it entirely lose its effects.

She no more appeared to Sophroniscus to be the same Lucinda, whom he never beheld without rapture; nor could her eyes, by affectation rolling into a squint, make any longer an impression upon his heart. He every day neglected her more and more, and this was to her a matter of perfect indifference, for she could not help conceiving a secret contempt for her husband, when she compared him to the smarts and men of fashion of the town. The coldness between them became mutual, and they soon agreed in the article of separate beds.—They lived in the same house, as if they had been perfect strangers to each other. Sophroniscus imagined his eyes had been under the power of fascination, when Lucinda appeared beautiful to him; and Lucinda could not conceive how she could ever have a liking for so awkward and unbred a man as Sophroniscus.

To such a pitch did the indifference of the latter arrive, that he was not even susceptible of jealousy at seeing the encouragement given by Lucinda to some young fellows, who were her declared admirers, and who discovered their passion for her, in a manner that would have alarmed an husband who had any remaining affection for his wife.—Jealousy, as Rochefaucalt justly observes, is always born with love; but Sophroniscus's love for Lucinda had been long since dead, and jealousy could

could not gain admission to his breast. He did not apprehend that the virtue of Lucinda was in danger, and he was entirely regardless who had possession of her heart.

While this couple lived, as it were, in a state of celibacy, and seemed to have made a tacit consent to consider each other as perfect strangers, Lucinda fell dangerously ill of the small-pox; and the little concern shewn by Sophroniscus upon that occasion, though there was great reason to think her life in danger, was a complete demonstration, that his affections were entirely alienated from a wife to whom he had once vowed eternal love. Lucinda escaped with life, but the consequence of her disease was to her more dreadful than death itself: she was deprived of what has been thought by many to be dearer to a woman than life; she was deprived of her beauty, and this was to her a source of unutterable affliction. So great was her regret at losing that beauty, which was her pride and distinguishing perfection, that it seemed almost to justify the observation of Mons. St. Evermond, that “the last sighs of a beautiful woman are less for her life than her beauty.”

Whilst the females whom Lucinda surpassed in personal attractions, were rejoiced to see her vanity thus humbled; and the men, who admired her before, looked upon her as an object of compassion: Sophroniscus alone could discover no alteration, so long had her beauty, seen through the medium of distrust, appeared deformity to his eye. Lucinda's grief was for some time excessive; but as her understanding was naturally good, she drew the highest advantages from an event, which she at first considered as the worst that could befall her. She became sensible of her folly and affectation, and her personal deformity was, as it were, a glass in which she beheld the defects of her mind.—

Her

Her former levity of behaviour appeared to her in the most odious light; she became discreet and reserved in her conversation, and the pleasures of the town having no longer any charm capable of engaging her attention, she dedicated all her leisure hours to study, so that her natural good sense was in a short time greatly improved by an acquaintance with books. Her acquired knowledge soon made her shine in conversation, her superior understanding was acknowledged by the men, though they thought it but a poor compensation for the loss of her external charms; and the women, who had envied her as a beauty, at last dreaded her as a wit.

The consciousness of her want of personal attractions, prevented from giving way to the suggestions of pride; and as improvement in moral virtues was what she had in view, her increase of knowledge was not attended with ostentation; but prudence restrained her from indulging those sallies of wit, which rendered her formidable to all her female acquaintance.

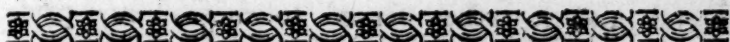
Sophroniscus was the last to perceive that improvement in Lucinda, which was visible to every other eye; he thought her beauty was decayed, long before she had lost it in effect, and so much was he prepossessed against her, that her mental acquisitions for a time escaped his notice.

He could not, however, continue long insensible to the merit of Lucinda; he was struck with her improvement in understanding, and took pleasure in conversing with her as a companion; at the same time he could not but behold her with seeming returns of affection: notwithstanding, her consciousness of loss of beauty, made her despair of ever recovering the place she formerly held in his heart. This made her modest and diffident, and her modesty rendered her conversation still more engaging to

Sophroniscus. His serious turn of mind was perfectly satisfied in the company of one who could reason with strength and solidity, and who had so much respect for his judgment, that she never differed from him in opinion. His former passion began to revive imperceptibly, and so strong was the power of delusion, that he at last came to think her as beautiful as ever.

Folly and affliction had before made him blind to her real charms, and her internal alteration produced an equal effect; he saw in her beauties, which had no longer any existence, except in his imagination. In a word, Sophroniscus became again the passionate lover; his friends thought Lucinda had recovered all her charms, and that her beauty was restored to its former lustre. Nothing could equal the joy of Lucinda at seeing herself again possessed of her husband's affections, at a time when she thought herself entirely deprived of the power of pleasing; and Sophroniscus, whose satisfaction was compleat, resolved to retire with her again into the country, where she had first captivated his heart. This design was immediately put into execution, and our lovers lived happily for the rest of their days: Sophroniscus being completely blessed in the possession of fancied beauty, and Lucinda, by the recovery of a heart which she had lost by her folly and affectation.

From this example, and many others of the same kind, the ladies may learn the great importance of mental qualifications, since they atone for the want of beauty, when possessed in any high degree, and since without them the highest external charms are not secure from neglect.



The History of MATILDA.

WHEN people have committed great errors, and in consequence of those errors, have experienced great misfortunes, it is a duty which they owe society, to warn others of the rocks on which their own happiness has been so fatally lost.—From a consciousness of this duty, I have troubled the Printer with the following narrative, which is the history—the melancholy history—of my own life, and which, though I cannot presumptuously hope it will prove entertaining, will, I flatter myself, at least be productive of some advantage to the reader.

I was the only daughter of a gentleman, who held an employment under the government, amounting to five hundred pounds a year; yet though this employment was his principal dependance, and tho' he was always under a necessity of appearing rather elegantly in the world, still no care was omitted to give his favourite Matilda a finished education. I was therefore instructed at an early period in French and Italian, was taught all the fashionable needle-works that keep young women regularly employed, without answering any one purpose of real utility, and made such a mistress of the harpsichord before I attained my fourteenth year, that I was considered by the connoisseurs on this instrument, as a kind of musical miracle: Add to those accomplishments, that I sung with some voice and much taste, danced with remarkable grace, and possessed a person which was the incessant object of general adulation.

In giving this picture of myself, I shall not be suspected of vanity, because at the very period I am speaking of, I was more entitled to pity than to

praise ; my education had been elegant ; but no way useful, and it rather served to encrease my pride than to enlarge my understanding——instead of teaching me to be chearful, humble and obliging, it rendered me sullen, froward and capricious ; and therefore instead of modestly endeavouring to obtain the esteem of those with whom I conversed, I laid an insolent claim to their admiration.—My poor father, who imagined the world beheld me with the eyes of his own partiality, rather encouraged than discountenanced the extraordinary value which I set upon my own accomplishments, and neglected the cultivation of my mind, though he hourly sacrificed to my vanity.—He fancied that the knowledge of a language or two, would necessarily give me good sense, and believed the turn of my disposition must be right, because I sung prettily and made a figure at my harpsichord.—Alas ! how severely has experience convinced me, that a single scruple of discretion out-weighs all the benefits to be reaped from the French or the Italian ; and how heartily do I wish, that the hours which have been so prodigally lavished in the attainment of mere embellishment, had been wisely employed in the less fashionable studies of regulating a family.

Wishes, however, will not, to use the forceable language of a modern writer,

“ Roll back the flood of never ebbing time,”

and therefore, from usele's exclamations, I shall proceed with the simple relation of facts. Notwithstanding my boundless vanity and the well-known slenderness of my father's circumstances, I had several advantageous matches proposed me before I reached my eighteenth year ; but these were in general disregarded, both because no impression had been made upon my heart, and because I fancied my wonderful merits would at any time procure me a husband
with

with an affluent fortune. At length Mr. Markham, who had acquired a prodigious property as a Commissary during the last war, making overtures, my father, thought it prudent to consent; and as I had no objection whatsoever to Mr. Markham's person or manner, we were married in a few weeks, and I found myself mistress of a magnificent house in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square.

Being thus happily settled, and indulged in every wish of my heart by Mr. Markham, my pride soon broke out into the most excessive extravagance, and I grew wholly indifferent to every enjoyment but my rage for admiration.—In vain my husband exerted every argument of tenderness, and every act of generosity, to shew me the folly, nay the danger of my pursuit.—His remonstrance I construed into insolence, and imagined he was sufficiently happy in the possession of so invaluable a treasure as myself, without putting a disagreeable restraint upon my inclinations.—The truth was, he married me from a principle of affection, and I had given him my hand entirely from a motive of vanity.—He expected to have his passion returned with transport, and I looked for a continual round of glitter and dissipation.—He pined to have me more at home, and I sickened for every fashionable amusement.—The consequence at last was, that he became gloomy in proportion as I grew indifferent, and this gloominess appeared, in my conception of things, very ungrateful. I determined to punish it as much as possible, by engaging myself abroad in an endless round of pleasures, and by making little more than a sleeping place of his house.

In this manner matters continued almost two years, during which time we had two children; but the maternal duties were much too vulgar for a woman of my superior accomplishments, therefore I did not honour home the more with my presence.

on account of this increase in my family.—Notwithstanding my continual engagements abroad, however, I was about this time informed of a circumstance, which extremely mortified my vanity—and this was, that Mr. Markham and my woman, who was a very likely girl, had frequent meetings at a milliner's, in one of the bye-streets of our neighbourhood.—Tho' I never felt any tenderness for Mr. Markham, this intelligence gave my pride a very sensible mortification: however indifferent I might be about him, there was no supporting the idea of his infidelity to me; I could bear to see him miserable by my negligence, but it was intolerable to think of his being attached to any body else—it was a treason against the majesty of my merit, and I determined in a fatal hour to be amply revenged on the criminal.—O ye daughters of reputation, beware of exerting a false resentment, even where the perfidy of your husbands may be evident.—Let not his errors lead you into actual crimes, nor madly make a sacrifice of your own happiness, and your own character, through a ridiculous notion of retaliating your wrongs—you can suffer no distress that will equal a fall into infamy. The affliction of the innocent is an elysium, compared to the anguish of the guilty, and the stroke of calamity is always keen in proportion to the consciousness of having deserved it. Had I prudently considered this, while the consideration would have been useful, my bloom of life would not now be chilled by the blasts of shame, nor had the storm of reproach rooted up all the flattering prospect of my future felicity the sunshine of tranquility would have smiled upon my morning, and my evening would have been wholly unimbittered with tears.—But alas! I must resent where I ought to reconcile, and instead of recovering my husband's affection, excite his detestation. It is unnecessary to explain myself farther. 'Tis needless to tell you, that there
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are men enough to flatter a woman who has youth and a passable person, especially where she is a slave to dissipation. This was unhappily my case, and in the rash, the wretched moment of my indignation at Mr. Markham's infidelity, some demon rendered a professed admirer of mine so very importunate; that I listened to him from motives of revenge, and yielding to his solicitation on purpose to punish my husband, was utterly undone.

The inconsiderate, the unpardonable step I had taken was not long concealed, nor did it ever strike me till it was published, that without making my infamy universally known, I could enjoy no triumph over poor Mr. Markham. It was however no sooner known, which was in a few days, through the vanity of my paramour, than I was overwhelmed not only with disgrace, but with remorse—and discovered that my resentment against my unfortunate husband was as unjustly founded, as the fatal indifference which originally gave birth to my crime.—Mr. Markham, indeed, had frequent meetings with my woman at the milliner's I have mentioned; but these meetings were perfectly innocent, nay they were perfectly laudable; the round of amusements in which I was constantly engaged, and the avidity with which I listened to every coxcomb that offered up incense at the shrine of my vanity, had for a long time filled him with doubts of my honour, and he naturally enough imagined, that she, who disdained to preserve the appearance of reputation, would entertain but little regard for the reality.—Actuated by a belief of this nature, and supposing that my woman must necessarily be my confidant in case of any illicit correspondence, he had frequently appointments with her at the milliner's, not chusing, for fear of suspicion, to converse with her privately in his own house.—Thus the very measures he took to save me from ruin became material causes of my destruction; and thus by
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the preposterous pride of a wretch, who was wholly unworthy of him, the happiness of his family was eternally blasted, while he earnestly laboured for its restoration.

Had the unhappy consequence however terminated here, I think it would have been possible for a life of penitence to give me some distant idea of comfort, and the disgrace to which I am justly cast out might be considered as a kind of expiation of my crime—but alas! the guilt of infidelity was to be attended with blood, and Mr. Markham was not only to be ruined in his peace, but my father!—Oh, Sir, the recollection, the bare recollection of the miseries which my infamy has produced, almost drives me into madness; and I am astonished that the laws do not cut off such monsters as myself from the face of society. —Mighty God! look down upon me with an eye of compassion—these tears are not the tears of disappointed pride, nor these tresses now torn from my miserable head, because my vanity is no longer to be indulged.—No, the anguish of my soul is now the genuine result of contrition; and I will hope for pardon in the future world, though I neither can look for tranquility or forgiveness in this:—but to go on.

The instant that my perfidy reached Mr. Markham's ears, he flew to me (I was then in my dressing room) and in a tone of the utmost despair exclaimed: "O Matilda! what have I done to deserve this?—" "Was it not enough to destroy my repose, without—" "murdering my reputation; or if you had no regard for my honour, why were you lost to all pity—" "for your helpless innocents? they have never offended, though I have unhappily displeased, and—" "they were intitled to some little compassion, tho'—" "no pity whatsoever might be due to me: —but,—" "Madam, (continued he, raising his voice into a—" "fierceness that terrified me) though you have made—" "me

"me wretched you shall not make me contemptible ;
 "—this moment you must quit my house, nor
 "shall you enter my habitation more—the unhappy
 "little ones will be carefully attended to, but they
 "shall be taught to forget every trace of a mother
 "who had covered them with infamy, and planted
 "daggers in the bosom of their unfortunate father."
 —Saying this, he hurried out, while I fainted in
 the arms of my woman, and remained so wholly
 senseless for several hours, that my recovery was
 entirely despaired of.

On recovering the use of my senses, (O what a
 misfortune is the power of recollection to the
 wretched!) I was removed, in obedience to Mr.
 Markham's positive order, to my father's.—Here,
 instead of receiving consolation, I was to look for the
 keenest of all reproach; but, contrary to my ex-
 pectations, the voice that hailed me was the voice of
 pity, and the venerable author of my being was al-
 most in the agonies of death, as they led me trem-
 bling to his apartments.—He had been for a long
 time confined by the gout, and this unlooked-for
 calamity throwing it instantly into his stomach be-
 yond the power of medicine, he lay patiently waiting
 for the moment of dissolution.—On my entrance
 he was raised up in his bed, where he held forth his
 trembling hands, and with some difficulty articu-
 lated, "O Matilda, forgive your father—it was my
 "mistaken manner of education that has ruined
 "my unhappy child!"—He could utter no more—
 his pangs came on him too fast, and he expired be-
 fore they could convey me from the dreadful scene
 to another room.—Here I was seized with a violent
 fever, and lay delirious several days.—When the
 violence of the disorder was abated—I enquired—I
 ventured to enquire, after Mr. Markham and my
 poor children—the accounts I received were flatter-
 ing, and greatly forwarded my recovery—but my
 health

health was no sooner re-established, than I found these accounts to be entirely the pious frauds of friendship, and calculated only to hasten my amendment.—The truth was, Mr. Markham had been obliged to fly for killing the wretched partner of my guilt, in a duel, and he took the two children along with him—where he had taken refuge nobody could tell me; nor have I to this hour discovered the place of his retreat.—His house, his estates, his property in the funds, were all converted into money, and once a year I receive a cover containing a note for two hundred pounds—it comes from his appointment I am well convinced, but there is no possibility of tracing him, though it is now seven years since he justly spurned me from his protection.—O that he knew the anguish of my heart, or heard that my time is wholly passed in solitude, and tears.—O that he would bless me with one look at my poor children.—’Tis true their mother is a scandal to them, and the mention of her name must tinge their young cheeks with an instant glow of indignation—but my sweet babes—my lovely little ones, though your mother is an outcast—though she is a wretch, she feels for you with the keenest sensibility, and would sacrifice her life with joy to be convinced that you are in health and security—she must not dare to indulge the hope of ever seeing your highly injured father—that happiness she has eternally forfeited—could she, however, clasp you for a moment, a single moment, to her agonizing bosom, she would.—O Mr. Markham, if this paper should happily fall into your hands, bestow one charitable thought upon a creature now humbled in the dust, and bleeding with the deepest contrition for her crimes—as a wife she does not presume to mention herself—not mean to address your tenderness, but to implore your humanity—have pity on her therefore, dear Sir—only say that you are well yourself, and that your children are
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in health, and if the prayers of such a monster to the throne of mercy can be any way efficacious, the little remnant of her unfortunate life shall be employed in supplicating that happiness for you and your's both here and hereafter, which she can never enjoy in this world, and which without your forgiveness she may possibly have forfeited in the next.



The WIDGEON: *A* TALE.

JACK Sawwell, as honest a carpenter as ever drove nail in timber, lived as happy a life as man could live, till his good or bad genius (I know not which) inspired him to do penance for his sins; I mean to marry. He married then; alas, the day!—Mrs. Ann—for so the good creature was called whom he deigned to make bone of his bone—took great care, like the rest of her sex, to put on her best airs before marriage: you would have sworn she could not say boh, to a goose; and yet, between you and I, she was a very Xantippe. She lisped out “honour and “obey,” in so humble, so compliant a tone; that Plumpjoles the parson, turning up his eyes to heaven in admiration, compared this couple to the Primitive pair, and prayed heaven to shower down its choicest blessing upon them.

Well—the honey-moon, you may easily imagine, wained an uninterrupted scene of rapturous delight. Not so, egads! you are shrewdly mistaken in your opinion: madam, whose temper like a brooding tempest, had kept lowering a while, only to pour down with greater impetuosity, began the very next day

day to give him a specimen of what he was to expect in *futuro*.

Honest Sawwell, arose the next morning, highly delighted with the passive obedience of his wife, and went to work as usual; for he was an industrious, pains-taking man—none of your holiday-makers. Before he went out, he gave his spouse half a guinea: “my dear (said he) buy us something nice for dinner, though it cost a shilling extraordinary, let us go through the week as merrily as we began it.” Would you believe it, Gentlemen, Mrs. Ann, for once in her life, paid an implicit obedience to her husband’s commands: probably her passion for tid bits reigned predominant that day; that is the only reason I am capable of assigning for her condescension. To market she went, and purchased a wild duck, as she thought, and as the poulterer swore; but we can assure our readers, from very good authority, that it was nothing more than a widgeon; which bears so near a resemblance to the wild duck, that none but connoisseurs can distinguish the one from the other.

When her husband came, “my dear (said she) what do you think I have bought for dinner?”—“I don’t know (says she) mayhap you have bought a goose.—“No, (replied she) but I have bought as fine a wild-duck, as ever you set your eyes on.” Having deposited her duck upon a dish, poured her gravey over it, and added the necessary garnish of slices of lemon, she served it up.

The carpenter now returned from whetting his knife upon the stairs, and casting his eyes upon the dish——“Zounds! Nan, (cried he) why, sure, you did not buy this for a duck?”—“Not buy that for a duck! why, what did I buy it for then? (cries she, tossing up her head)——“Why, ’tis no more a duck than I am a duck (replied the carpenter) take my word for it, ’tis nothing but a
“widgeon.”

* widgeon."—" A widgeon; a fool's head! (cries his wife in a rage) do you think I don't know a duck when I see it, as well as you do? besides, the woman said it was a duck."—" The woman is a lying jade, (said the carpenter) I'll warrant you imagine the woman knows better than I do, who am a Lincolnshire man, and have killed scores of them in the Fenns."—" Why now, only behold the obstinacy of the man (cries Mrs. Ann) why, I tell you again it is a duck; and it shall be a duck."—" My dear (said the carpenter, who had much of the philosopher in his temper) you do not consider, that while we are spending our time in idle disputes, the widgeon stands cooling."—" 'Tis no widgeon, I tell you again (says the wife) but a duck."—" Well then, my dear, (replied he) let it be a duck for peace sake."—" For peace sake, or not for peace sake (continued she) it is a duck, and I will take my oath it is a duck."—" I own it (said Sawwell) it was I that was in the fault: let us agree to drop the discourse, and do you cut up the duck."——His wife, resolving to have the last word, continued to harp on the same string all the time she was carving:—" yes, (says she) looking attentively at her husband) 'tis a duck; look as spiteful as you please, 'tis a duck."

Sawwell, who had now lost all patience, rose from his chair: " Hang you, for a termagant huffey, (said he) I have been fool enough to let you have your own way, for the sake of a quiet life, and yet that will not content you, but you must be bringing up the old story again; hold your tongue, or, by George, I'll cuff you handsomely." " Hold your tongue (said she) why should I hold my tongue, when I know it is a duck;—you cuff me; I defy you, you villain! touch me, at your

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" peril;

" peril, I'll clapperclaw you, you rogne!—yet, 'tis
 " a duck; in spite of your teeth, 'tis a"—duck,
 she would have said, but a stout box from the husband made the word recoil again down her throat: and now a most dreadful combat ensued;—pinching—scratching—tearing—cuffing—and bruising. The victory which had long remained doubtful, declared at length in favour of the husband; and the wife, totally defeated, fled into the street, still crying out, " 'tis a duck, 'tis a duck."—Sawwell, having lopped off a leg and a wing, marched away to the next public house, eat his dinner in peace, and returned to his evening work. When he came home at night, all was quiet; no mention made of the quarrel: they sipped their lamb's-wool together, and went to bed; where Mrs. Ann conformed again to the doctrine of passive obedience, as she had done the preceding night.

The next day at dinner, " my dear (says she to her husband) I hope in God, we shall eat our bit to-day, with a little more comfort than we did yesterday: you must confess, however, that you were in a very ill-humour."—" Nay, my dear, (replied the carpenter) don't say so, it was the effects of your obstinacy: did I not desire you to drop the discourse? it seemed to me as if you took a pleasure in contradicting me, and making me angry." " Nay, but how was I to blame? (cries she) I only said it was a duck; and a duck it was, that I am certain of."—" Come, come, Nan, don't begin again, but let us live peaceably and quietly, can't you?"—" With all my heart (replies she) I am sure, if nobody loved quarelling better than I do, there would be more peace and harmony in the world than what there is: but however, I am certain as how, it was a duck, if I was to die this moment."—" Nan, hold your tongue, once again,
 " (said

“ (said the carpenter, who began to grow warm)
 “ Why should I hold my tongue (replies she) when
 “ I know it was a duck?”——“ Zounds! woman,
 “ (cries Sawwell, whom her obstinacy had irritated)
 “ if you will not be silent, I’ll serve you as I did
 “ yesterday.”——“ No, that I will not, (says she)
 “ it was a duck; and I will swear it was a duck.”—

And now, an hearty cuff from the carpenter gave the signal to engage. Mrs. Ann, with nimble fingers, seized with both hands upon a dish, big with the remains of their dinner, and darted it at her husband’s noddle: but, by the interposition of some deity, the dish took a contrary course, and fell amongst a set of china, which Mrs. Ann had purchased the day before; three cups, two saucers, and the lid of a broken tea-pot fell sacrifices to her fury.

The carpenter at length, tired of waging so unequal a fight, seized upon a crabstick that stood near him, which was a twin brother of that of the famous parson Adams, of whom Fielding in his excellent romance makes such honourable mention; and the victory, which had hitherto been doubtful, began to declare itself in his favour, when the appearance of the neighbours, who had been disturbed by the uproar, put a final conclusion to the combat. By their friendly interposition, the breach was again cemented, and they passed the ensuing night as lovingly as two turtles; but the next day at dinner the duck was brought upon the carpet, and a battle fought and won, as usual, and from that time to this, not a day has passed, but has been productive of the like consequences. . . .

I must insist upon it, though it will undoubtedly seem a paradox to some ladies, that the wife is ever to blame, when she persists, tenacious of her argument, to contest with her husband: in trivial

disputes she ought always to shew her condescension by submitting. What benefit can possibly result to her from a victory gained at so dear a rate, as the loss of her husband's affections? let her rather, like the great Scipio, learn to gain a sure and lasting victory by temporizing. When her husband has had leisure to reflect, and becomes sensible of his mistake; with what delight, with what inexpressible raptures will he behold the dear woman, or rather the dear angel, who could make so great a sacrifice to his tranquility! he will amply repay, by a profession of love and tenderness, the mortification she underwent for his sake.



Story of the DUKE of TUSCANY.

Cosmo de Medicis, Grand duke of Tuscany; concerning whom, on account of his prodigious wealth, it was rumoured, that he had the art of transmutation. A noble Venetian, who, though he had but a small fortune, was extremely well recommended to his highness, (and by his polite behaviour, added daily to his credit in that court) one day fairly put the question, and asked the duke, if he had the philosopher's stone or not? My friend said the duke, I have; and because I have a regard for you, I will give you the receipt in a few words: "I never bid another do that which I can do myself; " I never put off till to-morrow what may be done to-day; nor do I think any matter so trivial as not to deserve notice." The Venetian thanked his serene highness for the secret; and by observing his rules, acquired a great estate.



The Fruitless PRECAUTION.

IN the merry and licentious reign of king Charles the Second, the spirit of gallantry spread like a wildfire, from the court, to the most remote provinces of Britain. The rural scenes, till then the seat of Saturnian innocence, did not escape the general contagion: gallantry, or libertinism, for the terms are strictly synonymous, reigned with equal sway in the splendid palace, and homely cottage.

A country 'squire, of good fortune, had long conceived an inclination to enter into the holy noose of wedlock; but being a person of too refined a way of thinking for the reigning fashion of the times, he found it no very easy matter to suit himself in a consort: long had he continued a fruitless search from fair to fair; he still found that levity and coquetry were the characteristicks of every female he paid his addresses to. Heartily tired in the pursuit, he had thoughts of quitting the chace, and remaining a batchelor the rest of his days; when fortune, who generally confers her favours when we least expect them, thought fit to make him amends for all his past trouble and disappointments; by bringing him acquainted with a young lady, the most accomplished of her sex: at least she was so in his opinion.

This peerless Dulcinea had imbibed a part of her education, under the tutelage of an old antiquated maiden aunt, who lived in a very retired situation; and inveighed bitterly against the follies of the age, because she had lost all hopes of partaking

taking in them. In short, she was, what you may call her, a forlorn spinster: she had been a fine woman in her time, but had trifled away the spring of her life in quaintness and coquetry, till winter had stole upon her imperceptibly, and silvered o'er her head; and her admirers were all fled, before she was aware of it, to a warmer climate: she therefore despised the world, because the world despised her; and "nobody cares for me, I care "for nobody," was now the burden of her song. She brought up her niece in such perfect ignorance of the world, that she had never heard of gallantry; nor was she even acquainted with the idiom of the world. Her innocence and beauty made so sensible an impression on the 'squire, that he married her, though far his inferior in point of fortune. The nuptials were celebrated at the aunt's house, who is said to have sighed, at the idea of joys she was doomed never—cruel thought!—never to experience. After a few days spent in carousing, as is usual upon similar occasions, the new-married pair set out for the husband's seat, where they loved, and cooed like two turtles; finding no delight, but in the society of each other.

The 'squire, one day in the midst of his dalliance with his charming bride, received a letter from London, informing him of the death of a near relation, who had bequeathed him a very considerable legacy, and made him his executor; and his presence was absolutely necessary in London, in order to prove the will. The 'squire was not a little embarrassed upon the occasion, as he must be under a necessity of quitting, for a while, his beloved wife, and knew not what might be the consequence; for at that period, the sanction of the court, rendered the debauching of a man's wife as glorious a feat, as the gaining of a victory over the common enemy. Love of mammon, and love of wife, caused

ed an alternate conflict in his breast; this moment he resolved to forego the treasure, and, like Anthony, sacrifice All for Love; the next he changed his resolution, and resolved to sacrifice love to interest.

Oh! for the glowing genius, and energetic expression of an Homer; then, courteous reader, would we entertain you with the poetical description of a battle: Plutus and Venus, should have a sound bout at fifty-cuffs, like any porter and oyster-wench in town; there should be clawing and scratching, cuffing and tearing till the paper smoked again; but since the muses are coy, and do not deign to inspire us, we shall e'en proceed, according to our ordinary method, in plain intelligible prose

The sacred thirst of lucre gained the predominance, and the 'squire resolved to go to London; but knowing his spouse to be the simplest, best natured creature living, he could not think of parting till he had first given her a little wholesome advice, how to regulate her conduct in his absence. Having brought his sermon to a conclusion, he told her he had one favour to ask, which he conjured her not to refuse him: the good creature was all condescension, and promised faithfully to perform his commands. Having sworn her to obedience: "my dear, (said he) the favour I would ask, and which I entreat you, as you love me, strictly to obey, is this: that if any man, let him be who he will, should speak to you during my absence, you will answer—No—to whatever questions he asks you." She replied, with a gracious smile that pierced him quite through the heart, that his injunctions were too easy not to be complied with; and that she wished he would make trial of her love and obedience, by some more difficult task. No married man, we believe, will doubt but that
this

this amiable condescension in his spouse, sent the 'squire off as contented as a prince.

As soon as his back was turned, his loving wife, who grieved as much for a short absence, as others do for the death of an husband, took a solitary turn in the garden, to endeavour to alleviate the violence of her affliction. At that very instant, who should ride along the garden wall, but a spruce young officer, gallantly caparisoned. The army, as we all know, are the very quintessence of gallantry; and a red coat carries with it the same irresistible magic, as a purse of guineas; that is, when it is covered with lace: whether or no it would retain its virtue despoiled of that ornament—Quere—The officer remained, for some time, wrapt in admiration at the sight of so beauteous an object: lilies and roses were nothing compared to the native bloom on her cheeks; he felt himself touched with that soft, that tender passion, which poets describe as a nectareous cup, which the gods do not disdain to taste; while the graver divine inveighs against it as a poisonous draught, whose venom deals certain death: yet, true Mahometan-like, will drink privately, the liquor he decries in the pulpit. The officer, like an undaunted hero, resolved immediately to attack the fortress: the only point that remained undecided was, whether to proceed by sap, or by storm. After some little hesitation, he determined on the former, as the surest method; and doubted not but to have undermined the walls, before the garrison was aware of his intentions. He took off his hat, and making a low bow, “Madam (said he, in a voice more charming than that of Philomel) I humbly intreat your indulgence, for the liberty I take of intruding upon your privacy; I am quite a stranger in these parts, and and have lost my way; pray do me the favour to inform me, if this is the road to London?”

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The lady, yielding due obedience to her husband's commands, answered him in the negative. He begged she would tell him what road to keep, and still received the same answer.

The officer, finding something remarkable in the adventure, resolved to vary the discourse. "Madam, (said he) would it be displeasing to you, if I do myself the honour of taking a turn with you in the garden?"—"No, Sir," (replied she) "I hope (continued he) that you will not be offended, if I entreat the favour of you to open the door." "No, Sir," said she, immediately opening it.

The officer alighted in raptures, kissed her hand in an extasy, and took a turn round the garden with her; but was not a little surprized, that she should always answer in the negative to every question he asked. However he did not cease entertaining her upon the score of gallantry, with which he thought she did not seem displeased. "Madam, (said he when dinner time approached) you would not have me leave you, I presume?"—"No, Sir," (said she) "You will not be displeased, if I do myself the honour of dining with you?" she still answered in the negative.

The officer having put up his nag, waited upon his fair incognita into the dining-room, where they found the dinner ready served; and dined together. When the table was uncovered, the officer, whose good fortune had increased his usual flow of spirits, seeing a lute lie in the window, took it up, and having obtained a negative permission from the lady, to entertain her with a specimen of his singing, sung the following air:

S O N G.

To win a fair maid,
 All arts I essay'd,
 Now courtier, now beau, and now 'squire;
 Now merry and glad,
 Now pining and sad,
 But, egad, I drew never the nigher.

With piteous moan,
 I made my case known
 To a matron, experienc'd and wise;
 Says she, "Take the aid
 "Of red coat and cockade,
 "I'll warrant, you'll carry the prize."

I took her advice,
 And whip, in a trice,
 Cloathed in uniform, gallantly lac'd;
 My business was done,
 For her heart I soon won,
 This recipe — probatum est.

Having ended his sonnet highly to the approbation of the fair lady, who was infinitely delighted with that sprightliness and freedom of behaviour common to gentlemen of the army; he proposed a second tour in the garden, which was readily accepted by the willing dame. During this second tour, the officer entertained her with all the vivacity and good humour he was master of, hoping to make an impression on her in his favour. When it drew towards evening, he asked her if she would be displeased at his attending her to the tea-table; and receiving the usual negative in the affirmative, he immediately waited on her thither. Egad, thinks he

he to himself, if she does but continue a little longer in this humour, I would lay an even wager, that I come in for a night's lodging before I have done. When they had sipped their tea, and the equipage was removed; "will you be offended, lovely fair, (said he) if I stay supper with you, and lie here to-night."—"No, Sir," replied she as before.

When supper time came, down they sat, cheek by jowl. The wine, which was generous, was a reinforcement to the officer's courage, and soon elevated him to such a pitch, that he drew near his charmer, and clasping her in his arms; "my dear, (said he) I am sure you will not be angry if I ravish a kiss from these sweet pouting lips?" "No," replied she in a languishing tone, expressive of the soft desires that glowed within her breast. The officer, transported to find her so compliant, he imprinted numberless kisses on her ruby lips, and resolving to strike home while the iron was hot, "my angel (said he) will it not be disagreeable to you, to give me part of your bed to-night?"—The comeliness of the young officer, together with his gallantry and good humour, had made so complete a conquest of her heart, that she found little difficulty in answering No, according to her dear husband's directions. The officer immediately offered her his hand, and conducting her to her bed-chamber, they slept into bed together.

Here we must beg leave to draw the curtain, and close the scene till the ensuing morning; when the officer arose, and having expressed his gratitude, in the politest terms, for all favours received, insisted on her accepting, for his sake, a diamond ring which he wore upon his finger; and she, as some other ladies would have done in her place, said No, but took it.

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The officer, having saddled his horse, pursued his journey, not a little diverted with his romantic adventure. He reached the metropolis about dinner time, put up his horse at an inn, and ordered something to be dressed for his dinner; but on the landlord's informing him there was an ordinary in the house, to which five or six gentlemen were just ready to sit down, he agreed to make one with them, for the sake of company. After the cloth was taken away, the bottle began to circulate pretty freely, and the discourse turning upon gallantry, the young officer could not withstand the temptation he had, to relate the adventure of the garden, little imagining that any one in company took any interest in it; but the husband's ill stars had conducted him to the very same ordinary, in order to make him witness of his own dishonour. The officer, 'tis true, omitted to inform the company of the lady's name, and the name of the village where she resided; for, in reality, he was ignorant of both, but had he neither described the house, nor the lady's person, the circumstance of her answering in the negative to all his demands, was strong enough to convince him, he was become a member of the horned fraternity. However, he dissembled his chagrin, and resolved, if possible, to scrape an acquaintance with the officer, for which purpose he begged to have the honour of his company that night, which request he very civilly complied with.

During the time of supper, after discoursing upon other topics, the husband asked him, "what stay he proposed making in town?"—"but two days, at farthest," replied the officer. The husband finding by his discourse, what he too well knew before, that they should both travel the same road, told the officer that, intending to set out about the same time, he should be glad of his company;

company: and as his house would be but very little out of his way, insisted upon his promise to sup with him, and stay a night; to which kind request the officer, who was a boon companion, and who distrusted nothing of his design, readily accepted the invitation.

The husband immediately dispatched his servant, with invitations to the principal relations of his wife, to sup with him on the night of his arrival: his design being, to make the officer relate his adventure again in their presence, that they might be sensible in how tender a point his wife had injured him; and make no opposition to his obtaining a divorce.

His spouse, little dreaming what a snare had been laid for her, provided a very great entertainment. The relations were punctual to their appointment; but the husband, who was apprehensive his guest might remember the house again, took care not to arrive till pretty late. When they came in, they found the company seated, and supper ready to be served up. The officer, with his usual gallantry, saluted the ladies round; and his quondam mistress among the rest: but as he had not the least suspicion of meeting her here, and was besides engaged in ceremonials with the rest of the company, he did not recollect her at that time; but she, whose attention was not so much engaged, soon recollected the features of her lover. She wondered what his business could be with her husband, and trembled lest he should be indiscreet enough, to disclose the secret of their amours. She would gladly have spoke to him, but that was impossible, as her husband had seated him next himself, and engaged him so closely in conversation, in order to withdraw his attention from his wife, that, *malgré* all her repeated endeavours, she could not obtain a regard.

As the majority of the company consisted of females, it was some time before the first peal of conversation was rung: at length, however, wonderful to relate, a short interval of silence ensued, during which, the husband took an opportunity of intreating his guest, to favour the company with a repetition of the pleasant adventure he had related at the inn; and the officer, who was a man of consummate politeness, and never required pressing, immediately complied with his request.

While the officer proceeded in his narration, the husband, who hugged himself in the success of his scheme, eyed his wife very attentively, to see whether he could observe any alteration in her countenance; but he should have remembered the old proverb—"a woman's wit is ready at invention."

His spouse, who knew her honour was at stake, and that all was lost, unless she found an expedient to make herself known to her gallant, immediately addressed herself to him. — "Sir, (said she) you have not drank one glass of wine yet; give me leave to hob-or-nob with you?" and, calling the servant, ordered him to bring two glasses of port, into one of which she privately conveyed the ring he had given her at parting, and presented it herself to the officer; who, having almost brought his story to a conclusion, would have finished it before he drank, but she insisted so obligingly on his compliance, that he could not in good manners refuse. In drinking, he perceived the ring at the bottom of the glass; which he knew to be the same he had presented to his fair bed-fellow; but how great was his astonishment, when he recollected in his host's wife, the features of his mistress! he endeavoured to shift the discourse, by the introduction of some foreign topic; but the husband, who waited impatiently for the conclusion of the story, pressed him to continue. At the instant, Mars, that cuckold

cuckold making deity, intreated, nor intreated in vain, his fair mistress Venus, not to leave her votary, a brother soldier, in the lurch; but kindly to extricate him from the difficulty he laboured under. "Why, what more would you have? (replied the inspired officer) just as I got into bed to her, one of the window shutters flapt too with such violence, that it awakened me; in no very good humour, you may imagine, to find myself thus disappointed in my imaginary scene of blifs."—"Bless me! (cries madam, who was now recovered from her pannic) it was nothing more than a dream, then?"—"Nothing more, I assure you, madam," replied the officer, who by this subtilty evasion, preserved the reputation of his mistress inviolate; and defeated the scheme the poor cuckold had formed, to render her disgrace public.



The two Rogues.

A Certain attorney, of the city of London; whom, for peculiar reasons, we think fit to introduce under the fictitious name of Goosequill, had occasion to purchase an horse; not, like your poor, petty larceny rascals, to take a purse upon the road, and be decently tucked up for it next sessions—no—Mr. Goosequill had too great a veneration for the law, to infringe any of its maxims; and though he made no more scruple of rifling a man, than other brothers of the pad, yet he always took care to do it according to act of parliament.

The occasion of his journey was this;—'squire Hedgditch, a keen young foxhunter in Nottinghamshire, happened, in the heat of the sport, to

cross a corn field belonging to Goodman Hobnail, a neighbouring farmer.

Hobnail, being at work in the field, saw the 'squire make up to a gate which stood open; and happening to be within reach, shut the gate, and stopt him in his career. This treatment, which to every lover of the sport was a little provoking, irritated the 'squire, who, in the heat of his passion, struck the farmer across the shoulders with a switch he had in his hand; which Hobnail happened to complain of, at the very inn where Goosequill, who was come down to attend at the assizes, had put up at.—Our lawyer, who, like the cat, was ever upon the watch for her prey, and had as keen a scent too, takes the farmer aside: “ Friend (says he) take my word for it, you may recover—” “ Recover, master, (interrupted Hobnail, staring like a stuck pig) wounds, Ise bent zuch a ghicken neither: noy, for matter of that, a didn't hurt me much; but then, ben't it damn'd provoking, to zerved in zuch a manner? why, an Ise hadn't been vorth a varthing, a could have used one vorse. D'have um to know Ise have undred good pounds a year; and am as well qualified to carry a gun as he be.”

This account, though delivered in so uncouth a manner, was more grateful to the ear of Goosequill, than the most elaborate discourse he had ever heard pronounced at the bar; and resolving not to lose a good cause, if he could help it, he proceeded to render his meaning more intelligible to the farmer; and backed it with so many arguments, that the poor fellow suffered himself to be persuaded, to bring an action for the battery; and even refused a very advantageous accommodation, which the 'squire, when he cooled, proposed to him.

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Mr. Goosequill had consequently occasion for a vehicle, to convey him from London to the assizes, which were now approaching; when the trial was expected to come on: and he imagined it would turn out more to his advantage, to buy an horse for the journey, and dispose of him at his return, than to hire one. He accordingly applied to an inn-keeper: a mighty honest, conscientious man, as will appear by the sequel. The inn-keeper shewed him a variety of cattle, and failed not to lavish the most extravagant encomiums on them all. Now so it was, that Goosequill understood just as much about horselfesh as the inn-keeper did of law: he therefore judged it more adviseable, to depend entirely on the inn-keeper's honesty, than trust to his own judgment; whence we may infer, he was exempt from a fault which some people labour under, of measuring another's corn by their own bushel; otherwise he would never have trusted to the inn-keeper's conscience.

The inn-keeper was no sooner acquainted that our lawyer was no jockey, than he ordered all the horses he had shewn him, to be led back to their stables; and producing one so poor and so lean, that at a distance, one would have sworn, that it was but the skeleton of that noble animal. "Sir, (said he) in appealing to my conscience, you have touched me in a very tender point: if a gentleman is opiated, and will rely upon his judgment, 'tis not my fault, if he makes a bad choice; but when a person depends upon my honesty, I cannot, in conscience, put a bad beast into his hands; and you know, Sir, without conscience——" Here he regaled the lawyer with the remnant of a sermon, delivered with as affected a cant, and perhaps with as much sincerity, as at a certain tabernacle not far from town. When Goosequill objected to the leanness, and judiciously

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remarked,

remarked, that he looked not unlike one of Pharaoh's lean kine. " Ah ! bless me, Sir, (quoth he) 'tis a sign indeed, that you are not very conversant in horselfish. Why, Sir, this horse was got by," — here he entered into a long genealogy of the horse's pedigree, and made him first cousin, at least, to the most famous racers that ever beat turf; swore he refused twelve guineas for him an hour before, and sold him to Goosequill for ten; who immediately set forward on his journey, very well pleased with his bargain.

But he had scarce got out of the smoak of London, when his courser, unable to proceed any farther, fell under him; and in despite of whip and spur, which were both applied very lavishly, he disdained to budge, and lay as tranquil as a lap-dog on a cushion. Goosequill swore, and curst like any trooper, but all to no purpose: Rosinate was deaf to his remonstrances. At length, as good luck would have it, an empty cart happened to pass that way, which, in consideration of a tester, that Goosequill promised well and truly to pay, or cause to be paid, the carman conveyed both beasts to the next inn. By the way, our lawyer, in whom all the cunning of that profession may justly be said to have centered, resolved in his mind many different schemes of revenge; fully determined to give the inn-keeper a Rowland for his Oliver, as soon as he returned. Having hired a fresh horse at the inn, he proceeded on his journey; laying strict injunctions upon the hostler, to take care of his horse: and spare no cost, to get him in flesh by the time he came back.

Goosequill after many pleas, and counterpleas; demurrers, and rejoinders, at length terminated the law suit: in which, though the 'squire was cast, poor Hobnail had no great reason to rejoice; for instead of pocketing the ten guineas, with which the 'squire

'squire offered to compromise the matter, he found himself double that sum out of pocket; and got the character of an ill-natured, litigious man into the bargain: for a battle at law, may very aptly be compared to a battle at fifty-cuffs; in which the conqueror often comes off, in worse plight than the vanquished. Goosequill having drained his country clients to the last drop, verified the old adage, "no longer pipe, no longer dance," and turned his back on his friends in distress: for, with Mr. Goosequill, friendship and money, were synonymous terms. But this is a conduct so consistent with the present mode, that we dare not comment upon it; lest we expose ourselves to ridicule, for setting up in opposition to so reigning a fashion. We shall beg leave, however, to introduce one physical remark, which may have escaped the observation of many of our readers; I mean, the wonderful effects of sympathy, between friendship and a bag of money. While the bag continues to swell, friendship continues to glow with redoubled ardor: but as that decreases, how surprisingly doth friendship decrease in its warmth, and vanish entirely with the last guinea. But we beg our readers indulgence for being thus unseasonably learned; and promise to be more concise for the future.—To proceed then: Mr. Goosequill having reached the inn, where he had left his galloper, and provided himself with another, would have been at some loss to have known his own horse again, had he not been shewn him: good feeding, and no labour, had effected a surprising change. His hide, which before was as rough as a bear's skin, was now polished like a chestnut; and the bones, which were starting through the skin, were covered three fingers deep. Goosequill, having tipped the hostler for his care, asked him what he thought the beast might be worth? "Why, really, Sir, (replied the hostler) I would
 "not

“ not venture above four pieces on him : he makes
 “ a fine appearance at present, but, by G—d, he
 “ is damnably foundered : and it is my opinion, he
 “ will never carry you to London.” Goosequill
 hearing this, sent immediately to take a place in the
 stage-coach, and consigned his keffil to the care of
 the waggoner; that he might proceed to London by
 easy journeys.

Goosequill, having got to London, took all possible precaution to keep his arrival a secret from the conscientious inn-keeper, till his horse came to town ; when he mounted, and rode fair and easy into the inn, as if he had just come off his journey. He alighted, and calling for the landlord, desired him to keep his horse at livery, for five or six days, when he would call for him again. The inn-keeper, who could scarce credit his own eyes, began to enquire how the horse had carried him ; and Goosequill, who could swallow a lie with as much ease as you or I could a bumper of rhenish, devoted himself to all the devils in hell, which, by the bye, was giving them no more than their due, if the horse had not carried him better than ever he was carried in his life : “ Nay, (added he) let his good plight
 “ speak in his favour, for, by G—d, if he had
 “ not been a nonsuch, he could never have held
 “ out, for I worked him plaguy hard : this I may
 “ truly say, that no man ever crossed a better nag :
 “ he might more justly be said to fly than go ; and
 “ yet, if you’ll observe, he has not lost much flesh,
 “ neither.”

The inn-keeper swallowed the bait : I must have been deceived in this horse, thought he to himself, he is much better than I imagined him to be.— Before Goosequill left the inn, my honest host asked him if he should help him to a chap for his horse ?
 “ No, (replied Goosequill) I do not much care to
 “ part with him ; for should I have occasion for an
 “ horse

“ horse again, I do not know where I could meet
 “ with his fellow; though (added he) were any
 “ one to take a fancy to the horse, and offer me a
 “ handsome price, he should go, though he were a
 “ second Bucephalus: aye, (continued he) I would
 “ even sell myself; if any body thought me worth
 “ their market.”

He would now have taken his leave, but the inn-keeper had caught him fast by the button, and would not suffer him to depart, till he had fixed a price on his horse. Goosequill swore he would not sell him, not even to his father, under twenty guineas. The inn-keeper was quite thunder-struck, for he thought to buy him again for about half the price he had sold him; shook his head, and letting go the button: “ God bless your soul, master, (says he) I cannot afford to give half that money.”—“ As you please, (replied Goosequill) I am very indifferent about the matter; for, as I told you before, I do not want to part with him:” so saying, he left the inn and returned home, in order to give the instructions necessary for carrying on his design.

Tom (for so this genius was vulgarly called) had not a whit more aversion for roguery than his master; so that, to sum up his character in brief, we need only remind our readers of the proverb: “ like master, like man.” Tom being previously decorated with a laced waistcoat and a bag-wig of his master’s, went to the inn, and calling for the landlord, told him he wanted a good strong horse; one that was capable of doing a deal of work. The host shewed him several, which he desired him to match in England; but mentioned not a tittle in praise of Goosequill’s horse, because he thought him a good one.—Tom, to whom his master had described the horse, and indicated the place where he stood; asked, if he was to be sold? but
 the

the inn-keeper, deaf to his enquiry, continued to launch out into the praises of the others. Tom, according to his instructions, declared that he had taken a great liking to Rosinante; and repeated the question, whether he was to be sold? "Why — yes (replied the inn-keeper hesitating, and scratching his noddle) but I fear you will be frightened at the price."—"What's best, is cheapest, (replied Tom) the beast is a good one, according to my judgment, and a trifle shall not part us."—The host, finding what a tractable sort of a customer he had to deal with, told him, that the lowest price was thirty guineas. Tom agreed to give him his price; and paid him a guinea earnest to bind the bargain: then calling to the hostler, gave him a shilling and ordered him to give the horse a feed of corn, saying he would return presently with the remainder of the money, and take him away.

Tom, having brought matters to this crisis, posted home immediately, to inform his master that the bargain was struck; who, having first booted himself, set out for the inn. When the inn-keeper came out to know what he wanted; "Saddle my horse immediately, (cries he) for I must set out directly upon business of the utmost importance, and have not a moment's time to lose." "Why, Sir, (replied the inn-keeper, scratching his head) you said this morning, as how, you should not want him this five or six days." "True, (says the lawyer) for I then knew nothing to the contrary. Here, hostler—," "Sir, (says the inn-keeper, interrupting him) you shall take your choice of all the other horses I have in my stable, but you cannot possibly have your own, for I have just now disposed of him." "Disposed of him, man! zounds! what do you mean? why, I would not have sold him, at this critical juncture, for double his worth: here am I retarded,"

“ ed, by your imprudence, in an affair of the great-
 “ consequence.” The host, who was not the
 meekest tempered man in the world, began to vociferate in his turn: “ Sir, (says he, telling out
 “ twenty guineas upon the table) you set a value
 “ on your horse, and I have sold him; there is your
 “ money, and now you may do your worst. D—n
 “ it! I am not to be bullied neither.”

Goosequill pocketed the cash with much seeming reluctance; and the inn-keeper, to console him, promised to make him amends another time; and rejoiced not a little when he got rid of his guest: for he expected every moment, that the buyer would return with the remainder of the purchase-money, and congratulated himself upon his acquisition of ten pieces with so little trouble. But the purchaser never returned, from that day to this, and we dare answer for it, never will.

Sometime afterwards, Goosequill happened to meet the inn-keeper in the street: “ Well, my
 “ honest friend, (says he) I dare swear you made a
 “ pretty penny by the sale of the horse.” “ No,
 “ by Jove, didn’t I, (replied he) the horse is still in
 “ my stable; the fellow never came again: some
 “ sneaking scoundrel I’ll warrant, though he had
 “ the appearance of a gentleman.” “ Well, well,
 “ (says Goosequill) I cannot pity you, faith; ’twas
 “ a judgment upon you, for depriving me of so
 “ valuable a beast.” “ Sir, he is still at your service,” resumed the inn-keeper. “ ’Tis too late
 “ (replied the lawyer) the loss of that horse made
 “ so sensible an impression upon me, that I have
 “ sworn never more to deal in horse-flesh.”



The Spanish HUSBAND.

DON Miguel de Costanso, a young Spaniard of birth and fortune, became passionately enamoured of a young lady his neighbour, named Donna Guzman. But though she was mistress of numberless amiable accomplishments, she was so much his inferior in point of fortune, that his father could never be prevailed upon to consent to the match; and thinking it more adviseable to nip their passion in the bud, than to give it time to proceed to maturity, he ordered his son to prepare for a journey to Italy; in order to go through his course of academical exercises. Don Miguel, though he found he could not, without the greatest violence, tear himself from the sight of his beloved Donna Guzman, was nevertheless, under a necessity of complying with his father's commands, who refused to admit even of a month's delay. He found means, however, before his departure, to procure a farewell interview with his mistress. They met; and after repeating every thing the most tender passion could inspire, exchanged reciprocal vows, and took heaven to witness, that time should not abate the ardor of their loves. Don Miguel, assured of his mistress's fidelity, took leave of his father with a tolerable grace, and proceeded on his journey.

Don Alphonso, an old Spanish grandee, who was turned of his grand climacteric, had long paid his addresses to Donna Guzman without success; nor had he yet quitted the pursuit; flattering himself, that his quality, joined to the vast extent of his estate, would more than over-balance all personal defects,

defects. Don Miguel's father, who was intimately acquainted with the old Don, was no stranger to his pretensions to Donna Guzman; and harbouring some suspicion that his son still carried on a correspondence with her; fully persuaded, that she would not have been proof against two such prevalent temptations, as title and riches, had he not made her some flattering promises before his departure, he revolved to interrupt their amours; and, by endeavouring to persuade her of his son's inconstancy, to remove the grand obstacle, which, as he thought, impeded her marriage with Don Alphonso. He revolved many schemes in his head; and at length fixed on one, which he thought would infallibly insure him of success. Having communicated his project to Don Alphonso, and instructed him how to demean himself upon the occasion, he waited on Donna Guzman, who was not a little surprized at so unexpected a visit.

After common ceremonials had passed between them; he told her, he had taken the liberty of waiting on her upon a very extraordinary occasion; and begged she would deal ingenuously with him, and inform him, whether she had any promise of matrimony, under his son's hand? Donna Guzman, after some little hesitation, occasioned by the oddness of the question, assured him upon her honour she had not. "Alas!" exclaimed the old gentleman, giving marks of the utmost despair; which might have deceived a person of more penetration and experience than Donna Guzman, "how unfortunate am I! I was in hopes he had given you a promise under his hand; you would then be able to found a prior claim, and we might get his marriage annulled, with very little difficulty." "His marriage, Sir!" exclaimed Donna Guzman hastily. — "His marriage, madam, (replied the father) the hypocriticalascal, though I often urged the celebration of his
8 " marriage

" marriage with you, for whom he feigned so great
 " a regard, had always some objection to make ;
 " and when, at length, by my repeated instances, he
 " was put to his wits end for an excuse, he told me,
 " truly, that there were certain genteel accomplish-
 " ments he should be glad to attain first, in order to
 " render himself more deserving of so accomplished
 " a lady, and proposed a tour to Italy ; to which I,
 " poor credulous man, was simple enough to give
 " consent, imagining his intentions had been inge-
 " nuous and sincere ; but, alas ! it was all pretence
 " and dissimulation ! the varlet has taken a for-
 " mer mistress with him, to whom he paid his ad-
 " dresses unknown to me, and has now the assurance
 " to write me word, that he is married to her, and
 " hopes I will forgive him, and permit him to re-
 " turn. But I'll punish the villain." — " Just
 " Heaven !" (exclaimed Donna Guzman, who had
 " given an implicit belief to the forgery) " could all
 " his vows and protestations be feigned ! Donna Guz-
 " man, (said he to me when we parted, with tears
 " in his eyes) I take Heaven to witness the purity
 " and sincerity of my love : though we shall soon be
 " separated, by the stern decree of a parent, to whom
 " I owe obedience ; yet your loved idea shall ever
 " remain enshrined within my heart. In short, Sir,
 " we —" " Ah, the traitor, the perjured traitor,
 " (interrupted the father in a well feigned rage) how
 " could he abuse so much innocence, and accuse a
 " father of cruelty, whose most sanguine wishes
 " would have centered in seeing him united to so
 " amiable a lady."

Donna Guzman's heart was too full, to permit her
 to speak any more ; and pride forbade the tear to
 fall, that stood trembling in her eye ; so that there
 now ensued an interval of silence : during which, the
 old gentleman, perceiving that his scheme succeeded
 to his wish, took an opportunity of taking his leave :
 and

and a moment after his departure, arrived Don Alphonso; as had been previously concerted between them. He could not have enjoyed a more critical moment than the present: Donna Guzman, naturally of a most jealous disposition, gave credit to every circumstance that had been related; and her passions being naturally very violent, she resolved to retaliate on the innocent Don Miguel. Don Alphonso failed not to urge his suit as usual, and was not a little surprized, though privy to the plot, to meet with a reception so very different from what he had been accustomed to. In short, not to keep our readers in suspense, matters were brought to so speedy a conclusion, that Don Alphonso obtained a promise from her, to make him happy the very next morning — Had she taken time to cool, she would, probably, not have been so precipitate; for it is not improbable, but that she repented of her promise before the next morning arrived. However, her honour was now too far engaged; and the greatness of her spirit would not permit her to retract.

We will now leave Donna Guzman awhile, to enjoy the sweets of her marriage; and return to Don Miguel; who, having received intelligence of the whole transaction, from an intimate of his, to whom Don Alphonso, vain of his achievement, had trusted the secret, set out immediately incog. for Madrid. — Upon his arrival there, he proceeded to the house of his friend, where he learned, that the new married couple were gone to reside at a country seat, some eight or ten miles distant from the capital; and being informed withal, that Don Alphonso had lately dismissed his valet de chambre, for some misdemeanour, and was not yet provided with another; he resolved not to let slip so favourable an opportunity, of punishing him for his perfidy. Having communicated his design to his friend, to whom Don Alphonso had applied for a valet, he obtained from him

a recommendation. Then, equipping himself in a livery, colouring his eye-brows, and covering his hair with a peruke, he set forward on his expedition ; and, in consequence of his friend's letter, met with a favourable reception.

He had disguised both his person and voice so completely, that he imposed even upon Donna Guzman herself ; who, though she thought there was a faint resemblance between the features of Fabricius, (for so he was called) and those of her dear Don Miguel, was far from suspecting him to be so near her. Don Miguel sought all opportunities of obtaining a private audience of his mistress, but Don Alphonso being always at home, and so passionately fond of his wife, that he would never suffer her a moment from his sight, rendered this design impracticable. He resolved therefore to inform her by letter, of the schemes which had been put in practice, to dissolve their union. This design he put into immediate execution : and having found means to slip the letter into her hand (unperceived by her husband) he expected the event in that pleasing, wretched state of mind, which every true lover must feel, though it is beyond the power of words to describe.

The letter was wrote in the most moving and passionate terms, and carried with it such an air of truth and simplicity, that Donna Guzman did not hesitate to pronounce Don Miguel innocent. She was now convinced of the artifice that had been made use of to deceive her. She lamented her credulity, and more, the precipitate lengths to which her passion had hurried her. How willingly would she have recalled the fatal, the irrevocable—yes—bane to every future hope of happiness ! But, alas ! it was too late.—The tears trickled apace, down her cheeks ; and she remained for some time dissolved in sorrow. At length, the same greatness of spirit which had proved the chief cause of her wretchedness,

ness, again assumed the predominance: she wiped the tears from her bright eyes, and resolved to revenge herself on her deceiver, by wounding him in the tenderest point; and, that her revenge might be the more compleat, to render him subservient to her dishonour.

That a woman's wit is ready at invention, is known to a proverb. Donna Guzman soon planned out her scheme of revenge; in consequence of which, she wrote the following answer to her lover:

" Is it possible Don Miguel should yet retain a
 " tender idea of Donna Guzman? Can he compas-
 " sionate the sorrows of one, who could entertain so
 " mean an opinion of him, as to distrust the sincer-
 " erity of his affection; and think him capable of
 " a breach of the most solemn vows?—Alas! were
 " you thoroughly acquainted with the long chain of
 " artifice, to which I owe my undoing, I should
 " surely appear to you in a degree far less culpable.
 " —Oh? how I now abhor the sight of my—I can-
 " not call him husband: our banns are surely dis-
 " solved, in the face of Heaven, since he obtained
 " by fraud, a title which you had a prior right to.
 " Can the most scrupulously virtuous of our sex cen-
 " sure me, if I give a loose to the sweets of revenge;
 " and deceive the deceiver, by yielding to the de-
 " sires of him, whom alone I can call my husband?
 " —If you have as good an opinion of my sincer-
 " rity, as I have of your courage, steal softly to my
 " bed-chamber at mid-night, where your Donna
 " Guzman will be ready to receive you."

Don Miguel, upon the receipt of this letter, began to hesitate; and was not without some suspicion, of her having shewn his letter to her husband: for what benefit could he hope to reap in accepting the invitation, when he was very certain Don Alphonso and she never slept asunder. However, lest his refusal should be looked upon as the effect of fear, and

wrong the good opinion she seemed to entertain of his courage ; he resolved to venture, let the consequence be what it would.

The clock had no sooner struck twelve, than our hero sallied from his chamber, naked in his shirt : but he had taken the precaution, at all events, to arm himself with a stout oak cudgel. He found the door unlocked : and having opened it gently, entered on tip-toe into the apartment. He was now at a loss to know on which side his fair-one lay ; for the window-shutters being fastened, not a glimpse of light could possibly enter, to assist our lover in the discovery. But Donna Guzman did not suffer him to remain long in this perplexity : softly as he had entered, she heard him ; and with an affected heigh ho ! directed him where to approach. When he came to the bed-side, she took him by the hand, and conjured him, in a whisper, not to be intimidated at any thing he should hear ; then addressing herself to her husband, whom she awaked from sound sleep, “ My dear, (said she) I have a question to ask you : pray tell me, which of all your domestics do you think most faithful to you, and most firmly attached to your interest ? ” “ Why that question, my dear ? ” quoth Don Alphonso. “ I will resolve you that bye and bye,” replied Donna Guzman. “ Why really then, (said he) as far as I am capable of judging, ’tis Fabricius.” “ How apt we are to be deceived by appearances ! (exclaimed she) would you imagine it that he has had the assurance to make love to me ; and has even solicited me to what I cannot comply with, without a breach of my duty to you ? ”

Don Miguel, upon hearing this, made sure he should be delivered up to the resentment of the husband, and endeavoured to withdraw his hand ; but Donna Guzman kept so fast an hold ; and, by a gentle squeeze, gave him to understand, that his apprehensions

apprehensions were groundless.—“ How, (replied “ Don Alphonso) Fabricius speak to you of love !— “ impossible !—but what answer did you make him ?” “ Why, my dear, (said Donna Guzman, with a simplicity that might have calmed the most jealous “ disposition) in order to convince you of the just- “ nels of the accusation, for I know that he is so “ riveted in your good opinion, that nothing but “ ocular demonstration can convince you of his per- “ fidy : I pretended to condescend to his desires, and “ promised to give him the meeting to-night, at “ half an hour past twelve, in the summer-house, at “ the bottom of the garden ; and he will be soon at “ the rendezvous, for the clock has already struck “ twelve. Now, if you desire to make yourself an “ eye witness to his insolence, and punish the tray- “ tor as he deserves, slip on my petticoat and night- “ rail, and go to the rendezvous in my stead : the “ night is so dark, that it is impossible to distinguish “ objects ; and you may rest assured, that as he ex- “ pects me, he will not have the least suspicion of “ the cheat.”

The good husband relished this advice mightily ; and having equipped himself in his wife’s regimentals, was hastening to the summer-house ; but Donna Guzman called him back : “ My dear, (said she) if “ he should not be arrived yet, wait a while ; for he “ will not be long, you may depend upon it.” Don Alphonso promised to follow her advice, and sallied forth into the garden, pleased with the thoughts of convicting Fabricius ; who failed not, the moment his back was turned, to occupy his place, and revel in a profusion of delight, within the arms of his beauteous mistress. Donna Guzman, at length, fearing lest her husband should grow impatient, and return, pressed the amorous Don Miguel to be gone, having first instructed him in the method he was to pursue, not only to reinstate himself in his master’s good

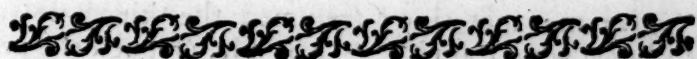
good opinion, but also to acquire a greater share in his confidence hereafter. Don Miguel, though with much reluctance, complied with her commands, and proceeded, as had been concerted between them, accompanied by his trusty cudgel, to the summer-house at the bottom of the garden, where Don Alphonso waited his coming, with no little impatience.

As soon as Don Alphonso heard him approach, he repeated, in a soft effeminate tone the better to imitate his wife. "Is it you, my love?" "Yes, Madam," replied the false Fabricius, who could scarce refrain from laughter. "Ah! my love, (continued Don Alphonso) I have been waiting for you this half hour: come, let us retire into this alcove." "Ah! infamous wretch, (cries Don Miguel, saluting his shoulders with his cudgel) is it thus you require the affection of the best of husbands; and imagine me capable of dishonouring my dear master? What I said, was in order to make trial of your virtue: and, but that I value my master's peace, who I am certain doats on you to distraction, I would this instant make him acquainted with your misconduct, that he might punish you as you deserve.— In this consideration, the adventure of to-night shall be for ever buried in oblivion: however, that your crime may not go wholly unpunished, I will now give you a sovereign balm to allay your wantonness:" so saying, he continued to discipline him till he was tired; the poor cuckold, not daring to complain, lest Fabricius should discover the cheat.

When Don Miguel, tired of baffinading him, permitted him to make his retreat, he returned to his chamber again in an extasy; for the joy he experienced in the virtue of his wife, and the fidelity of his servant, rendered him almost insensible of the blows he had received. "Ah! my dear, (said he to his wife, embracing her) how cruelly you wronged
Fabricius,

“ Fabricius, by your suspicions ! Fabricius, the
 “ most faithful of servants, who only intended to
 “ make trial of your virtue ; and who has beat me
 “ like stock-fish, imagining that it was you he chaf-
 “ tised : but I do not value the blows I received,
 “ since they have served to convince me both of your
 “ virtue, and his fidelity.” Madam, you may be
 sure, who was perfect mistress of the art of dissem-
 bling, failed not to affect the greatest astonishment ;
 and assured her husband, she should ever hereafter
 have the greatest esteem for Fabricius, which she
 failed not to manifest, as often as she found a conve-
 nient opportunity.

Thus was poor Don Alphonso deceived in his turn ;
 and acted the part of a contented cuckold ; and re-
 mained so well satisfied of the fidelity of his trusty Fa-
 bricius, that he would scarce have credited his own
 eyes, had he afterwards found him in bed with his
 wife.



The Fortunate PEASANT.

WE often find, in men of obscure birth and
 mean education, latent seeds of superior ge-
 nius and understanding ; which, had they the advan-
 tage of a proper cultivation, might be productive of
 the richest fruits : while, on the other hand, we see
 many noble personages, who, were their natural
 parts assisted by a suitable education, might cut a
 very significant figure at a plough-tail. What pity
 then, that so many bright geniusses should be lost to
 society, merely from want of means to procure a libe-
 ral education ! what pity, that a set of rich clodpoles,
 whose only merit consists in their wealth, should, with-
 out one grain of sense or discernment, be advanced
 to

to the highest stations. *O tempora, O mores!* O times! O manners! — but to proceed to our tale.

A certain potent king, of what regions we have never been able to learn, nor is it at all material to our readers, took great delight in travelling the country in disguise. He was a learned, and a virtuous prince; and had, by long study and experience, acquired so profound a knowledge of mankind, that he could calculate the intrinsic value of a man's genius, as truly as a jeweller can the worth of a diamond; and, like a good lapidary took a pleasure in polishing, and drawing from obscurity, those valuable gems, which he found rough as from the quarry.

In one of his excursions, he met with a peasant, who was tilling a small tract of land that lay before his cottage, with great assiduity and cheerfulness. — “God save you, tiller of the earth,” said the king, pleased with his industry. “And you also, Lord of the earth,” replied the peasant, who knew him, notwithstanding his disguise. “Why do you give me that title? (resumed the king) do you know who I am?” “No, Sir, (replied the peasant, perceiving he chose to be incog. I do not: but I called you so, because God having created the earth for the use of man, he may not improperly be stiled the master.” The king perceiving by this rational answer, that he was a man of deeper penetration than the generality of his vocation resolved to have a little farther chat with him. “Friend, (said he) you seem to labour very hard, although you do not appear to be very young.” “True, Sir, (replied the peasant) for there are older than myself, whom I am obliged to maintain by the sweat of my brow.” “Pray, how much can you earn in a day, said the king?” “I earn, Sir, (replied he) taking one day with another, about eight pence.” “And is that sufficient to maintain you?” said the King. “Ah! Sir, (replied he, shaking

“ (shaking his head) my own are the most trivial of my expences.” “ Pray inform me then, how you lay it out,” said the king. “ I spend two-pence (answered the peasant) every day for the maintenance of myself and wife: with two pence more, I discharge my debts: two-pence I lend; and the remaining two pence I give away.” “ You speak enigmatically, friend, (quoth the king) I wish you would render your meaning a little more intelligible; for really I do not comprehend you.” —

The peasant proceeded: “ I spend two-pence, Sir, as I said before, for the maintenance of myself and my wife; and, by the smallness of the sum, you may guess the coarseness of our fare. With two-pence more, I pay debts: for my father and mother are still living, so old and infirm, that they are quite past their labour; and as they provided for me, with a parental tenderness in my youth, it is but just that I acquit myself with filial piety, of what I owe them, by supporting them in their old age. The two-pence I lend, are for the maintenance of my children, who, by reason of their infancy, are incapable of providing for themselves; which I hope they will be grateful enough to repay me, when bending beneath the weight of years and infirmities, I shall be unable to maintain myself by my daily labour. The two-pence I give away, are for the maintenance of the two daughters of my wife, by her former husband; and which I have no hopes of ever being repaid, as they cannot be supposed to entertain the same affection for me, as my natural children; and will probably intermarry with those, who will hinder them, were they so inclined.”

The king was highly delighted with the peasant's discourse; and thought he had found a gem, which would be well worth his polishing. “ Friend, (said he) I have been highly entertained with your conversation,

“ versation, and am resolved to be of service to you ;
 “ promise me only, that you will not relate to any
 “ one, what has passed between us this day, until
 “ you see me again. Look at me steadfastly, that
 “ you may know me another time : and I charge
 “ you, once again, not to divulge a tittle of our
 “ discourse, till you see my face.” The peasant assured him he should yield due obedience to his commands ; and the king returned to his palace, very well pleased with his adventure.

The next day, having assembled those of his courtiers who valued themselves most upon their wit and ingenuity, he proposed to them the problem he had learned from the peasant, and gave them three days to expound it ; with the promise of a reward, worthy the royal donor, to him who should be able to explain it to his satisfaction.

Having exercised their wit, and put their invention to the rack to no purpose, they gave up all hope of succeeding : one only excepted, who, wiser than the rest, resolved, if possible, to find out the peasant, and bribe him to the solution of the riddle. Having gained information which way the king walked that day, he was so indefatigable in his enquiries, among the peasants who inhabited that part of the country, that he at length found his man ; who made no secret of his having conversed with the king, whom he assured him he knew perfectly well, notwithstanding his disguise. — The courtier then, desired to be informed of the subject of their discourse : but this request the peasant refused to comply with ; as the king had commanded him silence upon that head. The courtier, a crafty old fox, well versed in the arts of a court, did not despair of obtaining his wish : he had yet one argument left, the persuasive force of which he himself had often experienced : and drawing a handful of gold from his pocket, he conveyed it, with a friendly squeeze, into the hand of
 the

the peasant; assuring him at the same time, that he would scorn to make an ill use of his confidence.—The peasant who had never, through the whole course of his life, beheld so tempting a sight, revolved in his mind the happiness this sum would procure to his poor family; he knew how little the promises of the great are to be depended upon; and, consequently, had reason to doubt whether the king would ever think of performing his promise: he therefore yielded, and who can blame him, to the silent eloquence of the gold?

The courtier, well satisfied with the success of his journey, returned to court, explained the riddle, and demanded the prize. The king, altho' he guessed that he had found means to tamper with the peasant, would not depart from his royal word; but, conscious that the promises of princes should ever be preserved sacred and inviolate, gave him the promised reward. He resolved however, to make the peasant feel the effects of his wrath, for divulging what he had so faithfully engaged to keep secret; for which purpose he disguised himself as before, and made a second tour to the cottage. "Well, friend, (said he) I find you have not scrupled to violate the promise you so solemnly made me." "Upon my word, Sir, (replied the peasant) you must have been misinformed: I scorn to be guilty of a breach of promise; and dare assure you that I have paid all due obedience to your commands." "Do not aggravate your crime by a falsehood (said the king) for certain I am, that you have divulged what passed between us the other day; notwithstanding I so strictly enjoined you to silence." "'Tis very true, Sir, (replied the peasant, with great composure) I confess I did relate what passed between us; but deny that I have in any wise forfeited my parole: both promises and menaces

T

" were

“ were put in practice to extort the secret from
 “ me, but all proved ineffectual; and I refused to
 “ let a syllable transpire, since you had commanded
 “ me not to divulge it to any one, till I should see
 “ your face; but when not only your face, but a
 “ number of faces like your’s, were produced
 “ (shewing the king the species he had received) I
 “ no longer hesitated to comply.”

The king, who perceived that the peasant knew him all along, was highly pleased with this ingenious subterfuge; and esteeming so sensible a man worthy of better fate, took him to court with him, and elevated him to the dignity of prime minister: probably because he perceived in him a talent for sophistry, a qualification indispensably necessary in a statesman; for we must confess that his evasion for the breach of his promise, was a little jesuitical.



The WISHES.

THE Duke d'Ossona, viceroy of Naples, often used to take delight in walking thro' the city in disguise, with no other attendants than one lacquey; in order to discover, what were the sentiments of the public in general with regard to his administration; not that he might punish them for their temerity in censuring his conduct, but that he might ease them of the grievances they complained of, as far as was consistent with his duty to his sovereign.

As he was going his rounds one night, he perceived three soldiers sitting upon a bench, at the door of a public-house, who, by their mirth and festivity,

festivity, seemed in want of nothing to compleat their happiness.

The duke, who had a longing inclination to know the subject matter of their discourse, dismissed his lacquey, and joined the soldiers, who gave him a hearty welcome; and offered him share of their liquor, which he accepted. When the bowl had gone round pretty freely, and many jovial songs been sung, one of the soldiers proposed to his comrades, that by way of pastime, each of them, in their turn, should wish for that which he thought would render him happiest during the remainder of his life: and to begin said the soldier who first made the proposal, "I wish I had the sum of one thousand crowns; I should then think myself happier than even the viceroy himself."—"That is a mercenary wish (quoth the second) beneath the garb of a soldier; and for my part, I wish he would make me one of the captains of his guards; I should then esteem my my lot infinitely preferable to his."—"If I might form a wish (cries the third) I do assure you, that neither of your wishes would have charms sufficient to attract me: the height of my ambition would be, to obtain a night's lodging with the vicerine, his spouse: I should then think myself far happier than both of you together."—"Come, said they, addressing themselves to the viceroy, let us now hear your wish?" "I wish (said he) that I were viceroy; I would endeavour to render each of you happy in his wish."

An hearty fellow, egad! cried the soldiers shaking him by the hand, though we would much rather forego our wishes, than change our viceroy; for it is impossible to live beneath a milder, or a gentler sway: all our wants are amply supplied, and

he governs with the goodness and lenity of a parent.

This eulogium, tho' much short of what he deserved, was far from being displeasing to the viceroy.—The soldiers now took their leave, in order to return to the garrison; and the viceroy happening to meet, at that very instant, an officer who belonged to his guards, ordered him to enquire the names of these three soldiers, whom he shewed him at a distance, and what company they belonged to; and to bring him intelligence the next morning, without fail.

The officer acquitted himself punctually of his commission; and waited on the duke at the time appointed, with the intelligence he desired; who sent an order to their captain, to send those three soldiers to him immediately. Speak boldly, said the duke when they came into his presence, and take heed you do not deviate from the truth: what was the subject of your discourse last night, at such an hour, and in such a place?—The soldiers were astonished, and began to gaze at one another; but dared not to make a reply.—Harkee, gentlemen, continued the duke, to the point immediately, or I protest you shall all three be tied up to the halibards for your disobedience.—The soldier who proposed the topic of wishing the preceding night, being the boldest of the three, took upon himself at length to be spokesman. “ My lord duke, (said he) I confess we were discoursing together last night, at such time, and in such place as your excellency has mentioned; but our discourse was general; and I really cannot recollect any thing in particular.”—“ The discourse you then held was relating to me, (said the viceroy) you know best whether I have been rightly informed: but let me advise you, once again, not to excite me to anger, by non-compliance with a known truth.”

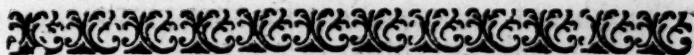
" truth." The soldier, perceiving that the duke grew warm, thought he had better comply with his orders; lest he should, as he threatened, proceed to extremities, " My lord duke (said he) I will tell " your excellency the subject of my discourse at " that time; humbly hoping you will be pleased to pardon the freedom of a conversation, that " passed over the bottle. My comrades and I, being in a merry mood, agreed, the more socially " to pass away the time, that each of us, in his " turn, should wish for that, which would render " him most happy for the remainder of his " days; and I remember to have said, that the " sum of one thousand crowns would render me " happier than your excellency."

The duke sent immediately for his treasurer, and ordered him to pay one thousand crowns to the soldier; who went away as happy as a man can be, who is in possession of all he desires. " And you, " (said the viceroy, turning to the second) what " was your wish?"—The soldier, emboldened by the duke's liberality to his comrade, answered without hesitation: " My lord, I said, that if I was " one of the captains of your excellency's guards, " I should esteem my lot infinitely preferable to " your's."—" Well (resumed the viceroy) you shall " not have any cause to reproach me, for being " less liberal to you than to your companion; from " this moment be happy in your wish: I will promote one of the captains of my guards, and you " shall enjoy his place. And now (continued he, " addressing himself to the third) let us hear your " wish?"—" Ah! my lord, (said the soldier) " trembling and confounded) I hope your excellency will graciously be pleased to excuse me: we " were at the public-house, where we drank so " freely that we knew not what we said; at least, " that was my case.—" Speak (resumed the duke)

“ immediately, and to the purpose ; lest I make
 “ you repent of your disobedience.” The poor fellow, well knowing the duke would be obeyed, replied in a voice as full of quavers as an opera singer : “ My lord, I was rash enough to say, little imagining it would be brought to your excellency’s ears, that a night’s lodging with the vicerine, would render me happier, than if I were to enjoy the wishes of both my comrades together ; but my lord, (continued he, casting himself at the duke’s feet) pardon, I beseech you, the temerity of a man, who spoke without thinking.” The viceroy commanded him to rise. “ I am sorry, friend, (said he) that it is not in my power to grant your request ; if it was, you should return as happy as your companions : all that I can do to serve you is, to speak to her in your favour. Come, follow me.” The poor fellow, trembling every joint, would have given both his ears to be well extricated from this dilemma ; but the duke, who would take no denial, insisted on his following him to the apartment of the vicerine, whom they found at her toilette.

The duke having previously acquainted her with the soldier’s wish, took him by the hand, and presenting him to his lady : “ This (said he to her) is the only person capable of making you happy in your wish ; obtain her consent, and, be assured, I shall not oppose your happiness.”—The soldier hung down his head ; and the vicerine highly offended at his insolence, would have ordered him the strapado, had not the duke interposed ; who sent him away safe and sound ; thinking the mortification he would undergo, in not having formed a more reasonable wish, in which he would probably have been indulged as well as his companions, punishment sufficient.

The



The CRIPPLES.

WE shall, without any previous apology, present our readers with another story relative to the same duke, whose vigilance was so indefatigable, that he would make frequent excursions on foot, through the streets of Naples, in order to observe whether a regular police was maintained, and that he might the easier detect those officers who were remiss in their duty, always went without attendants.

Having met in his walks a great number of cripples, who, under the title of disabled soldiers, were continually importuning him for alms; the viceroy, a humane good man, whose heart always shared in the sufferings of his fellow-creatures in distress; resolving to attempt something for their relief. The moment he returned to his palace, he sent for his secretary, a man of parts, and in whom he placed great confidence; and telling him what numbers of cripples he had met with, who all pretended to have been disabled in the service, asked him what method he had best pursue for their relief. “ My lord duke (says the secretary, shaking his head) “ the number of those who pretend to have been “ disabled in the service, is far greater than you “ can imagine; they increase daily, and are become a public nuisance. It is impossible that “ one half of them can be real objects.—“ If that “ be the case (said the viceroy) I am resolved that “ an exemplary punishment shall deter others from “ imposing on the public for the future. But we “ must act with caution, lest the innocent be involved

“ volved in punishment with the guilty : I have
 “ thought of an expedient for that purpose, and
 “ will put it in execution to-morrow.”

The next day, the viceroy caused an edict to be published throughout the city ; that having received orders from the king his master, to recompense all such soldiers as had been maimed in his service ; he gave public notice, to all such as were inclined to take the benefit of the order, to assemble the next day before noon, in the Larga del Castello, which is the most spacious square in Naples, in order to receive such bounty, as the king had been pleased to assign them. The next morning, such prodigious multitudes assembled, that the viceroy was quite astonished ; and found that his secretary had not exaggerated.

Having placed himself in such a situation as to be heard by all the assembly, he spoke to the following effect :

Gentlemen, I have received orders from the king my master, to recompense those brave soldiers who have been disabled in his service ; but the numbers appear so great, that the funds I have received on that account will prove greatly deficient. Now, it is improbable, that in one city, there should be such a prodigious number of disabled soldiers ; and the intention of his majesty is, that none should partake of his bounty, but those who have been actually maimed in his service ; not those who by sickness, or other accidents, have been deprived of the use of their limbs. In order, therefore, to distinguish those who are intitled to the bounty, from those who are not, I have fixed upon an infallible method, which I am resolved to put in practice immediately. It appears very clear to me, that those who have been wounded in honourable battle ; though they may want for strength, will be able to make up that deficiency by their courage : thus shall I distinguish

distinguish them from those dastards, who having never dared to face the enemy, are as defective in courage, as in strength.—Having ordered two of his attendants to stretch a cord, waist high: now, continued he, those who have courage enough to leap over this cord, I shall esteem as brave and valiant soldiers, who have distinguished themselves in battle, and been maimed fighting for their prince; but those poltroons, whose courage will not supply the defect of their strength, I shall set aside as dastards, who have not been disabled in the service; and punish them as the imposture deserves.

Those who had been really maimed in the service, were the first to present themselves; and with hearts glowing with a generous ardour, attempted to vault over the cord; but all their attempts proved vain: and I believe our readers will easily admit, that all the courage and heroism that can possibly inspire the human breast, will not enable a man upon crutches to leap over a stool. Those then were set aside, with the opprobrious epithets of dastards and impostors; and the viceroy assured them, they should every man be sent to the gallies.—Those who counterfeited lameness, the better to carry on their trade of begging, imagining that the viceroy was serious, leaped over the cord with all the ease and dexterity imaginable; and to the great astonishment of the spectators, appeared to be twice the number of the former.

By this subtle experiment, the viceroy distinguished the real objects from the impostors, whom he ordered to be chained to the oar; and provided for the others, with a generosity worthy of the great duke d'Osuna.

pounds sterling, and having converted them into gold for the convenience of carriage, set out with a small bundle from his father's residence, relying upon Providence for future support.

The first day's journey fatigued him so excessively, and galled his feet to such a degree, that he bargained with a waggoner to carry him to the next town, where he arrived at the usual time, and took up his lodging at an inn. Here he remained about a fortnight, till he was recommended to a coffee-house, the master of which hired him to do the most menial offices. By his industry and affability in this situation, he acquired not only the esteem of his master, but the general approbation of the company that frequented the house, inasmuch, that, by their liberality, he trebled the stock with which he set out from the country. An incident soon after occurred that greatly tended to enhance his reputation. His master had a son about fourteen, a lad of a promising genius, who having a task to employ some of his time during the Christmas holidays, it puzzled him very much.—William offered his assistance, and with great ease finished his theme. But such was his modesty, that he desired his little acquaintance with the classics might be kept secret; however, his merit at length emerged from obscurity, and an eminent merchant who frequented the house, concerned that a lad of such abilities should remain in so servile a situation, took him from that place, and put him into his own compting-house. Here he gained universal esteem, still concealing his name and family; but as he found that in the course of business he must take upon him some sir-name, he assumed that of Johnson.

When he had lived in this place about two years, he happened to have some business to transact at a nobleman's house near St. James's-square, where

where he was surprized to see one of his father's former servants. He would have concealed himself, but the honest servant who had revered the virtues of his youth, eagerly embraced him, and expressed the highest joy at the interview. William charmed with his honesty, related to him all his adventures since his departure, and the poor servant encouraged him to hope for the possession of his birth-right, as his brother Robert not only neglected his learning, but seemed to be devoted to every kind of wickedness that his years would admit of his practising. Nor was it long before he found the prediction of the servant verified, for his father soon after wrote to him to come down immediately into the country, assuring him that upon due reflection he was fully convinced of, and heartily concerned for, his behaviour towards him, and that he was determined by his future conduct amply to atone for the past.

When William acquainted his master with the necessity of his immediate departure, he at first indicated much surprize at so abrupt a resolution, so that he was obliged to produce the letter, the contents of which at once so astonished and pleased him, that clasping him in his arms, he exclaimed,—
 “ O, worthy youth, hasten to thy birth-right, and
 “ to that fortune to which thou wert born, though
 “ thou has been exposed to such indignities. I
 “ long read thy mind in thy visage, and was per-
 “ suaded that nature had not formed thee for base
 “ offices; hence I took thee into my family, and
 “ determined to cherish thee as my own son; and,
 “ in time, to admit thee to a part of my business—
 “ but Providence has anticipated my designs, by
 “ removing the clouds which surrounded thee, and
 “ breaking in upon thee with the sunshine of for-
 “ tune. Accept, therefore, my best wishes, and
 “ this

“ this be assured of, that nothing but your future
 “ success, can equal the satisfaction I had in distin-
 “ guishing your merit.”

William made every possible acknowledgment of the kindness of his master, and after taking leave of the family set out for his father's house, where he was received with every demonstration of joy by all but his envious step-mother and her abandoned son.—His father died shortly after, whereby that he became sole possessor of a real estate to a great amount: his step-mother was punctually paid what was bequeathed her, but she soon squandered it away in luxury and extravagance; nevertheless, such was his generosity, that, unmindful of her former behaviour, he settled a handsome annuity upon her, and gave her a decent little house upon his own estate.

By his prudent advice and excellent example he so far reclaimed his brother, that though his capacity was shallow, he acquired sufficient knowledge to qualify him for the compting-house; so that he sent him to his old master, with whom, having served his time, he placed him a partner, and thus laid the foundation of his future prosperity.

He lived to a good old age, universally beloved, and died universally lamented as a pattern of all the virtues that can adorn human nature.



The arch APOTHECARY.

AN apothecary, near the new Church in the Strand, a man of more humour and frolic than became his profession, having some business, one day, at Turnham or Parson's Green, took notice of a parcel of pretty boys, that were diverting themselves on the place, and of a great number of geese, belonging to the bordering people, that fed there.

Our apothecary soon scraped an acquaintance with some of the children, of whom he learned, that they were boarders at a school in the neighbourhood; he got out of them their master's name, and as many domestic circumstances relating to him, as they could tell him; and then made one of them a guide to the place of his habitation. Being admitted, he desired to speak with the Gentleman, whom he pretended he wanted upon business. He was ushered into a parlour, whither the master came to him. Mr. Purgative opened the entertainment, by begging his pardon for that intrusion; and having obtained it, in the usual form, he proceeded in this manner: I find, Sir, by the information of those little sparks, playing without there, that they are placed with you for their maintenance and education; I think a more healthful or pleasant situation could not be chosen for those purposes; and as I have two or three lads, myself, whom I am thinking, very shortly, to dispose of in this manner; I am glad I have happened to discover so convenient a receptacle in all respects, if I can but prevail upon you, Sir, to undertake the care of them. This produced

duced a low bow from the honest pedagogue, with a request that Mr. Purgative would favour him so far as to accept a draught of his ale, of which he assured him his own good woman was the brewer.—The offer was thankfully accepted; the liquor highly approved; and two or three tankards of it speedily emptied. This elated the apothecary's invention, and put him on playing the bom-firker such a prank, as one could hardly have conceived. I presume, Sir, said he, this is a holiday with the youngsters, who are sporting without upon the common; and, to be sure, air and exercise tend greatly to forward their growth, and invigorate their constitutions; the benefit that mine will, in all likelihood, receive from these means, is no small motive to my planting them under your tutelage.—But, talking of the children's exercise, joined to the notice I have taken of the numerous flocks of geese with which your green is covered, as it were, suggests to me a scheme, which, though at first view, may appear somewhat mean and ludicrous, will, if rightly managed, put more hard money into your pocket, annually, than, I dare say, your house-rent amounts to, besides paying for a pleasurable journey to London, now and then, in your vacations. If you can turn the pastime of your scholars to your emolument, so much the better; the thing will be no kind of injury to them, while it will be vastly for your profit. Besides, you need not let them know you are to get any thing by what you set them about; you may find pretences enough for so employing them; and, now it comes into my head, you may tell them for an excuse, that you have occasion for somewhat to enrich the mould of your garden.

The good man hearkened to this long preamble with the strictest attention, wondering what the labouring mountain was to produce, when the apothecary

thecary went on, I perceive, Sir, you are impatient to understand what this affair is that I am going to recommend to you. I won't pretend to say there is any great honour in it ; but I can promise you a good deal of gain, and that is better ; let others run after a shadow, I am for what is substantial. You remember the story of Vespasian, no less a man than sovereign of the world, who laid an impost on urine ; at which his son Titus murmuring, as judging it beneath his father's dignity to tax so nasty a subject ; the emperor took a piece of money which had come thereby into the Exchequer, and, holding it to the Prince's nose, asked him, if he perceived it had a worse smell than ordinary ? You will make a proper application of this hereafter. In short, my honest friend, to come at once to the point ; I am an apothecary of considerable practice in your neighbouring town here of London, and make my own little chemical preparations ; one of them, of singular efficacy, I extract from goose dung, saving your presence, of which I use vast quantities, more than I am able to procure ; and therefore shall be very glad of your assistance in furnishing me with as much as ever you can muster. Don't stare, I beseech you, my dear friend, till you have heard me out. I pay five shillings a pound, troy weight, for all that are brought me. Now, you have the fowl here in abundance, and they must void no small heaps of dung ; you say, you have twenty of those little urchins under your command, who have every day their hours of recreation upon the green, in fair weather ; what should hinder you from setting them, as a condition of their having once a quarter an extraordinary holiday, upon collecting the excrement of those animals, and bringing it to you ; who may preserve it in a convenient repository, till you have gathered enough to be worth carrying to your humble servant ? One caution,

tion, however, I must give you, which is of the utmost consequence in the business, and on which it chiefly depends; which is, that you take care the commodity be pure, that is, unmixed with any thing else; it must be only goose dung; remember I repeat it, it must be goose dung, my worthy master, goose dung only: And for this, genuine and unadulterated, my price is, as I have already told you, a crown a pound, ready rhino, for any quantity, from one to an hundred; besides a bottle of wine and a dinner at my house, with a hearty welcome. Well, Sir, what say you; will you undertake the commission? You may, at least, every twelvemonth, put thirty or forty pounds, at least, by it into your purse, which will buy madam a new gown now and then, and afford you pocket-money into the bargain.

This long and plausible harangue threw the credulous preceptor into such a quandary, that he was at a loss how to answer; but, at last, he said, he would consider of it, and perhaps he might do something. The apothecary added, he hoped he would; and after mending his draught, with a tankard or two more, he formally took his leave, assuring the host, it should not be his fault, if there were not a more intimate acquaintance between them. The wag, half maudlin with the good liquor, jogged merrily home, diverting himself with the success of his frolic, whereby he had fared so much better than he deserved. He thought the adventure over, and never expected to hear any more of the goose dung; but the weakness of the man he had so egregiously imposed on, was beyond what he imagined. That Simpleton, after ruminating some time on the gain that this new undertaking promised, went industriously about it, and made the gleanings of goose dung his scholars chief diversion; and, to encourage their diligence in this

filthy employment, he daily rewarded him that brought the largest contribution with a halfpenny. By these means he had amassed, in a few weeks, upwards of twenty pounds weight of it. This he fancied worth carrying to his customers, and accordingly, inclosing it in a tin box, and committing that to the driver, as a parcel of value, he accompanied it, in the stage coach, to London. Here it was no less carefully consigned to a porter, who ushered him along with it to the apothecary. This merry gentleman was just going to dinner, and was not a little started at the sight of so unexpected a visitor, whom, though he neither desired nor expected to see, he instantly recollected, and divined his errand. Notwithstanding he had as consummate assurance as any man, he was, for a few moments, at a loss how to behave on so singular an occasion, which was likely enough to involve him in some difficulty. However, he presently recovered his spirits, put a good face upon the matter; and, on the school-master's accosting him with a—Well, Sir, though I would not promise, yet you see I am to be relied on; I only said, it may be I might do something; but I think I have done a great deal; I have brought you here a box full.—Of what, pray, Sir, says Mr. Clysterpipe, staring at him with wonder? I have not the favour of knowing you.—Of what, Sir, replied the simpleton, of what do you think, but of the goose dung?—O *Gemini*, cried Clyster, as loud as he could bawl, my dearest friend, you are heartily welcome. Now I recognize your physiognomy. Well, as I'm alive, I was afraid you had forgotten me. I was just out, and in sad taking. I began to despair of you. Upon my word you are a good man. I hope you have taken care that they are genuine. I shall be undone, if you have disappointed me. Pray step in and foul a plate with me. Let us dine and drink

a bottle, before we proceed to business. Numphs was quite raptured. This was the most fortunate day he ever seen. Taffy was not happier, when he read on a barber's sign, "Money for Live Hare," and read it, "Money for Living Here." In a word, he went, sat down with a jovial countenance; eat and laughed immoderately. Clyster was to the full as jocund as his guest. He had now thought of an expedient, which freed him from all uneasiness about the issue of his adventure, having such a ninny to deal with: so, when he had exercised his lungs upon him a good while, and was quite tired of his insipidity, he told him, that now, if he pleased, he would go and take a survey of the treasure, he had so kindly brought him. — Numphs followed him into the shop, smirking, rubbing his fists, and, while the box was opening, protested it exhaled a fine perfume. Clyster, on the other hand, was half suffocated with the stench, though ready to burst with restraining the explosions of his mirth at the creature's folly. The affair was now at crisis, and the plot was not more comical than the catastrophe. Clyster assumed an air of business; very gravely took some of the dung between his fingers, and holding it to his nose, cried out, as in a rapture, that it was excellent. This he repeated three or four times, till he had quite transported goose-cap into a medley of hope and joy: when upon a fifth or sixth application of the nasty stuff to his nostrils, he suddenly screamed aloud, Oh, horrible! Oh, horrible! we are all undone! we are all undone! Why, the devil you have put ganders dung among them! They are all spoiled, all spoiled, not worth a farthing, by Jupiter. Numphs, scared and amazed at these exclamations, demanded what the man meant, for, was not a goose and a gander's jakes the same? No, you blockhead, replied Mr. Clyster, seemingly in a most outrageous

outrageous passion, as far different from one another, as the east is from the west; what else was the reason of my giving you so many strict charges about them? You are a scurvy fellow, and to be sure intended to cheat me. I am bubbled, cursedly disappointed, and, by depending upon you, shall be a sufferer, beyond what you, and all belonging to you, are able to repair. However, take your sophistocated stuff, and be gone, or, by Æsculapius and Apollo, I'll have you laid by the heels for an impostor.

These menaces struck poor Noodle, who had no suspicion of the bite, into such a panic, that he thought of nothing but escaping; so, while the reguish apothecary was running about, from the shop into the parlour, and back again, as if in a sort of phrenzy, forsooth, by his disappointment, he took the happy opportunity, as he fancied it, of slinking away, and leaving him in possession of the goose dung.



The prodigal BAKER.

A Journeyman baker, in the city of London, was the next heir to a very considerable estate.—He had often talked to the family of his expectations, and was very liberal in his promises to his master and fellow servants. One day, when he was not at home, a gentleman enquired of his master, if Mr. ——— did not live there? And being answered in the affirmative, but that he was out, the gentleman said he would wait his return at a neighbouring tavern, and desired he might be sent to him. When the man returned, his master accompanied him to the tavern, where the journeyman was told, that by the death of his relation he was become
master

master of 1500*l.* a year. In a few weeks the journeyman came rattling to his master's door, in a coach and six, and insisted on his, and his wife's company, at his country-seat. This request being complied with, he kept them a month in the country, and then, attending them back to London, made them a present of a hundred guineas for their former kindness. He told his old master, at parting, that, as he had the estate of a gentleman, he would endeavour at the qualifications, and for that purpose would make the tour of all the courts of Europe. In vain was he dissuaded from putting his design in execution.

The idea he had conceived of the advantages arising from travel, made him deaf to the remonstrances of his friends, who observing how much he was enamoured of figure, foresaw the ruin of his estate; of which, when they reminded him, he would answer in a jocular way, that he had a good trade in his belly, and would never break till he broke his neck. His expences abroad, in which he observed no medium, made considerable havock in his estate, which, after his return, he soon ran through entirely. Having nothing left, he engaged again with his old master, and when he was asked by his acquaintance, what he could think when he acted so imprudently? Why, said he, I thought of nothing but my pleasures; my estate gratified my inclinations while it lasted; and now it is gone has left me this advantage, that I have seen more of the world than any journeyman baker in town, and I dine at my master's table, which I never did before.



The reformed GAMESTER.

TWO young gentlemen agreed to spend an evening together, at the house of an acquaintance, who for some time past had given himself up entirely to gaming; at which he had hitherto had pretty good success, though he had not as yet so villanised himself, as to make use of cogged dice, like the generality of gamblers.

When supper was over, he produced his dice, and proposed a game to his companions, by way of amusement; to which they consented. The gamester, depending on his usual good luck, made sure that he should sweep the board: but Fortune, that fickle dame, ever inconstant, ever wavering in her favours; after a long series of uninterrupted success, at length declared against him. At every cast he lost, he swore, and blasphemed most impiously. His companions, who entertained a due veneration for morality and religion, were seized with horror at the direness of his imprecations, and rebuked him pretty severely for his wickedness; but this had no other effect than to augment his execrations. Having lost even to the last farthing, he threw down the dice in a rage, and swore they might play by themselves; that, for his part, he would go immediately to bed. His companions wished him a good night, and one of them, who had already planned out a scheme to reclaim him, advised him very seriously to ask pardon of God for the offence he had committed, in so profanely swearing and taking his name in vain; for which he could not but expect the most rigorous punishment.

Having

Having got into bed, which was the same chamber where they played, he could not help swearing at the recollection of his bad luck ; and dropped asleep with an oath in his mouth. When the music of his nostrils informed the company, that he was fast as a rock, he who had planned his reformation, made his companion acquainted with his scheme, which he approved of, and they resolved to put it into immediate execution.

They extinguished both fire and candle: then feigned a dispute, concerning a certain cast, and were so vociferous in their contest, that they soon awaked the gamester, who started up, and finding all involved in darkness, asked them how the d—l they could see to play, without a light ?—Phoo, phoo, cried they, you are not half awake yet, man ; why, you cannot see sure ?—they then made believe to begin their game again, and the gamester, on whom the liquor he drank had a pretty good effect, dropping insensibly asleep again. — The players presently after, feigned another dispute and one of them having waked him, desired he would be umpire in their difference. — Why how the d—l should I be able to decide, said he, rubbing his eyes, I cannot see in the dark ; where is the candle ?—why here in my hand, answered one of his companions : come, come, rub your eyes again ; you are not thoroughly awake yet, I perceive. — Rot me if I can see a wink, said he. They seemed to be very much surprized at this ; and asked him whether he jested or not ? No, by Jupiter don't I, replied he, 'tis matter of fact. Approach the candle nearer, said one of them, —well, do you not see plain enough now ?—No, the d—l fetch me if I do, replied he. — Surely then, continued they, God Almighty, in the justice of his wrath, has punished your blasphemy by depriving you of sight.

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The poor fellow, believing what they said to be true, began to conceive a real contrition for his fault; acknowledged the justness of his punishment, and implored the mercy of heaven, with all the signs of a sincere repentance. Alas! said his companions, holding the candle near him, what a terrible misfortune is this? and yet his eyes look as fine, and as clear as ever. Having given him all the consolation they were able, without marring their design, they wished him good night; and exhorting him to ask pardon of God for the offence he had committed, promised to pay him a visit in the morning.

The poor fellow, heartily contrite for his sins, spent best part of the night in sighs and lamentations, and made a sincere resolution to reform his conduct; and especially his profane habit of swearing. Fatigued at length with bewailing his misfortune, sleep shed again her peaceful poppies o'er his head, and he slept till morning; when, to his no small pleasure and astonishment, he found himself restored to his sight. He easily imagined, and his companions did their utmost to confirm him in the pious fraud, that he had obtained this miracle from heaven, through the sincerity and fervency of his prayers; and their innocent device was productive of this happy effect, that it reclaimed him entirely from the habit he had got of swearing, and caused him to reform his life in every other particular.



The Residence of Contentment.

AT Ispahan in Persia, there lived a young man of a noble family and great fortune, named Achmet, who from his infancy shewed the earliest signs of a restless and turbulent spirit; and though by nature endowed with an understanding superior to any of his age, was led away with every gust of passion to precipitate himself into the greatest dangers. After having a little experienced the misfortunes that accrue from such a disposition, he became somewhat more diffident of his own abilities, and determined to take the advice of those who had been most conversant with human nature, how to proceed for the future. There dwelt not far from the city, in a little cell among a ridge of mountains, an old hermit, who many years before had retired from the world to that place, to spend the rest of his days in prayer contemplation. This good man became so famous through the country for his wisdom and exemplary life, that if any one had an uneasiness of mind, he immediately went to Abudah (for so he was called) and never failed of receiving consolation, in the deepest affliction, from his prudent counsel; which made the superstitious imagine, that there was a charm in the sound of his words to drive away despair and all her gloomy attendants. Hither Achmet repaired, and as he was entering a grove near the sage's habitation, met according to his wishes the venerable recluse; he prostrated himself before him, and with signs of the utmost

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anguish,

anguish, Behold, said he, O divine Abudah, favourite of our mighty prophet, who resemblest Allha by distributing the balm of comfort to the distressed, behold the most miserable of mortals.—He was going on, when the old man, deeply affected with his lamentations, interrupted him, and taking him by the hand, “ Rife, my son, said he, let me know the cause of thy misfortunes, and whatever is in my power shall be done to restore thee to tranquility.” Alas ! replied Achmet, how can I be restored to that which I never yet possessed ! for know, thou enlightened guide of the faithful, I never have spent an easy moment, that I can remember, since reason first dawned upon my mind ; hitherto, even from my cradle, a thousand fancies have attended me through life, and are continually, under the false appearance of happiness, deceiving me into anxiety ; whilst others are enjoying the most undisturbed repose. Tell me then, I conjure thee by the holy temple of Mecca, from whence thy prayers have been so often carried to Mahomet by the ministers of Paradise, by what method I may arrive, if not at the sacred tranquility thou enjoyest, yet at the harbour of such earthly peace as the holy Koran has promised to all those that obey its celestial precepts ; for sure the damned, who remove alternately from the different extremes of chilling frosts and scorching flames, cannot suffer greater torments than I undergo at present. Abudah, perceiving that a discontented mind was the source alone of the young man’s troubles, Be comforted, my son, said he, for a time shall come, by the will of Heaven, when thou shalt receive the reward of a true believer, and be freed from all thy misfortunes ; before thou canst be numbered with the truly happy. Thou enquirest of me, where happiness dwells ? Look around the world, and see in how many different scenes the

she has taken up her residence ; sometimes, though very rarely, in a palace, often in a cottage ; the philosopher's cave of retirement, and the soldier's tent, amidst the noise and dangers of war, are by turns her habitation ; the rich man may see her in his treasure, or the beggar in his wallet. In all these stations she is said to be found, but in none altogether. Go then and seek thy fortune among the various scenes of the world, and if thou shouldst prove unsuccessful in this probationary expedition, return to me when seven years are expired, when the passions of youth begin to subside, and I will instruct thee by a religious emblem, which our great prophet shewed me in a dream, how to obtain the end of all thy wishes. Achmet, not understanding Abudah's meaning, left him as discontented as he came, and returned to Ispahan with a full resolution of gratifying every inclination of pleasure or ambition, imagining one of these must be the road to felicity. Accordingly he gave up his first years entirely to those enjoyments which enervate both mind and body ; but finding at length no real satisfaction in the possession of these, but rather diseases and disappointments ; he changed his course of life, and followed the dictates of avarice, that were continually offering to his eyes external happiness seated on a throne of gold. His endeavours succeeded, and by the assistance of fortune he became the richest subject of the east. Still something was wanting. Power and Honour presented themselves to view, and wholly engaged his attention. These desires did not remain long unsatisfied ; for by the favour of the sophy he was advanced to the highest dignities of the Persian empire. But, alas ! he was not still the nearer to the primary object of his most ardent wishes ! Fears, doubts, and a thousand different anxieties that attend the great, perpetually haunted him, and made

him seek again the calm retirement of a rural life. Nor was the latter productive of any more comfort than the former stations; in short, being disappointed, and finding happiness in no one condition, he sought the hermit a second time, to complain of his fate, and claim the promise he had received before the beginning of his adventures. Abudah, seeing his disciple return again after the stated time, still discontented, took him by the hand, and smiling upon him with an air of gentle reproof, Achmet, said he, cease to blame the fates for the uneasiness which arises alone from thy own breast; behold, since thou hast performed the task I enjoined in order to make thee more capable of following my future instructions, I will unfold to thee the grand mystery of wisdom, by which she leads her votaries to happiness. See (said he, pointing to a river in which several young swans were eagerly swimming after their own shadows in the stream) those silly birds imitate mankind; they are in pursuit of that which their own motion puts to flight; behold others that have tired themselves with their unnecessary labour, and, sitting still, are in possession of what their utmost endeavours could never have accomplished. Thus, my son, happiness is the shadow of contentment, and rests, or moves for ever with its original.



BUCKINGHAM *and the* MAYOR.

IT being made known at Oxford that K. Charles II. would shortly visit that city, the mayor, who happened that year to be a butcher, and not very elegant in his form, nor versed in ceremony, was under a sad concern, about the part he would be obliged to act on that singular occasion; which was that of receiving and complimenting his Majesty, at the bounds of his jurisdiction. He had some knowledge of the duke of Buckingham; so up he rode to London, to try if he could make a friend of that nobleman, and, by his means, be excused from having any thing to do in this business, for which he knew himself to be utterly unqualified. Being introduced to his grace, he laid before him, in the best language he could, his pitiful case; and begged of him for God's sake, if it was in his power, to relieve him: I am, may it please my lord, said he, a poor ignorant man, and not used to have any thing to do with such mighty folks; and to be sure his most noble majesty can be let into our town very well without me; let me beseech your honour, therefore to speak to my *leech*, that somebody else may be put in my place; for they say I must make a fine *orason*, to welcome his grace, and I can no more do such a thing than one of my bullocks: so, pray my good lord, to get me *disenabled*; for, really, till I am, I can't so much as sleep a wink about it. — The duke, who could hardly keep his countenance, during this wise and elegant harangue, answered, As for putting another in your place, Mr. mayer, it cannot well be done; nor would the king

cast such an affront on so worthy a magistrate; no one is fitter to perform the office than yourself, which will be an honour to you while you live, and to your posterity after you; and as for your making a speech, which is the only thing about which I find you are so uneasy, you need not give yourself the least trouble; for I shall be in the coach with the king, and, when he stops, you have only to look him in the face, then make a low bow, and, rising up again, say, with a stately air, May it please your Majesty, I am not ignorant. As soon as you have uttered these words, I'll order the guards to ride on, and there will be an end of the story.

The mayor being vastly pleased with this assurance, returned with a light heart to Oxford, without mentioning a syllable of his errand to London, or begrudging the expence of it, seeing he had reaped thereby, as he thought, so much satisfaction and tranquillity. Nay, he even longed for the happy day, when he was so easily, at the rate only of a bow and three or four words, to aggrandise himself and his family. At length, it came; when he, arrayed in all the frippery of his office, accompanied by his aldermen, and other myrmidons, made a pompous procession to the boundary of his jurisdiction. Here he waited the important minute, when a mighty monarch, as he fancied, was to stop at his feet, and not depart, till, by a few syllables from his lips, he had given him a sort of licence.

Buckingham had apprised the king of the jest, and all the court were prepared to enjoy an ill-natured triumph in the mayor's mortification. No sooner were they come to the place of his worship's station, but he approached the royal presence with an aukward solemnity; and, as the duke had tutored him, after a low congee, told his majesty, He
was

was not ignorant. He now imagined all was over; that the equipage would go forward, and that the affair was happily terminated. But he was sadly mistaken, the horses did not budge, and the king stared his worship full in the face, as expecting a continuation of his oration: but, as he had learned no more of his noble preceptor, he was not able to advance a word farther; so, bowing again, he repeated his first asseveration, that He was not ignorant. The king thought it was now time to quit so ignoble a pastime; and, having the game in his hands, one way or another, was resolved to dispatch it. What he intended was to brow-beat the mayor (already half dead with vexation) into an absolute silence; in order to which he assumed a stern aspect, and looked at him more stedfastly than ever, as if impatient for his proceeding, and highly displeased at his delay. But this roused his worship, and produced a third obeisance, with another, May it please your majesty, I am not ignorant. To which his majesty, who had quite enough, answered, in a very angry tone, Poh, you blockhead, that is only your own opinion: on which the duke, as had been concerted between him and the merry monarch, gave the signal for going on. This furnished them with matter of laughter till they got into the city, when their attention was engaged by the acclamations of the scholars and inhabitants; but the mayor entered it with a different temper, loaded with ignominy, and in the bitterest affliction. It might be intended by the managers as a farce, but it had a cruel catastrophe; the unfortunate mayor sunk under the weight of ridicule which was cast on him from every quarter, and broke his heart, ere his two murderers, for such I may call them, had left the university.



The humorous MILLER.

IN days of yore, when every petty lord of a manor assumed the authority of a sovereign, and held his tenants and other dependants in the most servile state of dejection, lived a lord of a most cruel and revengeful temper, who seemed to take a pleasure in tormenting every one about him; even honest Mumbletext, the parson of the parish, could not escape the rage of his malice.

Mumbletext, it seems, was much addicted to the study of astrology; and, in order to render himself a man of importance among his parishioners, pretended to prognosticate the various changes of the weather. In general, his predictions were false, but sometimes, by chance, happened to prove true; and Mumbletext soon gained so great a reputation amongst the ignorant and vulgar, that it passed for current in the village, that the parson was a magician, and dealt with Old Nick. This at length reached the ears of the lord, who, glad of an opportunity to indulge his ill-nature, sent for the parson.

Mumbletext, who had been but lately inducted to the living, had never yet had the honour of appearing before his lord; he therefore put on his best gown and band on the occasion, and waited on him, not without some diffidence, for he was perfectly well acquainted with his character. Well, goodman Parson, said the lord, I have been informed that you are a great adept in the black art, and that you pretend to pry into futurity.—Pardon me, Sir, replied the parson, I do indeed take
great

great delight in the study of judicial astrology, and may chance to foretel sometimes, by a minute observation of the conjunction and influence of the planets, the various changes of the weather.

It signifies nothing talking, said the lord, resolving to gratify his malice, it is in every person's mouth that you are a magician; therefore, unless you expound four questions which I shall put to you, I will order you to be scourged through the village for an infamous impostor.—The poor parson, trembling and half dead with the fright, would have offered something farther in his defence; but the lord refused to hear him: 'tis to no manner of purpose to argue the case, said he, I will admit of no medium; you have your choice, to expound, or to be whipped; and must resolve upon one or the other immediately. The four questions, continued he, of which I require the solution are as follow: first, whereabouts is the exact middle of the world? secondly, how much I am worth? thirdly, what do I think? and, fourthly, what do I believe?

In vain did poor Mumbletext protest, that he knew no more where the middle of the world was than the man in the moon; and that it was in the power of God alone to read into the secrets of a man's heart. No, replied the lord, you impose on the ignorant by your impostures, but do not imagine to treat me in the same manner: you must either give me the satisfaction I demand, or confess that you are an arrant cheat; and submit to the chastisement due to your demerits. The parson, finding that all his arguments were of no effect, desired, in order to gain time, that he would be pleased to allow him to the next morning to consult the planets; which was granted.

Poor Mumbletext trudged homewards with an heavy heart, and a sorrowful countenance, revolving in his mind the punishment he was threatened with;

with; and imagined every now and then he felt the cudgel at his back.

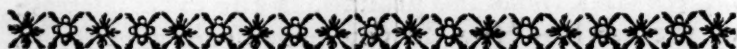
The miller of the village, a very arch, droll kind of a fellow, happened to meet him, and perceiving him look so dejected and melancholy, took the liberty of enquiring into the cause; for the parson and he were intimates, and had often cracked a bottle of ale together. Mumbletext, shrugging his shoulders, informed him, in a plaintive voice, of the misfortune that had befallen him, and of the disgrace he must inevitably suffer next morning; seeing it was impossible either for him, or any one else, to resolve the questions proposed.—Pooh! pooh! man, said the miller, never make yourself uneasy upon that account: lend me your cassock and band, and I'll go in your stead with all my heart: he never saw me in his life, and has seen you but once, so that I shall easily pass muster; and let me alone for giving him an answer. Mumbletext, who knew the miller to be a sensible clever fellow, thought he could not trust his cause in better hands; he therefore very thankfully agreed to the proposal; and sent him his regimentals, as soon as he got home.

The next morning, the miller dressed himself in his canonicals, and made as grave an appearance as any parson of them all; for he had a full round pauch of his own, a face as sleek and as ruddy as an apple; and wit enough, although he could neither talk Latin nor chop Logic, to pose any two parsons in the country. When he arrived at the manor-house, he desired a servant to acquaint his lord, that the parson of the parish had taken the liberty of waiting on him, in order to satisfy him in regard to some questions he had proposed the preceding day. The lord, who had just risen, and was dressing himself, hearing the parson was come, ordered him up stairs immediately. Well, friend, said

said he, I suppose you are going to harp upon the old string; that it is not in your power to give me the satisfaction I demand; I am therefore resolved to make an example of you, for endeavouring to impose upon mankind: here, servant, prepare the instruments of correction.—My lord, answered the miller, I am ready, at the peril of my life, to expound the difficulties you proposed. We shall soon see that, said the lord, and to begin: tell me whereabouts the exact middle of the world is?—I am not only ready to tell you where it is, Sir, said the miller, but will also shew it to you if you think proper; and that in less than a quarter of an hour, for it is situated not above two hundred paces from your house.—Aye indeed, quoth the lord; I shall be glad to see it.

The miller immediately conducted him into a neighbouring plain; and having measured and re-measured the ground, with a stick he had brought with him for the purpose; There, Sir, said he, striking his stick into the ground, is the exact middle of the earth.—How do you prove your assertion to be true, said the lord? Ah! Sir, replied the miller, cause it to be measured, and if I have erred, even in the breadth of an hair, I submit to forfeit my life.—The lord, who had not considered the impossibility of detecting the supposed parson in a falsehood, thought he might as well give up the argument, since it was not in his power to prove the contrary.—Well, friend, resumed he, I am content to depend upon your veracity; but to the second: Can you tell me what I am worth? Why, Sir, replied the miller, our Saviour, who, without disparagement, was worth something more than you are, was sold for thirty deniers; if I value you at twenty-nine, sure you can have no reason to complain?—No, truly, replied the lord, who began to be pleased with the smartness of his repartee, and
if

if you can resolve me as well what I think of, you shall have no reason to repent it.—In troth, Sir, says the miller, I dare venture an even wager, that you think more of your own profit than of mine: and so, I think, I have answered your question.—A pleasant fellow, indeed, quoth the lord, smiling; but what answer will you make to the fourth? Can you tell me what I believe? yes, Sir, replied the miller, is it not true, that you believe me to be the parson of the parish? Undoubtedly, answered the lord: And yet, continued he, I am only the miller of the village. Whoever you be, quoth the lord, whom the miller's wit, had rendered better humour'd than usual, you are a very humorous, pleasant fellow; and your conversation has afforded me the highest entertainment. From this day, you shall always meet with an hearty welcome at the manor-house; and for your sake, I consent to remit the parson's punishment.



The Galenical Stratagem.

THERE lived at Paris two gentlemen belonging to the retinue of a prince of the blood royal, who were very intimate together; one of whom, whose name was la Roche, was a very humorous pleasant companion, and a shrewd lover of a joke; insomuch, that he would rather run the hazard of alienating the affections of a bosom friend, than lose a jest or brilliant repartee: the name of the other was Le Comte, who was also a very agreeable gentleman.

They both lived in the same house, in ready furnished lodgings: Le Comte occupied the first floor, and his friend the second. La Roche, on
account

account of some indisposition, had been advised to make use of a clyster, once or twice a week; and the apothecary's journeyman who brought it, mistaking one door for the other, frequently knocked at Le Comte's chamber, instead of La Roche's.— This being often repeated, made Le Comte so angry, that he divulged the secret in public company; and made some satyrical reflections on the beastliness of his friend, who delighted in having his posteriors groped, by a parcel of dirty journeymen apothecaries.

La Roche, who knew better how to give than to take a joke, was very much nettled at his friend's raillery; and knowing what an extreme abhorrence he had to a clyster, (for he had often heard him declare that he would much rather die than have recourse to so filthy a remedy) resolved to gratify his revenge, in making him take one by force.

In order to bring his scheme to bear, he paid a visit to his apothecary, who lived in the street Sainte Honoré, and told him, that a friend of his, for whom he had the greatest regard, was, at certain times, seized with such violent fits of lunacy, that he had been given over by the faculty, who were unanimously of opinion, that he had not three months longer to live; but that a celebrated empyric had undertaken his cure, provided he could be prevailed upon to take a clyster, without which all his medicines would prove ineffectual; to which his aversion was so great, that, although his relations had used their utmost endeavours to persuade him, he still remained obstinate, declaring he would rather die, than undergo that innocent operation.— His relations, continued La Roche, knowing me to be one of his most intimate friends, begged of me to leave no methods untried, to bring him to reason; and I, accordingly, made use of all the

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rhetoric

rhetoric I was master of, to engage him to take it; but in vain. I have just been consulting with the empyric, for it is really a pity so worthy a young gentleman should die in the prime of life, merely through his own obstinacy and perverseness: he says, that if the clyster does but enter into the body, although he should render it immediately, yet it will suffice to prepare the bowels to receive his drugs, and we concluded, that a clyster he must take, either willingly or by compulsion. I have communicated our design to his relations, which they approved of; and desired me to find out an apothecary, who would undertake to administer one. Here are ten crowns, continued he (counting them out on the table) which I have orders to give you for the job: you will, besides, lay an eternal obligation upon his relations, who are people of fashion, and have it in their power to be of service to you in your profession, on many other occasions.

The latter part of his discourse, he might have omitted; for the apothecary was too much taken up in contemplating the beauty of the crowns, to afford any attention to what he said: certain it is, there needed no other rhetoric than he first made use of; and the shining specie, pleaded so eloquently in his favour, that the apothecary would not have hesitated to clysterify all the madmen in Paris, upon the like conditions. Having taken down the name and place of abode of his patient, he promised punctually to perform the operation the next morning; and to be well provided with assistants, in case he should prove refractory.

The apothecary having prepared his clyster, took half a dozen stout fellows with him, in case of necessity, whom he stationed at the foot of the stairs, with orders to come up at a certain signal; and, going up alone, knocked at the door. Le Comte, who

who was not yet stirring, called out: "Who is there?"—"A friend," answered the apothecary. Upon which he arose, unlocked the door, and went to bed again. The apothecary entered the apartment with great solemnity, and deposited his syringe upon the table. Le Comte asked him what he wanted? "I am an apothecary, Sir, (said he) and have brought your clyster."—"Devil take you, for a blockhead, (cried Le Comte) why do you trouble me thus continually? I have told you twenty times before, to go a story higher, and yet you can never remember it."—"Pardon me, Sir, (resumed the apothecary) I believe I am very right:" and, taking the clyster from under his cloak, pours it into the syringe. "Why, you stupid rascal, (exclaimed Le Comte, in a rage) I tell you once again, it is over-head."—"Pardon me, Sir, (replies the apothecary) I know very well what an aversion you have to a clyster; and am surprized you would rather chuse to lose your life, than have recourse to so gentle and specific a remedy. Indeed, if (like most of my profession) I made up my clysters of bad compounds, you would then have reason to loath them: but I, Sir, am a man of honour and probity, and I scorn to poison mankind through mercenary views: I can sit down contented with ten-pence profit in the shilling, while my unconscionable brethren grumble at eleven-pence half. and I defy any person to say, I ever used any other than the best; aye, the very best of ingredients in the composition of a clyster; nor is there any one thing in this, but what I would safely administer to a breeding woman, or an infant."

Poor Le Comte was out of all patience at this tedious narrative; and, cursing the apothecary for a scoundrel and a rascal, threatened to throw him out of the window, if he did not get about his business

immediately. The apothecary, imagining he was relapsed into a fit of lunacy, and being apprehensive that he would put his menaces into execution, gave the appointed signal to his attendants, who instantly rushed to his assistance.

The apothecary, having got his myrmidons about him, drew near the bed-side, armed with his syringe: " Sir, (said he) your struggling will avail you nothing; it is for your own good, and take it you must." Le Comte, finding matters draw so near a crisis, made a vigorous effort to rise, which the apothecary perceiving, ordered his assistants to seize him; which orders were so punctually performed, that he found himself unable to move either hand or foot. Well it was for him, he happened to be in bed, or they would not have gained so cheap a victory. He defended himself, however, with tooth and nail, as long as he was able; but, at length being over powered by their number, (for two to one are odds at foot-ball) he was obliged to submit. He cursed—swore—menaced—but all to no purpose: for now, having settled him in a convenient posture, the apothecary, with admirable dexterity, administered the clyster, even to the last drop. The operation over, he covered his patient up in his bed again; and, bidding one of his attendants open the door, devil take the hindmost was the word; down stairs they scampered, ready to break their necks; and had turned the corner of the street, before poor Le Comte could open his window to observe which way they went, for as to following them, that was quite out of the question in his present condition.

He began now to consider with himself, who could have been the author of this farce; which he made no scruple of placing to the account of his friend above stairs. Having dressed himself, and changed his linen, which was pretty handsomely bedawbed

bedawbed, he went up to La Roche's chamber, in a violent passion; and his rage was so great, that it was some time before his words could find an utterance. La Roche, who guessed what errand he was upon, feigned himself asleep when he came into his room; then, stretching out his arms, and yawning, bid him good morrow, and asked him, how he came to rise so much earlier than usual? Le Comte related what had happened to him, as well as his choler would permit, and swore that the author, let him be who he would, was a scoundrel, and deserved to be kicked. La Roche seemed quite astonished, protested his innocence of the fact, and assured him he would give him all the assistance in his power, to trace out the insolent perpetrator of so base a deed, and punish him as he deserved: in short, he acted his part so well, that Le Comte, imagining he must be mistaken in his surmises, begged his friend's pardon for his unjust suspicious and took his leave.

La Roche, who had with much difficulty refrained from laughter while Le Comte was present, now gave a loose to his mirth; and having dressed himself, waited, according to custom, upon their mutual patron the prince: and thinking his joke would remain incomplete, unless it were rendered public, he communicated the adventure to the courtiers; and Le Comte, in his turn, became the jest of the whole court.

Le Comte, whose doubts in regard to the author of his disgrace were now sufficiently cleared up, resolved to challenge La Roche. For this purpose, he called on a gentleman of his acquaintance, who was in the service of the marshal d'Ancre, for it was in his time that this adventure happened; and informing him of the affront he had received, and that he should insist upon such satisfaction as a man of honour had a right to demand, begged he would

do him the favour to be bearer of his challenge to La Roche, and his second in the field. His friend, who was a man in years, and had in his time, given undoubted proofs of his courage on many occasions, beheld things in a far different light from what they appeared to Le Comte, who was hurried on by an heat and impetuosity natural to youth, and endeavoured to wean him from this thought. — Such a conduct, said he addressing himself to Le Comte, will only serve to render you more ridiculous, by discovering to thousands, an adventure which otherwise, in all probability, they will ever remain ignorant of: besides, what glory can you possibly think to acquire from a duel upon so shameful an occasion? — What! replied Le Comte, shall I then tamely put up so glaring an affront, without doing myself justice; and be hooted by the boys, as I pass the streets, for a rank poltroon? — You misinterpret my meaning, continued his friend, I am far from advising you to forego your just revenge: but then let the revenge be proportionate to the injury. If a man gives me a blow, or makes a reflection injurious to my honour, I send him a challenge; but a joke should be revenged by a joke. Your sword should be ever kept sacred for the defence of your person, or of your fame; for the same rule of honour, which prohibits you from measuring swords with a man unworthy of wearing one, prohibits you from contaminating it in a trivial or ridiculous quarrel. Leave your cause in my hands; and if I do not obtain your satisfaction, let me bear the blame. Le Comte, who knew his friend to be well skilled in the laws and punctilios of honour, readily acquiesced in his advice.

We have taken notice, in the foregoing part of this story, that Lotaire (for so his friend was called) was an attendant on the marshal d'Ancre; who was
so

so powerful at that time, that he would frequently, without any form or process, send any one to the Bastile who had dared to speak disrespectfully of him. Lotaire, for whom the marshal always testified a particular esteem, was all in all with the gaoler, with whom he had been several times to communicate his master's orders; and the great influence he had over the marshal, made him almost as much respected at Paris, as the marshal himself: he resolved, therefore, to make use of his authority to revenge, in a ludicrous manner, the affront his friend had received from La Roche. With this intent, he sent for the king's messengers, and told them, it was his master's pleasure that they should immediately arrest La Roche, whom he described to them, and deliver his body to the keeper of the Bastile. He then called upon the keeper of the prison, and gave him notice, that one La Roche would be brought prisoner there by the marshal's orders, who recommended it to him to keep him in close custody; as he must be responsible for him.

La Roche, who was entirely innocent of the plot laid against him, became an easy prize to the messengers. He asked them the cause of his arrest? they told him, they knew nothing of the matter, but that he would probably be informed when sentence was passed upon him, and instantly hurried him away to prison; for in those countries, where despotism bears the sway, there is no questioning the legality of a messenger's warrant. He could obtain no better information from the gaoler, who declared he was ignorant of his crime, but acknowledged he had received an order for his commitment; and, conducting him to the apartment he had provided for him, left him to ruminate at his leisure, on his critical situation. And now, being left to himself, his conduct underwent a strict scrutiny;

tiny; but he could recollect nothing he had either said or done, to merit so rigorous a treatment.

He had remained in prison about an hour, when Lotaire, who was intimately acquainted with him, paid him a visit; and, approaching with a well-feigned air of sorrow and astonishment: Alas! my dear friend, said he, what can be the meaning of this? I was this moment informed of your being in confinement; and, laying aside all other business, came hither to learn the cause of your imprisonment, and to offer you my service on this melancholy occasion.—Ah! my good friend, replied La Roche, in a sorrowful tone, I declare, upon my honour, I am entirely ignorant of the cause of my arrest.—If it be for debt, said Lotaire, I have money; all I have is at your service; and, if that should not prove sufficient, I have powerful friends, who will make up the deficiency.—No, no, my dear friend, it cannot be on that account, replied La Roche: I owe no creature a farthing, except my landlord; and, had I occasion for all he has in the world, I am certain it would be at my disposal.—You have, perhaps, fought a duel?—no—nay, continued Lotaire, something must have been laid to your charge; examine a little into your conduct. I know you are very apt to be too free in your discourse; and that you would as soon sacrifice your life as a *bon mot*: have you not spoken disrespectfully of the marshal d'Ancre? you know very well that in this age, our very thoughts become criminal; and the least word against the marshal is punishable with death.

At this last word, death, La Roche was seized with a fit of trembling: the vermillion forsook his cheeks; and a deadly pale over-spread his countenance. Ah, *marblier*! said he, after a moment's reflection, turning up his eyes, and stamping with his foot, is that then the crime that is laid to my charge?

charge? that I am unable to determine; but replied Lotaire, I only happened to mention it, imagining you might have been imprudent in that particular; and if that should prove the case, I heartily pity you: for you know, as well as I, the inexorable disposition of the marshal, who never yet pardoned the man that dared to offend him. Adieu!

I can be more serviceable to you elsewhere. I will endeavour to learn the cause of your imprisonment, and return to inform you: in the mean time, think of any thing else I can be of service to you in, and rest assured you may command me. So saying, he departed: and left poor La Roche in a very pensive mood; for he made no doubt but that he had been arrested by order of the marshal d'Ancre, and that nothing less than his life was at stake.

Lotaire, who was determined to go through with the joke, went to a doctor in Sorbonne, whose province it was to attend condemned criminals, and prepare them for death, and informed him, with tears in his eyes, that an unfortunate gentleman, a friend of his, had, by the marshal's order, been condemned to be beheaded, without any form of process; and was to be executed that very evening, but remained as yet ignorant of his sentence; and that, as the news would undoubtedly give him a terrible shock, he thought a gentleman of his function would be the properest messenger: intreated him therefore, to take upon him that office: and endeavour, by administering a little spiritual comfort, to reconcile him by degrees to submit to his fate. This was all Arabic to the good priest, who replied not a word, but hung down his head, and seemed to be in a brown study, till the chinking of the two crown pieces, a sort of melody, which, according to the witty Hudibras, renders all doctrines plain and clear, roused the doctor from his lethargy, and made him, without any further explanation, comprehend

hend every tittle of what had been said. He now took down the name, and place of confinement of his penitent, and, with a thousand bows and cringes, promised to attend him, in less than half an hour.

Lotaire returned immediately to the Bastille; and with a countenance expressive of the bad tidings he was about to impart:—Ah! my dear friend, said he, what I apprehended is but too true; it is at the marshal's suit you are confined; and, to speak with the freedom of a friend, I am extremely apprehensive of the consequence.——Alas! cried La Roche, what crime can he possibly lay to my charge?——No one could inform me of that, replied Lotaire, but 'tis sufficient that you have displeased a man, whose nod, as you very well know, can take off half the heads in Paris. Had you slain twenty people, I should still retain hopes of obtaining your pardon; but in an affair of this nature, no one dares to offer a word in your favour; especially I, who am his servant.—Oh, heavens! exclaimed La Roche in an agony, and must I then lose my life?—Here the presence of the good priest interrupted the conversation; who, having heard the last words of La Roche, replied, And why not, my dear friend, consider our blessed Lord, who was far more innocent than you, gave up his life upon the cross. We are all mortal: what does it, therefore, import when we die, provided we die well prepared, and truly penitent for our sins. The arrival of the priest damped La Roche's small remains of hope. Lotaire perceiving this, arose from his seat; my dear friend, said he, I pray to God to support you, in this day of tribulation: I will leave you a while to the care of this pious gentleman, and see if there by any possibility of serving you.

The good father, finding himself alone with his penitent, began a most moving and pathetic discourse.

course: My dear son, said he, grasping his hand, you must endeavour to detach yourself from all worldly affairs, and prepare for death: you are condemned; and have not above three hours to live.

At this sad tale, the soul of poor La Roche was harrowed up with terror and affright. The astonishment this dread sentence gave him, deprived him of speech; but, when he came a little to himself, he stamped—he swore—he raved—any ordinary spectator would have pronounced him a madman; but the good priest, who was no novice in affairs of this kind, and had met with many similar cases, in the course of his practice, was not much surprised at this frantic behaviour: he endeavoured to restore him to his former serenity by dint of argument, and answered him that this life was nothing compared to an happy eternity.—Our readers will excuse the omitting of the rest of his sermon: preaching is not our trade; we should, therefore, in all probability, acquit ourselves very little to their satisfaction.—Let it suffice then, that having at length, by his persuasive eloquence, calmed a little the tumults of his breast, he took his leave, that his penitent might be at liberty to prepare himself for confession; and promised to return again in about an hour.

Lotaire, who had been, during this conference, in a contiguous chamber, from whence he heard all that passed, did not think his vengeance compleated yet: he resolved, however, to free La Roche from his apprehensions before night, by putting an end to the farce.—The good father no sooner departed, than Lotaire made his appearance again: Alas! my dear friend, said he, I have just been informed—ah!—I cannot—cannot speak the cruel word—you are—condemned, condemned, cried La Roche, I know it but too well. What remains now,
but

but to take an eternal farewell. Here a most tender scene ensued, which we chuse to pass over in silence, lest we should change the comic scene into a tragi-comic tale; a species of performance we have ever testified an extreme aversion to. The melting scene was scarce over, when Lotaire cried out in raptures of joy; I have hit on't; egad, I have hit on't! indulgent heaven has surely inspired me with the thought, for the preservation of my friend.—Ah cease to feed me with the hopes, cries La Roche, pricking up his ears at the welcome sound, I know full well, my death is inevitable.—My dear friend, resumed Lotaire, do not give way to despair: pluck up a little courage, and resolve to follow my advice, and I will insure you of success. You are a state prisoner, continued he, few people are acquainted with your condemnation; even the gaoler himself remains ignorant of it: now, what do you think my scheme is?—I know not, replied La Roche, trembling.—You know, continued Lotaire, that when a prisoner of state is lodged in the Bastile, he may think himself very well off if he be quit for a twelve-months imprisonment; now do you inform the gaoler, that imagining your confinement will prove pretty tedious, you intend to lay in a stock of coals for the winter; or you may leave that business to me, I will take care to acquaint him with it.—And what benefit can I propose to reap from that? cries La Roche.—I will engage, said Lotaire, to prevail with a coal-heaver, for thirty or forty pistoles, to bring a sack of coals to your chamber, and change cloaths with you: in this disguise you may easily make your escape; for the gaoler, mistaking you for the coal-heaver, will make no difficulty in letting you pass. La Roche's countenance began now to clear up a little, for he conceived great hopes from this scheme of his friend's, and even imagined himself already at large; he

he conjured Lotaire to put his design in practice without delay; and, rather than fail, to offer the coal-heaver all he was worth in the world.

Lotaire applied immediately to the coal-merchant with whom he dealt, and telling him the story, was soon supplied with a man for his purpose, and returning with him to the prison, let the gaoler also into the secret; he told him, his intention was only to frighten La Roche, and desired he would assist him in his design; and suffer him to pass unmolested in the coal-heaver's dress. The gaoler, who always paid a just deference to his commands, and who had confined La Roche by his order, made no difficulty in granting his request. Lotaire, having taken the coal-heaver to La Roche's apartment, who expected them with the utmost impatience, made them exchange cloaths with all possible dispatch; and smearing La Roche's face over with soot, rendered him a perfect counterpart of the coal-man. Having thrown the empty sack across his shoulders, he began his enterprize; and passed thro' the first and second door without molestation; but when he arrived at the third, the gaoler, the better to humour the farce, cried out: Sure this cannot be one of my prisoners? This question had the desired effect. Poor La Roche gave himself over for lost; and was so terrified, that he had not power to move a step further, till Lotaire, who was near him, answered: No, no, it is only the coal-heaver, who brought the coals just now.—Upon which the gaoler bid him pass.

When he found himself at liberty, he ran with all speed towards the palace of the prince his patron, in order to take shelter there, imagining every moment he heard the archers at his heels. As he passed the Pont Neuf, some gentlemen of Lotaire's acquaintance, whom he posted there on purpose, cried out aloud, as he passed them; Marblieu!

there goes a coal-heaver, the very picture of our friend La Roche. — This caused him to redouble his speed, till he arrived at the palace quite, out of breath: where he found the prince with others of his retinue, to whom Lotaire had discovered the affair, standing in the court-yard in expectation of his arrival; and, throwing himself at his feet: — Good, your highness, said he, in a piteous tone, deign to save my life. — The prince feigned not to know him, and would have retired, but La Roche held him fast, crying: For God's sake, your highness, save my life; I am La Roche.

The prince seemed greatly astonished to behold him in such a plight, and asked him the reason of so odd a metamorphosis? La Roche proceeded to give him a detail of the whole affair, with all the simplicity imaginable; till the prince and his attendants, unable any longer to restrain their risible muscles, burst out into such pales of laughter, that he became the jest of the company.

The fright however operated on him so powerfully, that it threw him into a fever, which very nearly cost him his life. When he recovered, his rage against the authors of his disgrace was inexpressible; and he would immediately have challenged both Le Comte and Lotaire, had not his friends interposed, who convinced him he had not the least ground for complaint; as being the aggressor, and had only received a Rowland for his Oliver.

Time, and the mutual good offices of their respective friends, at length cemented the breach, and they became as great cronies as before; and our readers, we believe, will allow, that Le Comte had reason to be satisfied with his revenge.



The secret History of the SLIPPER.

LONG has it been the wonder of the gay and young, that the most worthy to be celebrated of all toasts, the sprightly Rosetta, amidst the continual round of pleasure she is engaged in, should preserve an extraordinary and almost a religious veneration of a relick, which they have all along pronounced to be nothing more than a Morocco Slipper. For my own part (having studied very deeply into first and second causes, propositions, solutions, dependencies and conclusions in love) I have learned to know nothing, and to distrust my own eyes and ears in any point wherein the sense, beauty, wit or discretion of the fair sex is disputed. Hence it is, that I have carefully avoided giving my sentiments, in so intricate a case, but having very happily been acquainted with the reason of this very remarkable behaviour, I cannot forbear giving the world a faithful history of that curiosity, which I now will venture to call a Slipper. A task, gentle reader, that gives me much greater satisfaction, than if I was going to give an elaborate description of the most valuable piece of antiquity, the closet of any particular virtuoso, or the most beautiful Museum Europe can boast of.

In a little village on the borders of Hertfordshire, lived the good Sylvanus, esteemed by all who knew him as a blessing to the community, and an ornament to the body of the clergy, of which he was a worthy member. It was to him (as the fittest man in the world for a guardian) that the best of fathers, the careful and indulgent Rusticus, with his dying

breath, committed the beautiful Rosetta, at that time of too tender an age to know the want, or feel the loss of a parent : nor was she entrusted only to his direction, for, partly to oblige his acquaintance, and partly to add to the scanty provision of his beneficence, he took under his care the education of five or six young gentlemen, sons of his intimate friends ; and to the charge of his sister Lucinda, who then resided with him, gave up Rosetta, and three or four other young ladies of her own age, by whose company, it was his intention to enliven her turn of mind, and take off the too great a reserve of so solitary an education. Some years had elapsed when our heroine arrived at the sixteenth year of her age, blessed with every amiable sentiment, and every qualification to make herself and others happy : if there wanted to these any personal accomplishments, she was tall, well-shap'd, her hair of a beautiful brown, and an admirable symmetry was preserved in her features ; and though there wanted much of that lustre with which she at present appears, there was nothing even then seen deficient in her, as an accomplished woman ; the peculiar sweetness and vivacity of her temper, making up for that gracefulness, which is only to be acquired by an intimacy with the polite world.

It would be impolitic in me to enumerate Rosetta's perfections, since those who have the happiness of her acquaintance, would immediately see the deficiency in the writer ; and as to others, the imperfection of the picture would too much wrong the original, to give them any just idea of those beauties which are much better imagined than described. It was now that she engaged the attention of all the neighbouring gentlemen, and became the reigning toast in their noisy entertainments : so that their visits to Sylvanus became so frequent, and their not too polished behaviour so very disagreeable, that it

was seldom Rosetta, who well knew on whose account those visits were paid, would condescend to oblige them with her company. Her reserve in this, was so far from being any restraint on the manners of these roaring 'squires, that all of them, very wisely as they thought, took hold of every opportunity, very full of that proverb, "faint heart never won a fair lady;" and whenever she came within arms reach, seized hold of her, and took a kiss by main force; glorying at the same time at the success of their enterprize, notwithstanding the most severe frown or forbidding look, was the reward of their insolence. Rosetta was in this situation, when the gay and charming Lucius, arrived at the seat of Mr. Belmont, a neighbour and patron of Sylvanus.—It was impossible for a young gentleman of our hero's constitution (conscious of the power of his address, and rich with the spoil of an hundred hearts) not to be inquisitive concerning the beauties of B——d, or (if he could be thought to neglect a question of this kind) that he should long be ignorant of those charms, which had already made such a noise in that part of the country.—Mr. Belmont, a man of honour and integrity, preserved, tho' in the decline of life, all that gaiety necessary to make age agreeable, without the least of that puerility which renders it extremely ridiculous. It is no wonder then, that a gentleman of this cast of mind, possess'd also of a compleat knowledge of the world, joined to many amiable qualifications, in an eminent degree, should meet sometimes with an agreeable reception from Rosetta; for whom he had acquired even a paternal tenderness, and seemed to share the task of guardian with his friend.—It was by this gentleman, that Lucius was first introduced to Sylvanus's house, after having been mortified a whole week, every day hearing the most extravagant encomiums on her,

without being able to prevail on his friend to pay a single visit.—At last, however, having sufficiently rallied him for his impatience, the compassionate Belmont acquainted the good clergyman, by a servant, that his visitor and himself intended to dine with him next day. Lucius would have had him spare the ceremony, but was obliged to acquiesce with no little uneasiness. It is however to be doubted, whether the greatest pain of an eager curiosity, could equal the pleasure he received in that gratification of his, the sight of the beautiful Rosetta.—It is expected, perhaps, by those who are versed in novels, and such kind of writings, that our hero's expectations were so far exceeded, that he was struck with such an excess of admiration, he could not eat a single morsel or open his mouth; but sat and look'd like a fool the whole time of his visit: but I must own I would rather break thro' the rules of writing, than relate any circumstance contrary to the truth; not that I would assert such a surprize unnatural.—On the contrary, I myself have more than once experienced the truth of it; but it was not so in the present case; which, however, I will not attribute to the want of power in the objects, but to the happiness of Lucia's situation.—There is no one qualification, perhaps, that may be rendered so agreeable, and yet so easily disagreeable as modesty; as the least degree too little gives us the idea of imprudence, so the smallest particles too much, has immediately a very ridiculous effect. Our hero was extremely happy in this respect, and as he well knew an excess of modesty was the most disadvantageous companion a young fellow could be troubled with, he took care to carry as little about him as possible; by which means he was blest with a lucky indifference, a carelessness of pleasing, which is the surest to please, a situation of mind, which nothing but a commendable

dable self-confidence can give us.—Hence it was, that (though his surprize, as may be imagined, was not a little, to find a young creature so much more worthy of his adoration, than the shining beauties he had so often sigh'd for) stifling every thing more than a decent emotion, which his good manners could not fail of paying her person at first sight, and he appeared free from any disagreeable restraint, as the most accomplished gentleman she had ever beheld.

If the heart of Lucius was too much experienced to be taken captive at first sight, Rosetta, without reflecting on the real cause, began to be strangely partial to the words, looks and actions of this engaging stranger. The first visit was, in short, too agreeable on all sides not to be repeated; while the frequent pleasure the amorous Lucius possess'd in the company of our heroine, gave them both many opportunities to encrease the good opinion they had conceived of each other, not to make their conversation soon to become more interesting. Our lovers, for such I may now venture to call them, had not been long in this situation, when the death of Lucinda subjected Rosetta to the care of an officious governess, whose name was Prudella. In this woman might be seen all the ill-nature of disappointed youth; and that affectation of good humour and sprightliness, her years and temper of mind were very averse to. A certain unmeaning cast was stamped on her features, which however lost no beauty, for want of variety in position; for, as she was still of a very amorous disposition, having at first sight taken an extravagant affection for Lucius, it gave her not a little difficulty to regulate her looks and behaviour, so as to convince him of her passion, in such a manner, that he might not mistake her smiles for that natural affability which she pretended to; this was a task not easily reconciled
to

to her very severe pretensions to modesty, and therefore reduced her into a terrible dilemma.— This afforded our hero, who had penetration sufficient to discover its motive, a good deal of diversion, as he thought it undoubtedly very pleasant, to see an old wanton prude in these ridiculous circumstances. But as he could not conquer his antipathy to her, so far as to be guilty of the least shew of tenderness, she took fire at his neglect of her advances, which she was conscious he must be sensible of.

It was now, and not before, that she suspected the real cause of that neglect, and resolved, at all hazards, to avenge herself, not only on Lucius as the offender, but on Rosetta as the first cause of that offence. And it was not long before an opportunity offered, which gave her room to prosecute her intention, and me a foundation to this history: for, as after this, she took all possible care that our lovers should seldom be together, and when that could not be avoided, was sure herself to make a third in their conversation; they were reduced to the necessity of concerted assignations.

It was at this time that Mr. Belmont, being absent on some business to London; Lucius, under pretence of diverting himself with Sylvanus's pupils, resided with the good clergyman entirely, attending his school hours and lectures; but whether he was not too much engaged to profit by them, I will not say: but this is not to our purpose.—The hour of assignation was one night come, when our hero, in his night-gown, waiting impatiently in an alcove, at the end of a row of chestnut trees in the garden, was blessed with the approach of the charming Rosetta.

I could here launch into a florid diction with admirable facility, to describe the beauty of the evening,

ing, and the extasy of a lover, on seeing his mistress come tripping along the grass, like the queen of the fairies by moon-light. But as it would swell our history too much, I leave those of my readers who have tasted that pleasure, to their own reflections; and to those who have not, to the fertility of their imagination. But in what degree soever may be supposed the flow of spirits at that instant; at the same rate may we judge of the sudden check they received at the sight of the indefatigable Prudella; who, it seems, not being able to sleep (I don't say for what reason) had been looking through her window, facing the garden; and on seeing Rosetta, thought herself in duty obliged to take care of her charge; therefore, was guilty of what else might be construed a piece of impertinence. Our lovers were, however, so much on their guard, as to see her at some distance, on which it was thought proper that Lucius should abscond; which, before he could prevail on himself to do, she was so very near, that he was seen by her; but, under cover of the night, so as not to be distinguished from any other person. But, if lucky in this, he was unfortunate in his escape to shuffle off one of his slippers, which the fear of discovery prevented his putting on again.—It is easy to imagine the effect of a meeting between Rosetta and her *gouvernante*, who was so quick-sighted as to secure the slipper, as an undeniable proof of the party escaped; which, however, she needed no such proof of. This was too favourable an occasion to indulge her spirit of revenge, for Prudella to let slip; she therefore (loading her with the most bitter invectives) in a manner, dragged the trembling innocent to the chamber of the good Sylvanus, whom she suddenly raised from his slumbers, with no little clamour.

His

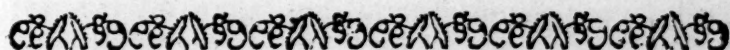
His surprize could not be equalled, perhaps, on seeing his tender ward half dead with fear, as having no reason to doubt what Prudella's malice would insinuate: notwithstanding the love this paternal guardian bore for Rosetta, the *gouvernante* had too great a share in his esteem, and knowing her influence, told her story in the grossest terms, and the vilest assertions: but though the agitation the good clergyman was in cannot be expressed, he preserved his usual serenity of conduct, and ordered every one who had been disturbed on that occasion, to their respective apartments; and then led the gentle Rosetta to Prudella's chamber, there to examine more seriously the charge laid against her, which her accuser still exaggerated by the frequent mention of the slipper.—But guess the surprize on every side, when, in the bed-chamber of this very Prudella, was found the fellow to that slipper she still held in her hand.

The reader may, perhaps, wonder how it came there; but his surprize will vanish on reflecting, that Lucius missing the preserver of one foot, might, in passing Prudella's window, possibly toss in the other; which indeed was the case, and it had the effect intended; for the *gouvernante*, so confounded at the sight (imagining a much deeper plot laid for her than there really was) had not a single word more to alledge against the still trembling Rosetta; and which seemed so great a proof of her guilt to Sylvanus, that, though he could not tell what to make of so intricate an affair, he at once dried Rosetta's tears, by pronouncing her innocent of any crime committed against honour, discretion or virtue: for that night, he was however contented to defer clearing up a point, which he imagined must turn to the *gouvernante's* confusion; whose situation of mind I will not presume to describe, but I imagine

gine she would, that night, have been a very disagreeable bed-fellow

In the morning, her evidence being entirely laid aside, it was easy for Lucius to clear up what he himself had been the author of; which he did to such an advantage, that the disappointed Prudella was dismissed, and on Lucius's being called abroad on the death of his uncle, the beautiful Rosetta was entrusted to the care of the agreeable Vannella, and her own discretion, in town: in which situation I need say nothing of her to the polite world.

It is on this account then, that celebrated beauty preserves such a regard for one of those slippers, but which of them it is, though I made very strict enquiry, I am at a loss to determine.—Lucius is now upon his return home, possessed of a competent fortune, and we soon expect the news of their approaching nuptials.



An Attorney's Address to his Mistress.

My dear Charmer,

THE circuit is now at an end, and the judges and lawyers are on their return home; but no felon sentenced at the assizes for transportation, could have been in a more wretched plight than your humble servant; for I can safely make affidavit, that each day I behold not your lovely face, is to me a *dies non*. Cupid the Tiptaff has served me with an attachment from your bright eyes, more dreadful than a green wax process; he has taken
my

my heart into custody, and will not accept of bail, unless you allow of my plea. I must be non-suited, in a cause I have set my heart on. Why will you, while I pine in hopes of a speedy rejoinder, hang me up term after term, by frivolous delays, which tend only to gain time!

I filed my bill last Michaelmas term on the morrow of All Souls, in hopes, ere this, to have joined issue with you; it is now fifteen days since Easter-day, and by your demurring I am as far from bringing my cause to a hearing, as before I commenced my suit; you still delay putting in your answer, which is absolutely against the practice of all courts: I would willingly quit the fattest client there, to attend your business, would you but submit to a reference; and should prefer an attendance at your chambers to those of a Master in Chancery.

I stand with great need of an able council to move my suit in my absence. — That sly slut Dolly, your chamber-maid, has taken my fee, yet I fear betrays my cause; she is ever preferring some cross-bill, which protracts matters, and yet I do not sue in *forma pauperis*, being ready and willing to fee-off your jointure; and to this I will bind myself, my heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, by a deed in which you shall nominate trustees.

To save expence, my clerk shall engross it, and it shall be perused by your own lawyer, it being left as a quere, how vastly preferable the title of a *feme covert*, is to that of a spinster; but you will answer short to all my interlocutory interrogatories: if I could but once obtain a leading order to try my title, even by a jury of your own friends, I am certain I should obtain a verdict in my favour, and recover costs against you; for I have a good action for attendance, and loss of time, though upon the

Postea,

Postea, I do not think I could find in my heart to issue a *ca. fu.* against you, or put you into any court but that of Hymen.

You have equity in your own breast, and from thence I hope for relief. Decree but for me, and the day of effoign shall be that of your own nuptials, and the eve of the lasting felicity of, dear creature.

Your humble Suppliant,

And Faithful Orator, &c.

Story of the late KING of PRUSSIA.

HIS Majesty's regiment of tall guards is generally well known, but not so one of his arbitrary methods of recruiting it. In all his excursions, he carried with him paper, pens, &c. in readiness to sign the mittimus of marrying any girl of uncommon stature and beauty, who had the misfortune to come in his way, to one of these Titanian favourites.—Among these, was one Fitzgerald, whose size of six feet five inches high, joined to a fine proportion, recommended him most powerfully to his Majesty. He longed to see him married, but could find no female worthy of so great a man. At last, in one of his excursions, he observed a gentleman's daughter, who every way answered his wishes. He gave her a sealed billet, with orders, under the severest punishment, to deliver it, with her own hands, to the colonel of his grenadiers.

The girl, who, from many stories, judged of the contents, was in the utmost perplexity how to ex-

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tricate herself from an oppression the more terrible to her, as she was in a few days to be united to a young gentleman of merit, for whom she indulged the softest tenderness, when fortune threw in her way, an old beggar-woman of a deformed, haggard aspect. To her she gave the billet, some money in hand, and a promise of more when she could prove the delivery. The old lady was true to her trust; and, from her fair hands, the colonel to his infinite amazement, received an order, to see Fitzgerald directly married to the bearer,—He was shocked, but durst not disobey. The man was sent for; who, when he saw his intended bride, roared out like a true Milesian, “ Arrah, is it my-
 “ self marry that stinking old jade! By St. Patrick,
 “ I wou’dn’t for a diadem. He may hang me
 “ and shoot me, but I won’t take her at all, at all.”
 —In vain did the colonel remonstrate the King’s haughty temper; for Paddy continued firm in his refusal. When the King returned, and was informed of what he said, he declared it to be the most audacious, impudent rebellion, to refuse a young lady, and of his chusing; who, for tallness and beauty, was worthy of a prince. To this the colonel replied, that, perhaps, himself might be under a fascination; but that really the bearer of the royal order did by no means answer the description he gave. She was produced; the king could not help laughing at the trick that was played on him, and gave the fair contriver of it a handsome addition to her fortune, with the man she loved.



The gentle Reproof.

AN intimate acquaintance of the late Sir Richard Steele dined with him one day, shortly after he had been married and set up a carriage.——His lady, two or three times at dinner, asked him if he used the chariot that evening: to which he only answered, Oysters. When the table-cloth was taken away, she said, Well, my dear, I'll take the chariot. To which he again replied, Oysters, my dear.—She dropt a court'ley, and confessed she was in an error, and stood reprov'd.—On her retiring, Sir Richard's friend thus address'd him: Sir, as absurd as your answer might seem to others, I know your manner so well, that I am assured there is some moral instructions in your word Oysters; as it must be some gentle, humorous reproof, do me the favour to let me into the secret of it.—You know, says Sir Richard, we have just set up a chariot; and being apprehensive it might have such an effect on my wife's heart, and that she might inconsiderately talk of it too much, thereby betraying a weakness of mind I would have gladly prevented, I told her a story of a young fellow who had lately set up an equipage, and had always the vanity to be talking of it; which was as follows:

Ned Sparkish, on the death of his elder brother, left the attorney, to whom he was clerk, set up an equipage, and commenced petit maitre. He was so fond of his chariot, that he was seldom out of it, or hardly a moment without making some mention of it. He was one day walking with some gentlemen

gentlemen in the Mall, when one of them asked him to be of their party to dine at a famous eating-house at Charing-cross.—With all my heart, my dear, says Ned; I'll step to my servant, and give some orders about my chariot—and be with you again in a moment.

On this, another gentleman said, How can you ask that coxcomb to be with us? we shall hear of nothing but his chariot. I'll lay half a dozen of French wine, he talks of it within ten minutes after he comes into the room.—As I think that impossible, says another, it is a bet.

Ned by this time joined them again, and they went to Locket's. They were scarce in the room, when the gentleman who laid the wager, proposed having some oysters before dinner, as a whet; but at the same time, feared there were none fresh enough at that end of the town, and proposed to send to Billingsgate for some. It was objected, that that would take up too much time, otherwise they approved of his notion.—Nay, says Sparkish, let that be no objection; my chariot is at the door, and I'll dispatch Tom away with it immediately, and he may bring the oysters in half an hour at farthest.

You see, continued Sir Richard, the intent of this story, on how absurd a foundation soever it may be built: I told it my wife as a family-piece of instruction; and you see that she has good sense enough, on the mention of Oysters, to see and confess her error.



The Rival WIVES.

A Nobleman, of one of the best families in this kingdom, was blessed in marriage with a lady, who, by the benevolence of a kind Providence, was the repository of all the qualities of body and mind, that are desirable by one that would find friendship and felicity in a wife: but it so happened, that in respect to her, affection and good manners were wanting in his lordship; but she, by an happy education, being mistress of her duty towards God, never, not under the severest usage, slackened that obedience which she had religiously contracted to pay her lord.

In process of time, a separation was suggested to his lordship, who took a speedy occasion of signifying it to his lady; who, at first hearing, ceased to be mistress of herself, but a little recollection restored her to life again, which this severity had taken from her; and, after some tears had lessened the weight that oppressed her spirits, she threw herself at the feet of her lord, and said: I deserve a discipline from Heaven, and it may be the will of God that I should undergo this punishment; but it does not appear to me, that I have deserved it at the hand of your lordship; but since I cannot doubt of its being your desire, to which it has been the care of my life to pay an exact conformity, to this, the most unwelcome reproof that ever did attend me, my compliance is ready, and in respect to time, your lordship shall be observed.

A separation succeeded, and my lord allowed her in proportion to her quality, for a time; but at length he shortened it, commanded her to retire from

her acquaintance, and to renounce her quality, that it might not be known in her new neighbourhood who she was: the poor lady, who had read many hard lessons in the school of obedience, resigned without complaint to the will of her tyrant; but my lord, by clipping her allowance in a gradual way, deprived her of the convenience of a servant, and, in a short time, a report of her being dead circulated through the country.

When common fame had killed her, my lord mourned for her in form, and with decency; but assured her, at the same time, by the hand that conveyed her quarterage, that he would totally restrain, even that, if ever she offered to contradict this report: obedience she very well understood, and observed; so that no doubt was made of her death.

In some time after a gentleman gave my lord an invitation to a supper: an incident led him through the kitchen, where he saw a lass that immediately struck his fancy: his passions rose, and brought him back to her, and a salute was attempted; which she resisted with so much good manners, as gained upon him to a degree that kindled to a desire of making her his wife, and he immediately proposed it to her; to which she said. My lord, the vast disproportion that is between me and your lordship, with the stain that must accrue to you, renders it almost impossible for me to believe it your intention; and, I trust, that the goodness of God will screen me from the sin and disgrace of an immodest action.—The good sense, the simplicity and candor of the woman, strengthened his propensity; and he ardently replied, that he intended nothing worse to her than marriage, which, if she consented, should be consummated in less than a week.

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The ceremony passed in a few days, and her deportment, graced with piety and profound humility, attracted the esteem even of those who knew her not; and the report of the former lady's being dead never met with contradiction; so that she was every where received for the real lady, and was visited and respected by all the ladies of quality in the neighbourhood.

After this marriage, my lord totally neglected his former lady, who, for a time, had no food but what came from a credit that was given her by a generous and compassionate tradesman.

The neglect of my lord continued, the debt swelled to the sum of ten pounds, and my lord's care being wanted in the payment of it, the good lady went to the creditor, and said, Sir, I am largely indebted to you, and my next care is, how to discharge my obligation; mine is not a common case, and under a full assurance of the secrecy on your part, it is that I tell you, that I am the wife of a nobleman, who cohabits with another woman, and, by neglect, has reduced me to the last extremity of want; but my greatest concern is for you, and your advice is required in the case.

Madam, said he, permit me to arrest you, and suffer yourself to be ill used under the window of your lord; but assure yourself, that it should be my choice to lose the debt, rather than you should have ill-treatment; and this should not be my advice, had I not a view in it of doing some service to your ladyship.

The good lady consented; the officers seized her; and as they were leading her over Lincoln's-inn-fields, against my lord's lodgings, the poor lady refused to go any further, upon which the officers, in their merciless way, began to drag her, tore her clothes, pulled her hair about her shoulders: the people gathered, a great noise ensuing, the reput-
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ed lady heard it, and ran immediately to the window of the dining-room, out of which she saw this afflicted object: she ordered her woman down stairs, to enquire into the meaning of that disorder; who returned with this answer, that it was a poor gentlewoman under an arrest for ten pounds, and the officers were leading her to prison. O stop them, said the lady, I'll pay the debt; bid one of the officers come up. When the officer came up, Why are you so cruel, said she, to a poor gentlewoman? She is our prisoner, said he, and because the debt is not paid, the plaintiff has ordered her to the Marshalsea; whither she refuses to go, and we are obliged to use violence with her, for it is our duty faithfully to execute our office. Here is your debt and charges, said the lady, and let your prisoner come to me.

When the officers were discharged, she turned to the distressed lady, and said, Madam, you have the look and manners of a gentlewoman, which aggravates my concern for your deplorable condition. Pray tell me who you are, and how I may convey to you such relief as you need in time to come.—Madam, said the poor lady, tho' your charity will be very welcome to me, I should be glad if your ship would decline the knowledge of my person.—No, Madam, said she, I must know who you are, for I would relieve you according to your quality.—Madam, said the poor lady, it seems a very hard fate that a person of your virtue and liberality should undergo the affliction that I am afraid will be given you by the account which you require.—Why, madam, said the reputed lady, should it give any other concern, than that which is a debt from me to every object?—Madam, said the poor lady, it too nearly concerns yourself.—Nay then, said the other, I demand it as my right. If you will know, said the good lady, I am to tell you that
I am

I am the Lady C——; and have a right in your lord before you, which I am persuaded you are ignorant of; and if my lord had continued to me but the bare conveniencies of life, his character should not have been darkened by my complaints; for I know that any resentment on my part would not prevent the sin in my lord; and, on your part, there is no guilt contracted, for the report of my death is your justification in all that is past; and the will of my lord being the rule of that part of my conduct, which relates to him, I was not determined to a compliance till absolute necessity should force my intention.

Madam, said the reputed lady, I will know the truth of this matter before I sleep; and do assure you, that if it shall appear to me as you say, I shall not only renounce the bed of my lord, but do the best offices I can towards your reconciliation. I expect my lord every moment, and it may not be well for you to be here at his coming in; but let me know where you reside, that the good offices I intend you may not be lost; and it is my request that you accept of this purse, as you will find immediate sustenance from the contents of it.

The injured lady withdrew, and my lord came home shortly after; and finding the reputed lady in great affliction, asked the meaning of her disorder? — My lord, said she, a strange accident has brought a thing to my knowledge, upon which I am to ask you a question, and must conjure you to answer it, as you will hereafter at the great tribunal: Is your first lady living? After some pause, he said, What have you heard of her, madam? — My lord, said she, it is not an hour since I paid a debt to rescue her from the sheriff's officers, who had torn her cloaths, and used the greatest rudeness, because she refused to go to prison; and from her own mouth I extorted an acknowledgment of her
quality

quality and present condition ; but it came from her with a regret that seemed to regard the quiet and credit of your lordship. So that from this day I must forbear your bed ; but shall never be wanting in the best services I can contribute, and shall have no enjoyment till you cohabit with your lady in comfort.

She renounced his bed, and prevailed with him to receive his lady again ; and, by her good offices, their peace was preserved till the death of the lady : after which, my lord proposed marriage to her again ; and she then became his lawful wife.

My lord settled 400 l. a year upon her, which was the most his estate would then bear ; out of which, in honour to the family, she gave 300 l. to a suffering branch of it, and retired to a cheap country, that the 100 l. which remained, might carry her with decency to the grave ; and a few years ago she ended a life that edified all that had the blessing of her acquaintance.

External Graces all decay,
 Their Power is quickly past :
 A well-form'd Mind extends their sway,
 And bids each Beauty last.

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